The Revd [illegible] Butler
with the author's kind regards

Memories of Merton.

BY

JOHN BRUCE NORTON.

[SECOND EDITION.]

"Me juvat hesternis positum languere corollis."—Propertius.

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MOUNT ROAD.

1865.

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Dedication.

To Francis Edmund Green.

"Sweet memory! wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
A blooming Eden in his life renews."

ROGERS.

A VOLUNTARY exile from the shore
Of my forefathers, my dear native land,
Buoyant with hope, and schemes how vainly plann'd,
I came; for, like the Nautilus, I bore
My home above the waves I ventured o'er.
Two little years are gone. Death's cruel hand
Hath smitten, scatter'd that dear household band
Whose unity was never touch'd before.
Blame not the verse, my friend, if banishment
Hath made me rather turn unto the past,
Than to what is or shall be—temperate sadness
Best suits my alter'd fortunes; my intent
Hath been to soothe the present; so I cast
My thoughts back on my hours of former gladness.

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ERRATA.

PREFACE.

Page ii. line 1 from bottom for "third" *read* "first."
,, v. line 17 for "tons" *read* "tous."
,, viii. line 14 for "mere" *read* "more."
,, xii. line 23 for "into" *read* "in."

SONNETS.

II. line 3. for "your" *read* "thy."
XXVI. line vii. for "the glory" *read* "no glory."
XXXVII del 'see p. 226" in mottoes.
XLIII. line xi for "Corruptor" *read* "corrupter."
XLVII. line xiv. for "course" *read* "sweep."
LVI. line xiii. del ? and place colon.
LXXI. line xiii. for "rule" *read* "school."
LXXIII. 3 line for "to palace" *read* "to the palace."
LXXVII. in mottoes for "Spencer" *read* "Spenser."
XCIII. line 5 for "does" *read* "doth."
do line 14 for "through" *read* "though."
XCIV. line viii. for "leaves" *read* "laves."
CXVII. in note, for "Can charmer" *read* "Care-charmer."
CXXV. in motto, for "crawing" *read* "various."
CXXVII. in motto, for "Stateless" *read* "sateless."
CXXXII. after second motto, insert "Seneca."
CLVII. in note, for "Phillip" *read* "Philip."
CCXIII. in line vii. for "carpetted" *read* "carpet-ed."
CCXLVI. in third motto, for ferenta" *read* "ferent."
CCLII. in note, from below line v. "for towns" *read* "towers."
CCLII. in note, from below line iii. for "Glendenburgh" *read* "Glendalough."

In Note 25, page 37, line ix. for "sometime" *read* "sometimes."
In Note 25, page 37, line xi. "up" *read* "at."
In Note 25, page 37, line xviii. "vival" *read* "visual."
Some errors have unavoidably crept in among the Greek accents.

Preface.

It is surely a curious thing that the essentials of a Sonnet, one of the most charming and difficult species of poetical composition, and of which Boileau has said, '*Un Sonnet sans defaut vaut seul un long Poem*,' should be so very little understood beyond the range of professional critics. A friend of mine, by no means unaddicted to literary pursuits, asked me not long since, why all my Sonnets were in fourteen lines; a remark which has induced me to think that a few words on the form and substance of the Sonnet may not be altogether out of place.

The origin of the Sonnet is not settled. According to *Crescimbini* it is Provencal; according to *Sismondi*, Sicilian; but it was certainly perfected in Italy. *Crescimbini** asserts the claim of *Guiton d' Arezzo* to the invention of the regular Sonnet, or at least the perfection of that which obtained among the Provencals. The Emperor Frederick the Second and his Chancellor were rivals in the composition of Sonnet; and some authors attribute the origin of the Sonnet to the Chancellor.

The Sonnet, *Sonnetto*, probably derives its name from the cadence in which the six closing lines draw

* *Storia della vulga poësia, vol. 2. p. 269.*

the poem to an end. It consists of two quatrains and two tercets ; fourteen lines of ten-syllable rhymed verse ; or of eleven syllables, where female rhymes are used, as is very frequently the case in Italian Sonnets. The Italians have a prolonged Sonnet, of which examples will be found in ROSSETTI's early Italian poets ; but as this form is exceptional, no notice need be taken of it here. According to the pure Italian model, the two first quatrains must have only two rhymes between them ; the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines ; and the second, third, sixth, and the seventh rhyming respectively together ; though eight lines of alternate rhymes are permissible, as in PETRARCH's 238th Sonnet. The remaining six lines, or two tercets, should be so arranged, that there be no rhyme among the three first lines ; but that the fourth take up the first, the fifth the second, and the sixth the third. This is called the *rima catenata.* But, this last canon is not imperative, and the six final lines may in practice be arranged in any fashion. The worst form is that of a quatrain and a couplet. Three couplets also are objectionable. But, speaking generally, the changes may be rung on the last six lines, like the varying chimes on village church bells. A pretty enough form is to ring the rhymes backward ; the sixth taking up the third, the seventh the second, and the eighth the third. Examples of each form will be found in this Volume.

In the English Sonnet, which, though not of indigenous growth, has thriven by its transplantation into our soil by SURREY, the canon governing the eight first lines is by no means universally followed. Possibly this may have arisen from the English language being poorer in rhymes than the Italian; but we need only analyse the structure of some of our best Sonnets, to satisfy ourselves of this truth. MILTON and GRAY scrupulously follow the Italian form; but either many of the compositions of SHAKSPEARE,* SPENSER, DRUMMOND, DANIEL, WORDSWORTH, and other poets, cannot be classed under the Sonnet; or we must admit that, whatever may be the stringency of the Italian rule of rhyme, some other quality than that of the arrangement of rhyme must be sought for, as conferring on the Sonnet its peculiar and distinctive character among ourselves.

I believe this is to be found in the law that it shall convey the expression of but one leading thought; and hence one of the main difficulties of this species of composition. The occurrence is not frequent of thoughts capable of being justly expressed in precisely fourteen lines; neither less nor more: for there must not be, on the one hand, any of what is technically termed '*padding,*' to eke out a meagre and scan-

* Shakspeare's Sonnets are simply three quatrains and a couplet. Spenser's *Amoretti* are somewhat more complicated, though his two first quatrains do not follow the Italian model. His fifth line rhymes with his fourth. The first of his second quatrain rhymes with the fourth of his first quatrain. He always ends with a couplet

ty idea; nor, on the other, any obscurity or crabbedness, from an effort at brevity and compression. The Sonnet, like a Drama, should be complete in itself; and should flow on naturally, or at least with that art, which, in concealing its working, so successfully imitates Nature, that it is said to be the perfection of Art. Of course, the one leading idea may be subdivided to any extent requisite; an excellent illustration of which occurs in the *Vita Nuova,* where, after each Sonnet, DANTE adds an analysis explaining the parts of which it is made up. It may be ornamented to the highest degree; so that one Sonnet may present many images, as well as parts, to the reader's mind; although the principal thought ought not to be overlaid, or lost, in its adjuncts and embellishments. An historical picture conveys to us at the first glance the event, and but the event, it is intended to chronicle; the beauty and the appropriateness of its details,—the lance against a pillar, the sword upon the floor, the sealed charter upon a table,—only strike us on a longer and calmer observation. It has been remarked, I think hypercritically, that the subject should be set forth in the first quatrain; illustrated in the second; confirmed in the first tercet; concluded in the last. It has often struck me that the English Sonnet might be improved by ending, like the Spenserian Stanza, with an Alexandrine, which pleases the ear, and rounds the Stanza with a fulness and *aplomb,* which give it a singular solidity and dignity. Instances are not wanting of

this licence; which in a single Sonnet is agreeable enough, perhaps from its coming unexpectedly on the ear. I am not, however, sure that it would not weary in a series or collection of Sonnets; it certainly destroys the closing *cadence*, from which the Sonnet, as I have before observed, probably derives its name

"The inaccuracies and faults of a longer work," writes one, "may escape the reader; but in a Son-"net, the smallest flaw casts disgrace upon the "whole; the ear is offended if one rhyme be awk-"wardly introduced, if the whole do not flow with "equal connection and with harmony, or if the "close do not depend neatly upon the subject pro-"posed." BOILEAU declares that Apollo invented the Sonnet to plague the poets;

> "Voulant pousser a bout tous les rimeurs francois,
> Inventa du Sonnet les rigoureuses lois;"

and he thus accurately describes the Sonnet:

> "Voulut qu'en deux quatrains de mesure pareille
> La rhyme avec deux sons frappa huit fois, l'oreille;
> Et qu'ensuite six vers artistement rangés,
> Fussent en deux tercets par le rang partagés.
> Surtout de ce poëm il bannit la license,
> Lui meme en mesura le nombre et la cadence,
> Defendit qu'un vers faible y pût jamais entrer,
> Ni qu'un mot deja mis osât 'l y remontrer."

HEYWOOD indeed would exclude all epithets from the Sonnet. He says,

> "You should compose a Sonnet clean without them:
> A row of stately substantives would march
> Like Switzers, and bear all the field before them."

Farther, the Sonnet is in fact the miniature of word-painting; it cannot be finished too delicately or mi-

nutely, and it is perhaps from a perception of this, that the Sonnet, in truth a vehicle admirably adapted for chronicling the loftiest, as well as the most delicate thoughts, has fallen into somewhat of disrepute; from a general idea that there is something frivolous and even finikin in its character. Thus many people imagine that SHAKSPEARE, in bidding the lover pen a Sonnet to his mistress' eye-brow, has pretty nearly defined and limited its use; but SHAKSPEARE, in a noble body of Sonnets, has himself disproved this; nor can that be a mean or frivolous species of composition in which so many of the greatest poets have loved to disport themselves; notwithstanding BYRON declared the Sonnet not adapted for the English language, and Dr. JOHNSON describes a Sonnetteer as a 'small poet.' In its highest form, the Sonnet is doubtless the expression of some burning thought or passionate suffering. With MILTON, 'the thing became a trumpet when he blew;' it was the sacred love of liberty that prompted his Sonnet on the Piedmontese massacre of the Vaudois. The Sonnets of MICHAEL ANGELO partake of the grandeur of his statues. It was the approach of the invader that drew from WORDSWORTH the Sonnets on the subjugation of Switzerland, on Venice, on Milton, and some others which are among his masterpieces.

But it is adapted for the passionate sigh as well as the trumpet call. PETRARCH'S Sonnets on *Laura*, DANTE'S Sonnets to *Beatrice* in the *Vita Nuova*,

SPENSER'S *Amoretti*, and SHAKSPEARE'S Sonnets, teach us that. CAMOENS soothed an exile's grief with it; and MILTON immortalized his dead wife in a Sonnet, of which the pathos is only less deep than of that on his own blindness.

It is not even incompatible with humour. HOOD'S Sonnet to his son, spoiled, like HORACE'S Ode *Beatus ille*, by its very point, is a specimen of this; and I could name others, if need were. Nor is the Sonnet out of place as a mere vehicle of description, of natural scenery, works of art, or the fanciful conceptions of the imagination. Some of the pictures in WORDSWORTH'S Sonnets may be cited as examples. Take that of the Wild Duck's nest, in the Sonnet beginning,

'The imperial consort of the fairy king,'

or the Sonnet,

'With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,'

the description of LEORNARDO DA VINCI'S immortal picture of the Last Supper, or the twenty-second Ecclesiastical Sonnet. ROSSETTI has written some good Sonnets, each about a picture.

As the Sonnet is the miniature of word painting, it is a good test of a descriptive Sonnet, to consider whether it would bear the process of being thoroughly illustrated by the painter, with all its accessaries and embellishments. As Painting can only seize and fix one point of time, this will show whether or no the Sonnet is complete within itself, *totus teres atque*

rotundus, with its drama-like self containedness and finality. *Ut pictura poesis.*

That it is one of the forms of poetical composition most difficult of achievement, is shown by the very few Sonnets, out of the vast body written, which have succeeded in establishing and maintaining their recognized and familiar place in poetry. We may say of Sonnets, what MONTGOMERY said of Hymns, that the appearance of a really good one is about as rare as that of a comet. But this very difficulty probably renders the Sonnet all the greater a favorite with poets: there is something in the submission to a voluntary restraint, that renders all the mere piquant the triumph over a difficulty, which has only to be tried in order to be comprehended. WORDSWORTH, in a Sonnet, itself a perfect specimen of the class, tells us that with him 'twas

> " pastime to be bound,
> Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground."

And I believe he therein draws a true picture of human nature in general. The spirits most covetous of liberty bow gracefully to restraint, so it be but self-imposed.

> " Nuns fret not their narrow convent room,
> And hermits are contented with their cells;
> And students with their pensive citadels;
> Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
> Sit blithe and happy: bees that soar for bloom
> High as the highest peaks of Furness-fells,
> Will murmur by the hour in fox-glove bells:
> In truth the prison unto which we doom
> Ourselves, no prison is."—

The Sonnet, says MAZZINI in his art of Poetry, is the touchstone of great geniuses, a test which many a poet of considerable eminence must decline, or the base alloy of his verse will be detected.

PETRARCH, CASA, and BEMBO, often bestowed months on a single Sonnet. The last is said to have had a desk with forty compartments, through all of which his Sonnets passed before publication, receiving correction in each compartment.

The thought fitted for the Sonnet should never be so obvious as to appear commonplace, nor so remote as to seem far-fetched; there should be no attempt at point, antithesis, or epigram; its parts should be proportioned to each other; as with Virgil's fourth Georgic, it should not be possible to add to, or subtract from it, without manifest detriment to the whole fabric; lastly, and eminently, it should be suggestive.

My aim in these observations is to claim for the Sonnet its proper place in public opinion; and it needs only to be thoroughly comprehended, in order to secure, if not its popularity, at least the admission of its excellences. As a compendious note-book for occasional thoughts which would otherwise be lost, I consider it invaluable; nay, it is as a casket fitted for our most precious jewels; and I have endeavoured to express this idea in one of the Sonnets in the present volume. It is as a pleasant nook in some deep forest, whither the weary

world-worn pilgrim may retire to fling himself for awhile on the sward, his ear full of the music of the birds, the wind-shaken branches letting down the chequered light of Heaven upon his face. It is as the deep old Oriel window, into which the student nestles himself with his black-lettered book, brazen-clasped, orange-and-purple-stained with all the colours of the painted glass : it is as the little chapel or oratory, in which the sorrowful and the humble-hearted may kneel and pray, apart from the throng in the World's nave.

The following Sonnet by Blanco White may be taken as the most perfect illustration of the principles which I have endeavoured to enforce :

> " Mysterious Night ! when our first Parent knew
>   Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
>   Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
> This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
> Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
>   Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
>   Hesperus with the host of heaven came ;
> And lo, Creation widened in man's view.
> Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
>   Within thy beams, O Sun ? or who could find,
> Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
>   That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?
> Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?
> If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?"

True, it ends with a quatrain and a couplet, and 'anxious strife,' is somewhat weak ; but having regard to the novelty of the idea, the grandeur of the occasion, the magnificence of the imagery,

the beauty of the language, the harmony of the verse, I know nothing in the whole circle of Sonnets, superior to this splendid poem.

A collection of Sonnets, illustrative of a given subject, should be like a well selected gallery of pictures; each should be itself a perfect whole, but all should be subordinate to the common end; like GIOTTO's frescoes in the Arena chapel:

> "Facies non omnibus una,
> Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum."

WORDSWORTH has chosen this method of treating various subjects in a series of Sonnets. Thus we have his Political Sonnets; his Sonnets on the River Duddon: his Itinerary Sonnets, descriptive of his journeys on the Continent and in Scotland; his Ecclesiastical Sonnets. I do not myself think that Sonnets can ordinarily be written successfully, as a series, on any subject; which may account for the listlessness that pervades WORDSWORTH's Serial Sonnets, beautiful as many of them are as isolated poems. If a man sets out on a journey, with a predetermination to turn every thing that strikes him into a Sonnet; if he is ever on the look-out for subjects, he will fail; they must come to him unsought. The 'Coignes of Vantage' on which a Sonnet can be successfully hung, are comparatively few in a man's life. There is always a danger lest a series of Sonnets should degenerate into a mere collection of tedious stanzas.

For my own part, I can conscientiously affirm that I never sat down with 'malice prepense' to write the present work.

The idea of it grew gradually during the progress, and amid the occupations, of a quarter of a century; but a few Sonnets, having been originally written in a season of great grief. Around these have gathered the thoughts of manhood and age, and of every varying mood of mind, amid much change of place and circumstance, until the volume has grown to be, so far as a man may becomingly unbosom himself, the record of a life. Nay more, it is the transcript of a creed and a philosophy, and the garnering of much, though very discursive reading.

Although these 'Memories' have been written as above described, at various times, and without a plan, I believe that sufficient links will be found by those who take the trouble to look for them, whereby to connect all the Poems into one continuous whole; far as some of the Sonnets, taken isolatedly, may appear to the casual reader to have wandered from the immediate subject.

To many, the form into which a Sonnet is printed may appear comparatively a trivial matter. I confess it is not so to me. The choice lies between three methods. First, to print all fourteen lines with an even margin. Secondly, to divide the Sonnet according to its rhymes; thirdly, according to the sense. I have adopted the last; for I conceive it to be of the

first consequence to make the sense as plain as possible to the reader at the first glance, while rhyme makes itself apparent to ear and eye, however printed. So jealous was DANTE; so fearful lest the train of his thoughts might escape, or be misapprehended by the student of his Sonnets; that in the *Vita Nuova*, as I have before remarked, he follows up each poem by a minute analysis and division of its contents; of which the following (the analysis of the last Sonnet) may stand for a specimen.

"*This Sonnet comprises five parts. In the first, I tell whither my thought goeth, naming the place by the name of one of its effects. In the second, I say wherefore it goeth up, and who makes it go thus. In the third, I tell what it saw, namely, a lady honoured. And I then call it a "Pilgrim Spirit," because it goes up spiritually, and like a pilgrim who is out of his known country. In the fourth, I say how the spirit sees her such (that is, in such quality) that I cannot understand her; that is to say, my thought rises into the quality of her in a degree that my intellect cannot comprehend, seeing that our intellect is, towards those blessed souls, like our eye weak against the sun; and this the Philosopher says in the Second of the Metaphysics. In the fifth, I say that, although I cannot see there whither my thought carries me—that is, to her admirable essence—I at least understand this, namely, that it is a thought of my lady, because I often hear her name therein. And, at the end of this fifth part, I say, "Ladies mine," to show that they are ladies to whom I speak. The second part begins, "A new perception;" the third, "When it hath reached;" the fourth, "It sees her such;" the fifth, "And yet I know." It might be divided yet more nicely, and*

made yet clearer ; but this division may pass, and therefore I stay not to divide it further."

One word, before concluding, upon the quantity of quotations, and especially classical quotations, with which these pages abound. It is hoped that the nature and locality of the subject,—'ALMA MATER'—and of the audience whom alone I can hope to secure, will sufficiently justify what might otherwise be set down to pedantry or affectation. The passages, it is conceived, are apt, and for the most part but little hackneyed : they are certainly of no small intrinsic worth and beauty in themselves. Some may think that I should have done better, had I thrown all the quotations into a body of notes at the end of the volume ; but I have been unwilling to separate the Sonnets from their illustrations, because they serve to assist that suggestiveness which it is one of the duties of the Sonnets to create. It is but seldom that the quotations have suggested the Sonnet ; they have been mostly jotted down from memory, or as they struck me in the course of reading. They will repay the perusal of the scholar, whatever may be the value of the Sonnets.

If the Sonnets have been justly compared to miniatures, may not my illustrations be looked upon as their setting ?

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* The new Sonnets have an Asterisk before them.

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* The new Sonnets have an Asterisk before them.

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192. Garden Thoughts—The Three Days.
193. Garden Thoughts—The Third Day.
194. Garden Thoughts—A Portrait from Memory.
*195. Garden Thoughts—The Crown of Sorrow.
196. Garden Thoughts—Love's Antidote.
197. Garden Thoughts — Love's Shrine.
198. Garden Thoughts—Fidelity.
199. Garden Thoughts—The Indian Cupid.
200. Garden Thoughts — Jealous Love.
201. Garden Thoughts—Woman's Love.
*202. The Two Loves.
203. Garden Thoughts—Friendship
204. Garden Thoughts—Friendship A Thought Ten Years later.
*205. Garden Thoughts—Town and Country.
*206. Garden Thoughts—The Wish.
*207. The Wish fulfilled—The Shevaroys.
*208. Honours.
*209. Health.
*210. Munificence.
*211. Gold.
*212. The Spell of the Hills.
*213. The Hollow in the Hills.
*214. Garden Thoughts—Palingenesis.
*215. Ἐγέρσιμος ὕπνος.
*216. Early Death.
217. Garden Thoughts—Flowers.
*218. Botany.
219. The Lime Tree Avenue—Helen.
220. Poetical Aspiration.
*221. The Sonnet.
*222. Poetical Composition.
*223. Poetical Correction.
*224. Shakespeare.
*225. Fame, the Poet's Gift.
226. The Garden Seat.
227. The Sun Dial.
*228. Wycliffe.
229. Shadows of Pre-Existence.
230. The Rookery.
*231. The Grassplot.
232. Merton Meadows from the Terrace Walk.
*233. The Terrace Wall—The Cavalier's Death.
*234. The University Volunteers.
*235. The Rifle.
*236. England and France,
*237. The Crystal Palace—(1851.)
*238. The Crystal Palace.
*239. Albert the Good.
240. Merton Meadows.
241. Another Thought on the Same.
242. The Walk of the Two Towers.
243. A Doubt of Identity.
*244. Carpe Diem.
245. Self—the Past.
246. Self—The Future.
*247. Despondency.
*248. Lost Aims.
249. Compensations.
250. Self—The Future.
251. Self—The Present.
252. The Present—Coromandel.
*253. Geology.
*254. Geology—continued.
255. Coromandel—Quiet.
256. Bells.
257. Bells—continued.
*258. Cherwell from the Terrace.
*259. The River of Life.
260. The Cataract.
261. Cherwell from the Terrace—continued.
262. A Thought on Past Friendship.
*263. Recantation.
264. Evening Thoughts.
*265. Memory.
266. Recurring Fancies.
267. Nightingales in the Botanical Gardens.
268. Tom of Christchurch.
269. Conclusion.
270. Conclusion—continued.
*271. Conclusion—continued.
272. Conclusion—continued.
273. Conclusion—continued.

* The new Sonnets have an Asterisk before them.

I.

Introductory.

‘ Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.”—HORACE.

“ σωτῆρα ναὸς πρότονον, ὑψηλῆς στέγης
στῦλον, ποδήρη, μονογενὲς τέκνον πατρὶ,
καὶ γῆν φανεῖσαν ναυτίλοις παρ᾽ ἐλπίδα,
κάλλιστον ἦμαρ εἰσιδεῖν ἐκ κείματος,
ὁδοιπόρῳ διψῶντι πηγαῖον ῥέος.”—ÆSCHYLUS.

Be the wide seas for wealth or pleasure crost,
Whate'er the cause men change the skies above,
Associations, recollections, love,
Change not with climate, and are never lost.

Now, on life's stormy ocean tempest-tost,
We look on them as happy havens, where
Our barques rode idly when the sky was fair.
Therefore, from India's plains and gems of cost,
The scenes and guerdon of my manhood's strife,
Willing I turn me to the bygone hours
Pass'd in the calm of academic life :—

Lo ! slowly rise, at Fancy's wizard call,
Thy gardens, Merton, and monastic hall ;
Thy walks, groves, shades, and visionary towers !

II.

The Gate-Way.

" Ad ogni uccello suo nido è bello.."—*Italian Proverb.*

" Grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora."—HORACE.

NOT with that breathless haste and startling knock
With which, old Gate-way, in the days of yore
I thunder'd nightly at your wicket door,
Rousing the sleepy porter with the shock,
While midnight chimes rang out from many a clock,
If e'er from India's plains returning home,
Before thy venerable arch I come,
Shall I make clank thy chains, and hinges rock:
But should my footfall be no longer bold,
My hand strike weakly, my thin locks be gray,
My eye shine dim, my very heart feel old
In the long path to wealth, a weary way,
Dear porch, still on thee shall I fondly gaze,
With all the love, not dread, of earlier days.

[The College Gates close at nine, after which those who " knock in" pay a small fine to the porter, increasing in magnitude according to the lateness of the hour, until 12 o'clock;—any one who comes in after that hour is pretty sure of a reprimand, if not an imposition, from the College authorities, to whom the list is taken every morning.]

III.

The Hall.

"Where are you with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estranged from me or parted,
Flown like morning clouds a thousand ways."
JAMES MONTGOMERIE.

"Cœtus dulces, valete."—CATULLUS.

"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyous school days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."—CHARLES LAMB.

HALL! where an Emp'ror deign'd to feast, I see
Thy lofty roof, thy giant hearth, where blaz'd
Too liberal flame: thy haughty dais, raised
O'er the stone floor with proud distinction, free
Only for social foot of high degree:
Thy polish'd tables, and the Tutor's chair,
This for long lecture, those for simple fare,
Thy portraits, all are present; but for me
Gone is thy magic with the vanish'd crowd
Who met light-hearted at the daily board,
When thou did'st ring with jest and laughter loud.
Far parted now, we toil no more to meet—
What care I though through thee light laugh be pour'd;
And thou dost echo still to youthful feet?

[During the time that the "allied Sovereigns" were at Oxford, in the year 1814, Alexander, Emperor of Russia, took up his quarters at Merton, a fact commemorated by a marble tablet let into the wall, and inscribed with a Latin legend, in gilt letters, as well as by a magnificent vase of green porphyry, which stands in the entrance to the Warden's lodgings. For the benefit of the uninitiated, or, I should say, "unmatriculated," I may mention that the dais was set apart for the Fellows of the College, and that we had not only our daily dinner, but lecture in this Hall.]

IV.

The Hall.

(Continued.)

" Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum."—MILTON.

DEAR friends of youth! I have not found your peers,
And shall not. That first unsuspicious mart,
Where young affections barter without art,
Hath closed on me for ever! Though late years
Have made familiar pomp which not endears,
And intellect that awes, I yearn apart
For the fresh blossoms of the opening heart,
And Love's voice, filling not alone the ears.
So when I mark the flowers of gorgeous hue,
Which from the depths of India's jungle spring
Scentless; and when her silent birds I view
Glance, gleam-like, by, on sunbeam-painted wing,
Heart-sick I long, the while I weary roam,
For the brown warblers, hedge-row sweets of home.

V.

Meeting and Parting.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been."—Byron.

We meet like stranger travellers at a well;
One hath a silver cup he fain would fill;
And one to draw the water, strength or skill;
One knows the pleasant tale of mirth to tell;
And one with art the rapturous song to swell:
And so we sit beside each other still,
Or up and on together with a will,
Wishing we might for aye together dwell.
We part, like ships, that on a summer sea,
Have for a season kept in company;
To meet no more: in haste sweet vows we form
Of memory; then our courteous colours vail,
And swift to different compass-points we sail.
May we break off in sunshine, not in storm.

VI.

The Library.

"The monument of vanish'd minds."—D'AVENANT.

"The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

"Velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris."—HORACE.

"ἡ Σοφίας πήγη διὰ βιβλίων ῥέει"

QUAINT gloomy chamber, oldest relic left
Of monkish quiet; like a ship thy form,
Stranded keel upward by some sudden storm,
Now that a safe and polished age hath cleft
Locks, bars, and chains, that saved thy tomes from theft,
May Time, a surer robber, spare thine age,
And reverence each huge black-lettered page,
Of real boards and gilt-stamp'd leather reft.
Long may ambitious student here unseal
The secret mysteries of classic lore;
Though urg'd not by that blind and aimless zeal,
With which the Scot within these walls of yore,
Transcribed the Bible without breaking fast,
Toiled through each word, and perished at the last.

[The Library was one of the oldest parts of the building, and indeed one of the earliest pieces of architecture in Oxford. There are still a few of the older volumes chained to bars which run across the different bookcases, and it was here that Duns Scotus, a Fellow of Merton, is said to have carried through his vow to make a copy of the Bible without tasting meat or drink. He completed his task, says the legend, and died just as he had written the last word. A curious picture of him engaged at his labour is preserved in the Bodleian.]

Illustrations to Sonnet VI.

"My days among the dead are past,
Around me I behold,
Where'er these carnal eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never failing friends are they;
With whom I converse night and day."—SOUTHEY.

"Books we know
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these with tendrils strong as flesh and blood
Our patience and our happiness will grow."—WORDSWORTH.

"Give me
Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books the best companion is,
To me a lordly court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers:
And sometimes for variety I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels,
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account."—FLETCHER.

"The reading of books, what is it but the consulting of the wisest men of all ages and all conditions, whereby they may communicate to us their most delicate thoughts, choicest notions, and best inventions, couched in good expressions, and digested after an exact method."—BARROW.

"I no sooner come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself, and in the very lap of eternity, among so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not this happiness."—HEINSIUS.

"Multum non multa legere."

"However, many books
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."—MILTON.

VII.

The Art of Writing.

"Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam."—HORACE.

"Nulla res tantum ad discendum proficit quantum scriptio."—CICERO.

"Only man
Can perform the impossible:
He can impart
To the moment duration."—GOETHE.

A MILLION million blessings from each Age,
And every Land, and Nation, on his head,
Who first of men imagined how to spread
The eloquent thought upon the silent page!
All honour to the unremember'd sage
Who fettered Time, all distance conquered;
Link'd the weak Living to the mighty Dead;
And shelter'd Wisdom from Oblivion's rage!
Whether in simple knots, on painted scroll,
In hieroglyph, or arrow-headed sign,
Are track'd the footprints of the infant Art,
The Giant now hath half-pluck'd from Death's dart
Its feather; all portray'd the vanished soul—*
Doth it not hint of origin divine?

* [See, however, Mr. Buckle's observations, History of Civilization, vol. 1. p. 272, as to the deleterious effect of the introduction of the art of writing upon historical traditions.]

VIII.

Language.

" Πόλλαι μὲν θνητοῖς γλῶσσαι, μία δ' Ἀθανατόισι."

The shatter'd fragments of one primal Tongue
Lie like a broken mirror on Earth's face,
Reflecting back the image of one race,
Central, original, primeval ; flung
Forth from its home to wander wild among
Strange plains and mountains, till each resting-place
Became a Father-land, with scarce a trace
Of words in which the first world-songs were sung.
  Adam named all things which crawl, walk, swim, fly,
God-taught, and yet the master of his choice :—
What though his issue speak not as he spake,
Since first confusion fell upon man's voice ?—
  The blessed Dead of every tongue shall wake
With but one common language in the sky.

See Note I.

IX.

The English Language.

"And who in time knows whither we may vent
The manner of our tongue, to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
To enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in the yet unform'd Occident
May come refined with accents that are ours?
Or who can tell for what great work in hand
The greatness of our style is now ordained?"—DANIEL.

Thou mighty English Language, Saxon-sprung,
But from all nations garnering a part,
Polish and strength; thou speaker to the heart
Through our translated Bible: Shakespeare's tongue:
Staid and compact with age, yet ever young;
Gleaner in student's cell, on wide-world mart:
By battle, conquest, commerce, science, art,
Still gaining wealth: sown East and West among
Worlds old and new; far scatter'd South and North;
Who shall foretell thy fortune in all time?
May'st thou not be fore-chosen, to go forth
From this small island into every clime,
Until thy voice in common hath become
The language of Earth-circling Christendom?

X.

Polite Education—Words.

“ Here, therefore, is the first distemper of learning, when men study words, not matter.”—Bacon, *Advancement of Learning.*

“ Quæ
Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.”—Horace.

“ ῎Αει τάν πόσιν ὄντα παρατρεκόμεσθα μάταιοι
Κεῖνο ποθοῦντες ὅπερ μακρὸν ἀπώθεν ἔφυ.”

Pindar.

“ Tell Schools they have no soundness,
And stand too much on seeming.”

Sir W. Raleigh.

Shame on the sluggish apathy which nods
Lethargic on the supreme Lecture Chair,
While Life’s best golden years of promise wear
Away their hope in grinding Greek ’neath rods:
When Youth, which might become as wise as Gods,
Is fashioned to a glossary of bare
Dead words, more prized if obsolete and rare,
And Toil the millhorse round of Language plods.
Doubtless they have their beauty, each old Tongue,
And one in every thousand minds may store
With charms against the listlessness of Age ;
Yet who would waste his whole prime on a page
Of the vast Book of Learning, as if more
Might not be safe for the much-curious Young ?

XI.

Polite Education—Things.

" Nay, 'tis dishonourable to meu, if, in our age, the regions of the material world, that is, the earth, the ocean, and the heavenly bodies, are discovered and displayed to a vast extent, but the boundaries of the intellectual world are still fixed within the narrow space and knowledge of the ancieuts."—Bacon, *Interpretation of Nature.*

" Tum mihi naturæ libeat perdiscere mores:
Quis Deus hanc mundi temperet arte domnm;
Qua venit Exoriens, qua deficit; unde coactis
Cornibus in pleuum menstrua luna redit;
Unde salo superant venti; quid flamine captet
Eurus; et in nubes unde perennis aqua;
Sit ventura dies, mundi quæ subruat arces,
Purpureus pluvias cur bibat arcus aquas;
Aut cur Perrhæbi tremuere cacumina Pindi,
Solis et atratis luxerit orbis equis;
Cur serus versare boves et plaustra Bootes;
Pleïadum spisso our coit imbre chorus;
Curve suos fines altum uou exeat æquor,
Plenus et in partes quatuor annus eat;
Sub terris si jura Deûm, et tormenta gigantum,
Tisiphones atro si furit angue caput;
An ficta in miseras descendit fabula gentes,
Et timor haud ultra, quam rogus, esse potest."
Propertius.

Feed me with Things, not Words alone, the Mind
An-hungered and a-thirst for knowledge, cries;
Teach me to know and love the mysteries
Of Nature; this orb's face and structure; lined
With what rich minerals; what the powers that bind
Atoms together by affinities;
Forces: and all the motions of the skies:
Each living thing after its form and kind,
Whether it walks, or crawls, or swims, or flies:
Herbs, up from hyssop to the trees that rise
Highest on Lebanon: what hath refined,
Best govern'd, or made wealthiest mankind;
And every sister Art which beautifies
Our social life, or any want supplies.

XII.

The University Commission.

"For not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle; but to know
That which before us lies in daily use,
Is the prime wisdom."

MILTON.

"Δεῖ δ' ἐλευθερον εἶναι τὸν μέλλοντα φιλοσοφεῖν."—PTOLEMY.

A voice came o'er the sea that thou wert loth,
Oxford, to bear thee to the coming search:
Lessen thy proud sails ere thy vessel lurch;
Her hull is of much-venerable growth.
Thine hope to fetter progress, by my troth,
Is feeble as the Bull of Romish Church
Hurl'd at old Galileo, to unperch
Earth from its axis, and decree its sloth.*
Stretch out thine Æson arms to the kind leech:
Open thy veins: let forth thy time-dull'd blood:
Infuse the fresh invigorating flood
Drawn from the fathom'd wells of living Truth;
Flourish again in renovated youth;
And mingle modern things with ancient speech.†

* The Roman Editors of Newton thought it necessary to say in their Preface, 'latis a summo Pontifice contra telluris motus Decretis, nos obsequi profitemur.'

† See Note 2.

XIII.

The Baconian Philosophy.

" Homo, naturæ minister et interpres."—*Novum Organon.*

His the true aim of Learning, who first sought
No couch luxurious for the mind's repose ;
No stately tower for pomp and idle shows ;
No terrace whence a fair view might be caught ;
No vantage-ground for battle to be fought ;
No shop wherein his trinkets to expose ;
But a rich storehouse all things to enclose
Thither for Man's good or God's glory brought ;
Who left those heights where all were wont to err,
For Science' lowliest places ; thence to rise,
Step after step, to heights of loftier scan ;*
Who scorned the wisdom of the ancient wise ;
Tried Truth by practice ; humbly looked on Man
As Nature's servant and interpreter.

* Neque enim in plano via sita est, sed ascendendo et descendendo ; ascendendo primo ad axiomata, descendendo ad opera."—*Novum Organon.*

[It is perhaps superfluous to observe that this Sonnet is little more than a paraphrase of a well-known passage in Bacon.]

XIV.

Bacon.

" Ego buccinator tantum sum, pugnam non inco."—BACON.

" He has displayed a reach of thought and a justness of anticipation which, when compared with the discoveries of the two succeeding centuries, seem frequently to partake of the nature of prophecy.—DUGALD STEWART.

" Της Φυσέως γραμμάτευς ην, τόν καλαμον αποβρέχων εισ νοῦν."

Bacon! between two worlds thy wondrous stand,
The dark Past and bright Future, like the star
That heralds in the morning! Thou from far,
As with a prophet's glance, didst view the land
Of promise, rais'd by thine Ithuriel wand;
Like Israel's dying leader from his car
On Pisgah, crying, yonder, children, are
The milk-and-honey-flowing plains at hand.
Thou too, when loud the murmuring nations cried,
Fainting in Error's wilderness for thirst,
Didst smite the rock with barrenness long curst;
Then forth gushed streams that ever flow more wide
On to Eternal Wisdom's Ocean-shore,
Where finite Reason stops, her wanderings o'er.

XV.

On the Study of Plato.

"They enjoyed no succession of prophets, passing the torch of truth from hand to hand; no apostolic illumination, to be a light to their feet and an illumination to their paths. Nature, alone, was their teacher."—THEODORET.

"All Truth is from the sempiternal source
Of Light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome
Drew from the stream below. More favoured, we
Drink when we choose it at the fountain-head.
To them it flowed much mingled and defiled,
With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams,
Illusions of Philosophy so called,
But falsely."—COWPER.

Not to The Book alone should we confine
Our knowledge and our search for moral rules;
But with the Gospel for our lamp, the tools
Of Thought may safely dig in Plato's mine;
For there bright veins of natural riches shine.
True that the labourers of the heathen Schools
Toiled on in darkness, simple babes and fools,
By Nature's feeble light and Reason's line;
For not for them, as us, the Prophet-band
Was station'd in dark crypt and deep recess,
To pass the torch of Truth from hand to hand;
Yet, lit by Bible beams, their labyrinths show
They struck with useful, if uncertain, blow,
The wisdom of the Greeks, not foolishness.

XVI.

On the Study of Plato—*(continued.)*

"For they are like those birds of song which imitate the voice of man, but know not the meaning of the words they utter."—THEODORET.

"In the nice bee what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the honey dew."—POPE.

"As flowers furnish enjoyment to others so far only as to their scent and colour, but bees are capable of extracting honey from them; such is the case in these studies: those who are content to look not merely for what is pleasant and beautiful in them, may derive from them and lay up in store some profit for the good of the soul. Exactly then after the model of the bees, should you apply yourselves to such reading. For they settle not on all flowers alike, nor attempt to carry off everything from those on which they alight, but, taking as much as is serviceable for their work, they leave the rest. Let us in like manner, if we are wise, having derived from such studies so much as belongs and is related to the Truth, pass by what remains. As in culling a rose we avoid the thorns, so in such discourses let us enjoy the good and be on our guard against that which is hurtful."—ST. BASIL. *de leg. lib. Gen.*

As birds which imitate the voice of man,
Know not the meaning of the words they speak,
So of the things of God argued the Greek,
Darkly, as through a glass, viewing His plan;
And often thence the words in error ran:
Therefore, as in a garden, where we seek
Fair flowers with spangled eyes and velvet cheek,
Weeds not unfrequent mingle; so we scan
Error and Truth in Plato side by side;
But we may leave the one, the other pluck:
Or rather, with the wisdom of the bee,
Honey alike from weed and flowret suck;
Like skilful leeches who with care divide
The balm and venom of the poisonous tree.*

* I believe a long list might be given of plants which yield both nutritious and deleterious products. Among the more common is the Potato, of which the tuber is eaten, while the seed is poisonous. The root of Rhubarb is medicinal, while we make tarts of the stalks and leaves. The common lettuce yields an extract resembling opium. The seeds of the Poppy are eaten, and yield oil; opium is the juice of the capsule. Tea, Coffee, and Tobacco, are all narcotics and poisonous. The juice of the Tapioca contains hydrocyanic acid, easily removed by washing. *Strychnos nux vomica* is used to impart a bitter flavor to beer. Strychnine is a valuable medicine, and the most deadly poison. The *Nerium Oleander* produces a delicious perfume; some of our soldiers in the Peninsular war were poisoned by using the wood for skewers. *Eycas cirimalis* yields a sago from the seed; the juice of the tree is acrid and poisonous. *Cerbera odallum* gives a medicine; though the fruit and seeds are narcotic and poisonous. *Euphorbia* gives gum elastic; its juice is acrid and poisonous.

XVII.

The Debate—a Warning.

"Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo."—Horace.

"Rerum copia verborum copiam gignit."—Cicero.

Thou of commanding presence, with a tongue
Of fire, around whose lips in infancy
Cluster'd in honied swarms the Attic bee,[1]
Shun the debate: rise not to speak among
Thy co-mates: spurn the incense of the young:
Spin not from hollow base sophistic plea,
Like to the worm, that from a rotten tree
In empty air its fragile thread hath flung.[2]
Let Knowledge' sure foundations deep be laid:
Order and Thought on all thy studies tend:
Take virgin Truth for thine Egerian maid:
Not as a trenchant faulchion,[3] but a shield,
Aristotelian weapons learn to wield:[4]
Conviction, not persuasion, be thine end.

Illustrations to Sonnet XVII.

(1) " ὄντινα τιμήσωσι Διός κοῦραι μεγάλοιο
γεινὸμενὸν τ' ἐσίδωσι διοτρεφέων βασιλῆων,
τῶ μὲν ἐπί γλώσσῃ γλυκερήν χέιουσιν ἐέρσην,
τοῦ δ' ἔπε' ἐκ στὸματος ῥεῖ μέιλιχα· οἱ δέ νυ λαοὶ
πάντες ἐς αὐτὸν ὀρῶσι διακρίνοντα θέμιστας
ἰθείῃσι δίκῃσιν· ὁ δ' ἀσφαλέως ἀγορεύων
αἶψά τε καί μέγα νεῖκος ἐπισταμένως κατέπαυσε."

HESIOD.

So ANTIPATER of Sidon said of PINDAR:

" ουδε μάτην ἁπαλοῖς ξουθός περὶ χείλεσιν ἑσμὸς
ἔπλασε χηρόδετον, Πίνδαρε, σεῖο, μέλι."

So also it was said of Plato and others.

(2) " tanquam aranea texans telam tum demum inde terminata est et parit telas quasdam doctrinæ tenuitate fili operis que mirabiles, sed quoad usum fractas et inanes."—BACON.

(3) " ὅπλον τοι λόγος ἀνδρὶ τομώτερόν ἐστι σιδήρου
ὅπλον ἑκάστω νεῖμε θεός· φύσιν ἠερόφοιτον
ὄρνισιν, πώλοις ταχυτῆτ', ἀλκήν δέ λέουσιν·
ταύροις δ' αὐτοχύτοις κεράεσσιν· κέντρα μελίσσαις,
ἔμφυτον ἄλκαρ, ἔδωκε, λόγον δ' ἔρυμ' ἀνθρώποισιν·
τῆς δέ θεοπνεύστου σοφίης λόγος ἐστίν ἄριστος
βέλτερος ἀλκῆεντος ἔφυ σεσοφίσμενος ἀνήρ."

PSEUDOPHOCYLIDEA.

(4) So FAULCONBRIDGE says:—

" Which tho' I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn."

So OVID:—

" Et latro et cautus præcingitur ense viator,
Ille sed insidias, hic sibi portat opem;
Discitur innocuas ut agat facundia causas,
Protegit hæc sontes, immeritosque premit."

So the Pseudo Phocylidea;—

" Τὸ ξίφος ἀμφιβαλοῦ μὴ πρὸς φόνον, ἀλλ' ἐς ἄμυναν."

XVIII.

Silence.

"Παλαί τὸ σιγαν φάρμακον βλαβῆς εχω."—ÆSCHYLUS.

"Let me be silent, for so are the Gods."—CARLYLE.

"Be checked for silence, never taxed for speech."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Speech is silvern: silence is golden."—CARLYLE.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy tongue."—SHAKESPEARE.

Five years of silence was the first task met
By neophytes in old Pythagoras' School :—
Finger on lip, the Harpocratic rule :*—
By meditation is thy mirror set,
Self-knowledge, in the lock'd hearts cabinet :—
The Tongue's the rebel traitor of the Fool :
In secret long the workman plies his tool,
Ere he puts forth the work men ne'er forget :—
The palace of thy mouth a prison make :—
Speech issues from the fulness of the heart :—
  Then commune with it ; search it silently,
As Mary pondered o'er her thoughts apart ;—
  In mid age Homer, Dante, Milton spake
Their treasur'd words of immortality.

* Of whom OVID :—

"Quique premit vocem, digitoque silentia suadit."

Illustrations to Sonnet XVIII.

" A fool travaileth with a word, as a woman in labour of a child. As an arrow that sticketh in a man's thigh, so is a word within a fool's belly."—Eccl. chap. xix. verse 11, 12.

" A fool lifteth up his voice with laughter; but a wise man doth scarce smile a little."—Eccl. chap. xxi. verse 20.

" The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the mouth of the wise is in their heart."—Eccl. chap. xxi. verse 25, 26.

" As when one sifteth with a sieve, the refuse remaineth; so the filth of a man is in his talk. The furnace proveth the potter's vessels; so the trial of man is in his reasoning. The fruit declareth if the tree have been dressed: so is the utterance of a conceit in the heart of man. Praise no man before thou hearest him speak; for this is the trial of men."—Eccl. chap. xxvii, verse 4—7.

" Weigh thy words in the balance, and make a door and bar for thy mouth." —Eccl. chap. xxviii, verse 25.

" And let the counsel of thine own heart stand, for there is no man more fruitful unto thee than it. For a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower."—Eccl. chap. xxxvii verse 13, 14.

"A man that hideth foolishness is better than a man that hideth wisdom."—Eccl. chap. xli, verse 15.

" Πολλοῖς ἀνθρώπων γλώσσῃ θὺραι οὐκ ἐπὶκειντιαι
ἁρμόδιαι, καί σφιν πύλλ' ἀμὲλητα μὲλει.
πολλάκι γὰρ τὸ κακὸν κατακεὶμενου ἔνδον ἄμεινον,
ἐσθλὸν δ' ἐξελθὸν λῶϊον ἢ τὸ κακόν."—Theognis.

" Ἀῤῥὴτων ἐπὲων γλὼσσῃ σφραλίς ἐπικεὶαθω
κρείσσων γάρ μύθων, ἢ κτεάνων φυγακή."—Lucian.

" Κωτὶλῳ ἀνθρὼπῳ σιγᾶν χαλεπὼτατον ἆχθος,
φθεγγόμενος δ' ἀδαὴς, οἶσι παρῇ, μὲλεται."—Theognis.

XIX.

The Beauty of Sincerity.

Χρή μέν δή τόν μῦθον ἀπηλεγέως ἀποειπεῖν,
Η περ δὴ φρονέω τε, καὶ ὡς τετελεσμένον ἔσται,
Εχθρός γάρ μοι κεῖνος, ὁμῶς ἀΐδαο πὺλησιν,
Ος χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεὺθει ἐνί φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.
Αὐτάρ ἐγὼν ἐρὲω, ὥς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.

HOMER.

"Bad is that Angel that erst fell from Heaven
But not so bad as he, nor in worse case
Who hides a treacherous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven;
Each sin some colour hath it to adorn,
Hypocrisy Almighty God doth scorn."

DRUMMOND.

"Μισῶ τόν ἄνδρα τον διπλουν πεφὺκοτα
Χρήστον λόγοισι, πολέμιον δε τοῖς τροποις."

PALLADES.

"ψεύδεα μῆ βὰζειν, τά δ' ἐτὴτυμα πάντ' ἀγορεύειν."

PSEUDO PHOCYLIDES.

"His words are bonds; his oaths are oracles:
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as Heaven to Earth."

SHAKESPEARE.

Hark to Achilles' scorn, that rings as clear
And trumpet-toned as when its utterance fell
From Homer's lips: across the ages swell
The hero's words, sharp as his own good spear
To liars; grateful to each honest ear:
'I hate the man, even as the gates of Hell,
'Who thinking one thing dares another tell:
'True be my counsels and my speech sincere.'
Our's be the beauty of the crystal fount,
The pebbles on whose floor all men may count;
Not of the spangled flower whose cunning bell
Drips with the poison which its heart distills;
Not of the glossy snake, whose weird eye-spell
Can fascinate, the while its venom kills.

Illustrations to Sonnet XIX.

SHAKESPEARE thus makes Gloucester depict his own consummate hypocrisy :—

Why I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry "content" to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I can add colors to the cameleon
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
3d pt. Kg. HENRY VI, Act III, Sc. 2.

See Queen CATHERINE'S description of Cardinal WOLSEY :—

"I' the Presence,
He would say Untruths ; and be ever double,
Both in his Words and Meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful ;
His Promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his Performance, as he is now, nothing."—HENRY VIII.

And SPENSER'S description of Hypocrisy in the "Fairy Queen" :—

"Thereto when needed, she could weep and pray,
And when her listed she could fawne and flatter ;
Now smyling smoothly, like to Sommer's day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter ;
Yet were her Words but wynd, and all her Tears but water."—
SPENSER.

Μή μ' ἔπεσιν μὲν στέργε, νόον δ' ἔχε καὶ φρένας αλλας,
εἴ με φιλεῖς καί σοι πιστὸς ἔνεστι νόος.
ὅς δὲ μιῇ γλώσσῃ δίχ' ἔχει νόον, οὗτος ἑταῖρος
δειλός, Κύρν', ἐχθρὸς βέλτερος ἢ φίλος ὤν.
Ἤν τις ἐπαινήσῃ σε τόσον χρὸνον ὅσσον ὁρώῃς,
νοσφισθεὶς δ' ἄλλην γλῶσσαν ἵῃσι κακὴν,
τοιοῦτός τοι ἑταῖρος ἀνὴρ φίλος οὔτι μάλ' ἐσθλός,
ὅς κ' εἴπῃ γλώσσῃ λῶα, φροιῇ δ' ἕτερα.
THEOGNIS.

XX.

The Debate—a Warning.

(Continued.)

"First cast out the beam out of thine own eye."—*St. Matt.* vii. 5.

"Est propium stultitiæ aliorum vitia cernere ; oblivisci suorum."—CICERO.

"Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant :
Ille regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet."—VIRGIL.

Young patriot ! who in after times shall make
Laws for the people, in the Senate rise,
Not like the forum-lawyer, Belial-wise,
To twist the worse the better form to take ;
Nor for a momentary triumph's sake
Seek by sarcastic jest the short surprise ;
Nor think thine adversary always lies ;
Nor harp for ever on thy foe's mistake.
But thine own Party's failings oft-times weigh,
(If Government through Party must be wrought ;)
Learn the just value of each claptrap claim ;
Urge not the mob to constant change, nor stay
Thy needful yielding till the gift be nought ;—
So shalt thou earn the real Statesman's name.

See note 3.

XXI.

Sycophancy.

"Oh! how wretched
Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favours."—SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

"Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore,
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.
O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitæ quantisque periclis
Digitur hoc ævi quodcunque 'st."—LUCRETIUS. l. i.

"Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty. Be without place or power, while others beg their way upward. Bear the pain of disappointed hopes while others gain the accomplishment of their's by flattery. Forego the gracious pressure of the hand for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue; and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have in such a course grown gray with unblenched honour, bless God and die."—HEINZLEMAIN.

Great God! that men should stoop, cringe, toil, and
sweat,
Lie, flatter, sell their honour and their soul,
For a vain title, or a ribbon-roll,
A garter, or a star, or coronet,
And gnaw their hearts in anger or regret,
Because their peer or younger brother stole,
By the same arts, before them to the goal;
As if Life had no nobler aim; and yet
The Learning of the Past unmaster'd lies:
Coy Nature courts their cunning to unseal
Her charms, her magic, and her mysteries,
In ocean, earth, and midnight's starry skies;
And the Poor's wants shout for the common-weal
With a voice louder than a thunder-peal.

XXII.

Caps and Gowns.

"Nobilis hic, quocunque venit de gramine, cujus
Clara fuga ante alios et primus in æquore pulvis."—JUVENAL.

"Philosophia stemma non inspicit. Platonem non
accepit nobilem Philosophia, sed fecit."—SENECA.

"Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocârunt æternâ in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam."—PHÆDRUS.

"I read no difference between this huge,
This monstrous big word 'Lord',* and Gentleman,
More than the title sounds; for aught I learn
The latter is as noble as the first;
I am sure, more ancient."—FORD.

I quarrel not with outward marks of rank
When for display fit place or season calls:
But yet in Learning's democratic halls
All men should meet as equals, free and frank:
And when I see a stale old fashion prank
The lordling in a tag of gold that falls
O'er his cap's velvet, mid gray cloister walls,
I call to mind dear Harrow's sunny bank,
Where yesterday beheld us playful peers;†
And think, as Knowledge owns no royal road,
This haste to mark out station doth unteach
The liberal lesson of late school-boy years;
And that 'twere wise if Alma Mater show'd
Her sons rule uniform for all and each.

* 'Lord' is derived from the Anglo Saxon 'hlâf-reard', loâf-ward, "*panem custodiens.*" Phonetic corruption has reduced this very significant title to its present meaningless form. He is the true gentleman, of whom Dryden 'God Almighty's gentlemen;' and of whom Menander:

"ος αν ευ γεγονως ᾖ τῇ φυσει προς τ'αγαθα
Κ'αν 'Αιθίοψ ᾖ, μητες, εστιν ευγενης."

† "Dulcis inexpertis cultura nolentis amici,
Expertus metuit."—HORACE.

XXIII.

Democracy.

> " Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace.
> Ring in the valiant man and free
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be."—TENNYSON.

> " For who loves *that* must first be wise and good."—MILTON.

> " Οὐ λίθοι, ουδὲ ξὺλα, ουδὲ
> Τὲχνη τεκτονων αἳ πὸλεις εἶσιν,
> 'Αλλ' ὅπου ποτ' ἄν ὦσιν ΑΝΔΡΕΣ,
> Αὑτους σώζειν εἰδότες,
> 'Ενταῦθα τειχη και πόλεις."—ALCÆUS.

> " Christianity is essentially a democratic religion : it regards the individual rather than the state ; and more efforts for the improvement of individual character have been made by it than by all other religions put together. This fact supplies one of many arguments that might be adduced to show that progress means a march towards democracy, or government in conformity with the opinions, and for the interests, of the many. Any form of government *may* be consistent with the democratic principle, provided it is sufficiently apt to receive popular impressions, and embody the national will."—SLACK'S *Philosophy of Progress.*

Whate'er the form of Government, thy cause,
Democracy, shall triumph : let the State
Look to it that the People educate
Its strong and earnest purpose in the pause,
Till Good alone gain popular applause,
Class honour class ; in love man emulate
His brother ; so the crisis culminate
In peace, not pride ; its arms, the sovereign laws.
  Then shall hag Poverty, man's plague and curse,
Mid drunken filth her giant offspring Crime
In huddled huts and lanes no longer nurse ;
But independent man with man combine,
The social system square with the divine,
The true Christ reign in the real golden prime.

XXIV.

Statesmanship.

" With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat and public care."—MILTON.

" 'Ακρόπολις καὶ πύργος ἐὼν κενεόφρονι δήμῳ,
Κύρν', ὀλίγης τιμῆς ἔμμορεν ἐσθλὸς ἀνήρ."—THEOGNIS.

" νῦν δ' εις ἔλεγκον ἐξὼν ὁρῶ βροτοῖς
τὴν γλῶσσαν ὀυχετ' ἀργα, πανθ' ηγουμένην."—EURIPIDES.

" χρὴ λέγειν τὰ καίρια
ὅστις φυλάσσει πρᾶγος ἐν πρύμνῃ πόλεως
οἴακα νωμῶν, βλέφαρα μὴ κοιμῶν ὕπνῳ."—ÆSCHYLUS.

" Mordear opprobriis falsis mutemque colores ?
Falsus honor juvat et mendax infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum et medicandum ?"—HORACE.

" No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?"—SHAKSPEARE.

" Λαῷ μὴ πίστευε· πολύτροπός ἐστιν ὅμιλος.
λαός τοι, καὶ ὕδωρ, καὶ πῦρ ἀκατάσχετα πάντα."
PSEUDO PHOCYLIDES.

Unless thine be that calm high fortitude
Which can long suffer slander with disdain,
Leaving to Time the Avenger to maintain
Thy motives, purity, and love of good :
Unless thou be of that unplastic mood
Which bends not to the Expedient to gain
The triumph of to-day ; unless thy fane
Be Right : unless thou lov'st the multitude
Even with a father's love ; their fickle breath
Not courting ; and not fearing to withstand
Their fury, though thou know'st their hate is death :
Unless Peace be the watchword on thy lip,
Justice the sword and sceptre in thy hand,
Tempt not the dangerous craft of Statesmanship.

Illustrations to Sonnet XXIV.

" ὅταν γὰρ ἡδὺς τοῖς λόγοις, φρονῶν κακῶς,
πείθῃ τὸ πλῆθος, τῇ πόλει κακὸν μέγα·
ὅσοι δὲ σὺν νῷ χρηστὰ βουλεύουσ' ἀεὶ,
κἂν μὴ παραυτίκ', αὖθίς εἰσι χρήσιμόι
πόλει. θεᾶσθαι δ' ὧδε χρὴ τὸν προστάτην
ἰδονθ'· ὅμοιον γὰρ τὸ χρῆμα γίγνεται
τῷ τοὺς λόγους λέγοντι καὶ τιμωμένῳ."—Euripides.

" ὅταν λάβῃ τις τῶν λόγων ἀνὴρ σοφὸς
καλὰς ἀφορμὰς, οὐ μέγ' ἔργον εὖ λέγειν·
συ δ' εὔτροχον μὲν γλῶσσαν ὡς φρονῶν ἔχεις,
ἐν τοῖς λόγοισι δ' οὐκ ἔνεισί σοι φρένες.
θρασὺς δὲ, δυνατὸς καὶ λέγειν οἷός τ' ἀνὴρ,
κακὸς πολίτης γίγνεται, νοῦν οὐκ ἔχων."—Euripides.

The comparison, sufficiently obvious, of the Statesman to a pillar, a wall, a citadel, has been a favourite one in all ages. In addition to the

" ἀκρόπολις καὶ πυργος"

of Theognis, and Milton's "pillar of State" above quoted, Horace calls him, "Grande decus *columenque* rerum ;" and Terence calls the head of a family, "*columen* familiæ." So Tennyson says, "the *pillar* of a people's hope ;" and again,

" A potent voice of Parliament ;
A *pillar*, steadfast mid the storm."

In the speech of Nicias, Thucydides makes him say that men are a city,

" ἄνδρες γὰρ πόλις, καί οὐ τείχη οὐδὲ νῆες ἀνδρῶν κεναί ;"

evidently borrowed from the Priest's speech in the Œdipus Tyrannus :

" ὡς οὐδέν ἐστιν οὔτε πύργος οὔτε ναῦς
ἔρημος ἀνδρῶν μὴ ξυνοικοὐντων ἔσω."

See also *Persæ* l. 349, and *Plato* de Legibus vi. 778, D. passages which, as well as the fragment from Alcæus, (quoted in the mottoes to Sonnet XXIII) may probably have prompted Sir W. Jones's well known lines :

" What constitutes a State ?
Not high-rais'd battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate ;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd ;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No :—MEN, high-minded MEN,
With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
Men who their *duties* know,
But know their *rights*, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain ;
These constitute a State." &c.

XXV.

Individuality.

"Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ."—HORACE.

"Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore."—HORACE.

"Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi."—HORACE.

"For so it falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it: but being lacked and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show
While it was ours."—SHAKESPEARE, *Much ado about nothing.*

He who would stand from out the rank and file
Of men, let him well steel him 'gainst man's scorn
And calumny; take cross and crown of thorn.
  As some bold promontory's lonely pile,
Stretching out oceanward for many a mile,
Stands, by the fretful waves spat on and torn,
Is he who in his fellows' van hath borne
The banner of Opinion, without guile.
  Hold on, brave heart! Though on the mountain-peak
Thy cell of banishment and solitude,
Earth's storms are under foot, calm Heav'n o'erhead:
Pilgrims unborn thine honour'd grave shall seek:
All hearts, all time, bear record of thy good:
Christ lives; and Socrates was never dead.*

* So Milton in *Paradise Regained* (Book III) makes Christ address Satan;—

"Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, *lives now*
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors."

Illustrations to Sonnet XXV.

" For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd ?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd scarce worth the praise ?
They praise, and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,
His lot who dares be singularly good ?"—MILTON.

" Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you."—SHAKESPEARE, *As you like it.*

" At mihi quod vivo detraxerit invida turba
Post obitum duplici fœnore reddet honos.
Omnia post obitum fingit majora vetustas,
Majus ab exequiis nomen in ore venit."—PROPERTIUS.

" Pascitur in vivis livor ; post fata quiescit,
Cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos."—OVID.

XXVI.

Pioneers.

"Every path where mortal feet now tread secure has been beaten out of the hard flint by prophets, and holy men, who went before us with bare and bleeding feet, to smooth the way for our reluctant tread. It is the blood of prophets that softens the Alpine rock. Their bones are scattered in all the high places of mankind. But God lays his burthen on no vulgar man. He never leaves their souls a prey. He paints Elysium on their dungeon wall. In the populous chamber of their heart the light of Faith shines bright and never dies."—Theodore Parker.

The Pioneers of faith, and work, and thought,
Have fought and fall'n, and laid life freely down
At duty's call, without hope of renown :
As a Forlorn Hope, silent, they have sought
The deadly breach, and with their blood have bought
The citadel of the beleaguered town ;
Their's is the glory of the victor's crown :
Let others share the spoil ; to them 'tis nought.
 Even now they perish round us : lo ! they freeze
To death upon the ice of Arctic seas :
Their graves are in the Tropics, where they drain
The swamp, or in the jungly wilds create
The iron road of Trade : while others gain,
Preaching to savage tribes, the Martyr's fate.

XXVII.

Custom.

"Apis api."

"Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu."—Horace.

"Custom lies upon us with a weight
Heavy as frost and deep almost as life."—Wordsworth.

"Inter causas malorum nostrorum est quod vivimus ad exempla, nec ratione componimur, sed consuetudine adducimur. Quod pauci faciunt, notamus imitari; quum plures facere capescunt, quasi honestum sit quia frequentius, sequimur, et recte apud nostrum tenet error."—Seneca.

I saw hag Custom with time-polish'd rule
Driving the million like a flock of sheep,
Or the swine, demon-entered, down the steep,
Broad, smooth-worn, straight: the trees some garden-tool
Had clipp'd, poll'd, squar'd: beside a stagnant pool
She stopp'd and sate, her mirror, still and deep,
Glassy and lifeless: there she fell asleep.
There came soliloquizing by a fool:
"Oh, aye," he cried, "sleep on, my dame;" then bow'd,
Mocking and jibing at the herd: "Stoop, quaff
"This Lethe: then be driven: trust in sooth:
"Think never: fashion, faith your guides, not truth:
"*You* call *me* fool:"—then laughing a low laugh,
Threw bauble, cap, and bells, among the crowd.

XXVIII.

Travel.

" Travel in the younger sort is a part of educatiou."—BACON.

" Πλάνη βίον τίθησι σωφρονέστερον."

" Home keeping youths have mostly homely wits ;
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardized at home
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness."—SHAKESPEARE.

" The proverbial wisdom of the populace at gates and roads, and in markets, instructs the attentive ear of him who studies man, more fully than a thousand rules ostentatiously arranged."—LAVATER.

" ἴδοι δ' ἄν τις και εν ταῖς πλανάις ως οἰκεῖον ἄπας ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπῳ καὶ φιλον."—ARISTOTLE.

" The proper study of mankind is man."—POPE.

Let the Youth travel ere the ties of Home,
The bonds of Family, Life's work-day toil
And springing duties chain him to the soil:—
We love our kind the more, the more we roam:—
Man should be studied like an open tome,
Read through, and noted on the counter-foil:—
Sealed books are but closed fountains: we must coil
Round all Earth's dwellings, whether where the foam
Breaks on the savage island, or the snow
Lies on the mountain-cottage, or the hum
Of river-striding cities fills the air—
Not that the face of Nature is not fair:
But who of kindlier heart would fain become,
Must with his fellow-men familiar grow.*

* The following apologue, spoken by an itinerant preacher on the borders of Wales, is full of truth and beauty: "As I was going to the hills," he said, "early one misty morning, I saw something moving on "the mountain-side, so strange looking that I took it for a monster. "When I came nearer to it, I found it was a man. When I came up to "him, I found he was my brother."

Illustrations to Sonnet XXVIII.

"Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth,
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend,
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, nor pedants show."

Ld. LYTTLETON.

"It is with nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves; for the whole family of pride and ignorance are incestuous, and mutually beget each other. The Chinese affect to despise European ingenuity, but they cannot mend a common watch; when it is out of order, they say it is dead, and barter it away for a living one. The Persians think that all foreign merchants come to them from a small island in the northern waters, barren and desolate, which produces nothing good or beautiful; for why else, say they, do the Europeans fetch such things from us, if they are to be had at home. The Turk will not permit the sacred cities of Mecca or Medina to be polluted by the residence or even footstep of a single Christian; and as to the grand Dairo of Japan, he is so holy, that the sun is not permitted to have the honour of shining on his illustrious head. As to the king of Malacca, he styles himself lord of the winds, and the Mogul, to be equal with him, titles himself conqueror of the world, and his grandees are denominated rulers of the thunder-storm, and steersmen of the whirlwind; even the pride of Xerxes, who fettered the sea, and wrote his commands on Mount Athos, or of Caligula, who boasted of an intrigue with the moon, are both surpassed by the petty sovereign of an insignificant tribe in North America, who every morning stalks out of his hovel, bids the sun good morrow, and points out to him with his finger the course he is to take for the day; and to complete this climax of pride and ignorance, it is well known that the Khan of Tartary, who does not possess a single house under the canopy of heaven, has no sooner finished his repast of mare's milk and horse flesh, than he causes a herald proclaim from his seat, that all the princes and potentates of the earth have his permission to go to dinner."—COLTON.

"Much have I seen and known: cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams the untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."—TENNYSON.

XXIX.

Supercilium.

"Commend not a man for his beauty; neither abhor a man for his outward appearance. The bee is little among such as fly: but her fruit is the chief of sweet things."—ECCL. chap. XI. vs. 2, 3.

"Inquinat egregios adjuncta superbia mores."—CLAUDIAN.

"Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges."—PERSIUS.

"μὴ κρῖνε πρόσωπον".—PSEUDO PHOCYLIDEA.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."—*Sermon on the Mount.*

"Sæpe sub attritâ latitat sapientia veste
Vilis sæpe cadus nobile nectar habet."—OVID.

"ἄλλος δειλὸς ἐὼν ἄγαθος δοκεῖ ἐμμένα ἄνηρ
και καλός, μορφὴν οὐ χαρίεσσαν ἔχων."—SOLON.

"Ut plerumque solent, naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos."—HORACE.

"Scorn no man's love: tho' of a mean degree
Love is a present for a mighty king."—HERBERT.

"All worldly joys are less
Than the one joy of doing kindnesses."—HERBERT.

Why do we turn us from Deformity,
As 'twere the visible brand of out-cast Cain?
Why treat the casual stranger with disdain,
As though his presence should pollute the eye,
And taint the air with its vulgarity?
Rough matrix husks the diamond: the train
Of Pity swells as she comes home again:
The Pride which judgeth shall stern judgment try.
God's World is good: its evil, like a strain
Of discord, makes more precious harmony.
In the worst man some virtue gleams, tho' stain
Of crime as black as Night his conscience dye.
True nobleness is ever kind: one grain
Of human Love would a king's ransom buy.

See note 4.

Illustrations to Sonnet XXIX.

" L'arte de connoscere gli homini della fisionoma
e l'arte de fare giudicii temerarii."—Fisiole.

" ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ χρυσοῦ μὲν ὃς κίβδηλος ᾖ
τεκμήρι' ἀνθρώποισιν ὤπασας σαφῆ,
ἀνδρῶν δ' ὅτῳ χρὴ τὸν κακὸν διειδέναι,
οὐδεὶς χαρακτὴρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι;"—Euripides.

" φεῦ, χρῆν βροτοῖσι τῶν φίλων τεκμήριον
σαφές τι κεῖσθαι καὶ διάγνωσιν φρενῶν,
ὅστις τ' ἀληθής ἐστιν ὅς τε μὴ φίλος·
δισσάς τε φωνὰς πάντας ἀνθρώπους ἔχειν,
τὴν μὲν δικαίαν, τὴν δ' ὅπως ἐτύγχανεν,
ὡς ἡ φρονοῦσα τἄδικ' ἐξηλέγχετο
πρὸς τῆς δικαίας, κοὐκ ἂν ἠπατώμεθα."—Euripides.

" Humani nil a me alienum puto."—Terence.

" Χρυσοῦ κιβδήλοιο καὶ ἀργύρου ἄνσχετος ἄτη,
Κύρνε, καὶ ἐξευρεῖν ῥάδιον ἀνδρὶ σοφῷ.
εἰ δὲ φίλου νόος ἀνδρὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι λελήθῃ
ψυδρὸς ἐών, δόλιον δ' ἐν φρεσὶν ἦτορ ἔχῃ,
τοῦτο θεὸς κιβδηλότατον ποίησε βροτοῖσιν,
καὶ γνῶναι πάντων τοῦτ' ἀνιηρότατον.
οὐ γὰρ ἂν εἰδείης ἀνδρὸς νόον οὐδὲ γυναικός,
πρὶν πειρηθείης ὥσπερ ὑποζυγίου·
οὐδέ κεν εἰκάσσαις ὥσπερ ποτ' ἐς ὥριον ἐλθών.
πολλάκι γὰρ γνώμην ἐξαπατῶσ' ἰδέαι."—Theognis.

" λέγειν δ' ἄμορφον ὄντα τοὺς πέλας κακῶς
πρόσω δικαίων ἠδ' ἀποστατεῖ θέμις."*—Æschylus.

" ἔλεξε γάρ τις ὡς τὰ χείρονα
πλείω βροτοῖσίν ἐστι τῶν ἀμεινόνων.
ἐγὼ δὲ τούτοις ἀντίαν γνώμην ἔχω,
πλείω τὰ χρηστὰ τῶν κακῶν εἶναι βροτοῖς.
εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἦν τόδ', οὐκ ἂν ἦμεν ἐν φάει."—Euripides.

" εἶθ' ἐξῆν ὁποῖός τις ἦν ἕκαστος
τὸ στῆθος διελοῦντ', ἔπειτα τὸν νοῦν
ἐσίδοντα, κλείσαντα πάλιν,
ἄνδρα φίλον νομίζειν ἄδολα φρένι."—Pythermus.

* These are the words which Æschylus with a happy propriety puts into the mouth of Minerva on first seeing the Furies.

XXX.

Humility.

"Humbleness of heart proceeds from Heaven."—Wordsworth.

"Regia, crede mihi, res est succurrere lapsis."—Ovid.

"Quemcumque miserum videris, hominem scias."—Seneca.

"Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a Publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice a week, I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other; for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. —St. Luke chap. xviii. vs. 10—14.

What was the Master's teaching, His who spake
As never man spake, whom the Father's love
Sent down, and symbol'd by the gentle Dove;
Who humbly suffered death for sinners' sake?
Where was His pride, what time the bread He brake
With Publicans? Did not His voice reprove
Those who the little children would remove
From round His knees? Say, did He roughly shake
Away the hand that touched His garment's hem,
Her hand, who was made whole by faith alone?
The woman caught in sin did He condemn,
When each accuser grip'd the avenging stone?
Did He not wash His own Disciples' feet?
Did He spurn Lazarus in his winding sheet?

XXXI.

Tears.

"Mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur
Quæ lachrymas dedit. Hæc nostri pars optima sensûs."—JUVENAL.

"O! lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentem ortus ex animo, qualis
Felix in imo qui scatentem
Pectore, te, pia nympha, sentit."—GRAY.

What the chief difference between man and brute,
Philosophers have oft defined: some say
The bound is marked by Reason's God-like ray:
Some fix on speech, and vaunt that beasts are mute;
And some on Laughter: Cooking seems to suit
One jester: Plato said, perchance in play,
Man was a biped plumeless piece of clay:
Some deem him but a naked two-forked root.
But who hath thought him of the welling tears
That flow, spontaneous, to the human eye,
From the deep-seated fountains of the heart?
Fresh in old age as in our tenderest years,
They fall in sympathy with Pity's sigh:
Best symbols they of our more Heavenly part.

XXXII.

Fellow's Life.

"Doctus sine operâ est ut nubes sine pluviâ."—*Arabian Proverb.*

"If not to some peculiar end assigned,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind,
Or is at best a secondary aim—
A chace for sport alone, and not for game."—YOUNG.

"To this (as calling myself a scholar) I am obliged by the duty of my condition. I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge. I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning. I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves."—Sir T. BROWN, *Religio Medici.*

"The silence of a wise man is more wrong to mankind than the slanderer's speech."—WYCHERLY'S *Maxims.*

"Nec sibi sed toto genitum se credere mundo."—LUCAN.

"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.—St. JOHN chap. IX. verse 4.

"Λαμπάδια ἔχοντες, διαδῶσουσιν ἀλληλοῖς."—PLATO.

"If our virtues did not go forth from us, 'twere all the same as if we had them not."—SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure.*

Alas! what learning with each scholar dies!
Therefore should all their gather'd knowledge *write;*
And so their good outlive them, and delight
All future generations that arise:
Thus do the pour'd out treasures of the wise
Enrich man's heart, and glad the common sight,
Like river-streams which in their bounteous might
Earth beautify at once, and fertilize.
He who in cloisters for himself lays bare
True Knowledge' source, and climbs the sun-capt tops
Of craggy Science, though much mark'd of all,
Is like a fountain which shoots up its fair
Column of waters—but the sparkling drops
Back to its basin, unproductive, fall.

[Dante draws a terrible picture of those "senza infamia" and "senza lodo," who, he says, "never lived," who have not improved their time and talents, but dragged out on earth a useless sort of neutral existence, and now have their portion "Degli angeli che non furon ribelli:"

'Ne per fedeli a Dio *ma per se foro.*"—*Inferno.*]

Illustrations to Sonnet XXXII.

" Χρὴ Μουσῶν θεράποντα καὶ ἄγγελον, εἴ τι περισσόν
εἰδείη, σοφίης μὴ φθονερὸν τελέθειν,
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μῶσθαι, τὰ δὲ δεικνύναι, ἄλλα δὲ ποιεῖν.
τί σφιν χρήσηται μοῦνος ἐπιστάμενος;"—THEOGNIS.

" τὴν σοφίην σοφὸς ἰθύνει, τέχνας δ' ὁμότεχνος."
PSEUDO PHOCYLIDES.

" Ἕτερος ἐξ ἑτέρου σοφὸς τό τε πάλαι τό τε νῦν·
οὐδὲ γὰρ ῥᾶστον ἀῤῥήτων ἐπέων πύλας
ἐξευρεῖν."—BACCHYLIDES.

" The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live ;
The earlier blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses :
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses
But for their virtue only as their show,
They live unmoved, and unrespected fade ;
Die to themselves : sweet Roses do not so,
Of their sweet smell are sweetest odours made."—SHAKESPEARE.

" For all the practical purposes of life, Truth might as well be in a prison as in the folio of a Schoolman, and those who release her from her cobwebbed shelf and teach her to live with men, have the merit of liberating, if not of discovering, her."—COLTON.

" Στῆλαι καὶ γραφίδες καὶ κύρβιες, ευφροσυνης μέν
ἄιτια τοῖς ταῦτα κτησαμένοις μεγάλης·
ἀλλ' ἐς ὅσον ζώουσι. τὰ γὰρ κενὰ κύδεα φωτῶν
ψυχᾶις οἰχομένων ου μάλα συμφέρεται.
ἡ δ' ἀρέτὴ σοφίης τε χάρις κἀκεῖσε συνέρπει,
κἀνθάδε μιμνάζει μνῆστιν ἐφελκομένη."—AGATHIAS.

" Il docre del filosofo e di predicarla di sostenarla d' illustrata. Se i lumi che egli sparga non sono utili per suo secolo, e per la sua patria, le sarrano securamenti per un altro secolo e per un altra piese."—FILANGIERI.

" No man is the lord of anything
(Though in and of him there be much consisting),
Till he communicate his parts to others :
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they are extended ; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again ; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Wisdom that is hid, and treasure that is hoarded up, what profit is in them both ? Better is he that hideth his folly than a man that hideth his wisdom—ECCL. *chap. XX, vs.* 30—31.

XXXIII.

Fellow's Life.

(Continued.)

" Manners are always propagated downwards."—SMYTHE's *Lectures.*

" Arbores serit diligens agricola, quarum aspiciet nunquam ipse baccam."—CICERO.

" Docti non soli vivi atque præsentes studiosos dicendi erudiunt atque docent ; sed hoc etiam post mortem monimentis literarum assequuntur."—CICERO.

From high to low, from rich to poor, the spread
Of Learning; as the kindling light of morn
Strikes the high peaks ; then down the hills 'tis borne
To vales in thickest darkness shadowed,
Till with rich sunshine touch'd, each cottage shed
Smiles out from grass-green nook and golden corn :—
So on some glassy pool, its centre torn
By lustrous pebble, to the marge are sped,
In ever widening undulation, rings
Of wavy waters.—Ye with time and wealth,
Scatter your learning till it taketh root
Forward and far. The growth of knowledge springs
Like that of plants :—down strikes the seed by stealth ;
But upward, seen of all, stem, flowers, and fruit.

XXXIV.

Fellowships.

"The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he that hath little business shall become wise. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows; and is diligent to give the kine fodder. So every carpenter and workmaster, that laboureth night and day: and they that cut and grave seals, and are diligent to make great variety, and give themselves to counterfeit imagery, and watch to finish a work; The smith also sitting by the anvil, and considering the iron work, the vapour of the fire wasteth his flesh, and he fighteth with the heat of the furnace; the noise of the hammer and the anvil is ever in his ears, and his eyes look still upon the pattern of the thing that he maketh; he setteth his mind to finish his work, and watcheth to polish it perfectly; So doth the potter sitting at his work, and turning the wheel about with his feet, who is alway carefully set at his work, and maketh all his work by number; He fashioneth the clay with his arm, and boweth down his strength before his feet; he applieth himself to lead it over; and he is diligent to make clean the furnace; All these trust to their hands; and every one is wise in his work."—Eccl. chap. XXXVIII. vs. 24—31.

Only in leisure can shy Learning thrive:
Smiths at the anvil, potters at the wheel,
The ploughman, and the graver of the seal,
All the quick workers in the City's hive,
Live by their craft: what time have they to dive
Into the mysteries which books conceal?
In the brief snatches which from toil they steal,
With rest their weary bodies they revive.
Therefore 'tis fit the Common-wealth supply
Stations of mark, where, raised above the jars
Of life, the isolated sage in toil
Unwearied may consume the midnight oil:—
So are the lonely watch-towers built on high,
To note Heaven's story by the lamp-like stars.

XXXV.

Knowledge and Wisdom.

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble, that he knows no more."—COWPER.

"Knowledge and wisdom far from being one,
Have oft times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."—COWPER.

"Let her know her place
She is the second, not the first;
A higher hand must make her mild
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child:
For she is earthly, of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly, of the soul."—TENNYSON.

Knowledge is like an errant knight of old:
Vaunting his prowess; eager for the fray;
Arm'd cap-â-pie; with peacock plumage gay;
Self confident; adventure-seeking; bold;
He roams throughout the world, ready to hold
Tournay against all comers day by day;
He enters magic caves without dismay,
And views strange sights which others ne'er behold.
But Wisdom is his meek-eyed lady-love,
Whom if he wins not he is nothing worth.
Now casting down her modest eyes on earth,
Now heavenward, trustful, she herself doth try,
And broodeth o'er her own heart silently,
Timid; but constant, patient, as a dove.

Illustrations to Sonnet XXXV.

" Learning is unto a wise man as an ornament of gold, and like a bracelet upon his right arm."—Eccl. *chap. XXI. verse* 21.

" Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandize of it is better than the merchandize of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies ; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her : length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Proverbs, *chap. III. vs.* 13—17.

" My son, gather instruction from thy youth up : so shalt thou find wisdom till thine old age. Come unto her as one that ploweth and soweth, and wait for her good fruits : for thou shalt not toil much in labouring about her, but thou shalt eat of her fruits right soon. She is very unpleasant to the unlearned ; he that is without understanding will not remain with her. She will lie upon him as a mighty stone of trial : and he will cast her from him ere it be long. For wisdom is according to her name, and she is not manifest unto many. Give ear, my son, receive my advice, and refuse not my counsel, And put thy feet into her fetters, and thy neck into her chain. Bow down thy shoulder, and bear her, and be not grieved with her bonds. Come unto her with thy whole heart, and keep her ways with all thy power. Search, and seek, and she shall be made known unto thee ; and when thou hast got hold of her, let her not go. For at the last thou shalt find her rest, and that shall be turned to thy joy. Then shall her fetters be a strong defence for thee, and her chains a robe of glory. For there is a golden ornament upon her, and her bands are purple lace. Thou shalt put her on as a robe of honour, and shalt put her about thee as a crown of joy."—Eccl. *chap. VI. vs.* 18—31.

" For wisdom which is the worker of all things, taught me : for in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtil, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good. Kind to man, stedfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all understanding, pure, and most subtil, spirits. For wisdom is more moving than any motion : she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness. For she is the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty : therefore can no defiled thing fall into her. For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness.—

Wisdom, *chap. VII. vs.* 22—6.

XXXVI.

On Human Knowledge.

"A climbing height it is without a head,
Depth without bottom, way without an end;
A circle with no line environed,
Not comprehended, all it comprehends;
Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind
Till it that infinite of the Godhead find."

Sir Fulk Greville.

How vast a circle doth man's knowledge run;
A million million miles it knows to mount
Through space and time: to measure, weigh, and count
The stars; and tell by what fix'd laws they shun
Ruin; and keep their order once begun:
It hath enslav'd the lightning; search'd the fount
Of heat and primal light; summ'd up the amount
Of elemental atoms, from the Sun
Down to Earth's centre; traced, ere yet Man was,
Unnumbered Ages, slowly toiling, frame,
Pile upon pile, this inorganic mass;
And scann'd the cells whence living Being came.
Is it a round whence man no more may spring,
Than the daz'd scorpion from the fiery ring?

See Note 5.

XXXVII.

On Human Knowledge.

(Continued.)

" What is it to be wise ?
'Tis but to know how little can be known."—POPE.

" Science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance."—BYRON.

" Man, if he compare himself with all that he can see, is at the zenith of power : but if he compare himself with all that he can conceive, he is at the nadir of weakness."—COLTON.

" Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize,
New distant scenes of endless science rise.
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !"—POPE *See p.* 226.

Man's clearest knowledge doth most clearly show
His ignorance ; effect may teach him cause,
Whence he may lay down fundamental laws,
And reason from induction, sure as slow,
Of Gravitation and the Electric flow :
But *how* these agents work must give him pause :
How Earth draws apples ; amber gathers straws ;
Will acts on muscle, he may never know.
  Learning is like a river, whose small source
The child may stride ; which through a land of dreams
Winds with an ever-deep'ning, wider course,
Till with a thousand tributary streams
Its giant waters are in Ocean pour'd,
Unfathom'd, fathomless, unsail'd, unshor'd.

XXXVIII.

Circles.

"Hæc æterna manet, Divisque simillima forma est,
Cui neque principium nusquam nec finis in ipso,
Sed similis toto remanet, perque omnia par est."—MANILIUS.

"Planets circle round the Sun
Life doth in a circle run ;
And the circle e'er must be
Emblem of Eternity."

"Deus est sphera, cujus centrum ubique, circumferentia nusquam"—AUGUSTINE.

"Ἄνδρες, ὁ μὲν δὴ θεός, ὥσπερ καὶ ὁ παλαιὸς λόγος, ἀρχήν τε καὶ τελευτὴν καί μέσα τῶν ὄντων ἁπάντων ἔχων, εὐθείᾳ περαίνει κατὰ φύσιν περιπορευόμεος.—PLATO.

From the eye's circlet to the horizon's bound
Nature repeats the Circle's mystic sign,
Fit emblem of the Perfect and Divine :
Love's marriage-ring about the heart is bound,
And there the leaden disc of guilt is found ;
Thought shoots out every where its rays that shine
To custom's or to ignorance' confine :
Our brows by Pow'r, the diadem, are crown'd.
Circles on circles crowd : The humble dew
Hangs in a crystal orb : Heaven's genial rain
Filleth Earth's lap with show'rs of diamond spheres :
Joy lurks in dimpled hollows : Grief in tears.—
God is a Circle : endless : where in vain
The limitless circumference we pursue.

XXXIX.

Life and Work.

"They serve God well
Who serve His creatures: when the funeral bell
Tolls for the dead, there's nothing left of all
That decks the scutcheon and the vilest pall
Save this;
What's done is what remains. Ah! blessed they
Who leave completed tasks of love to say
And answer mutely for them being dead;
Life was not purposeless, though life be fled."—*Hon.* Mrs. NORTON.

Man dies; and is forgotten, form and fame:
Brief space, and he falls out of memory,
As a quenched meteor falleth from the sky:
No more his own place knoweth e'en his name:
Death's waters close above his head, the same
As Ocean o'er a stone dropp'd from on high:
The busy World goes on all bustlingly;
The Seasons come and go, as erst they came.
  Work lives: surviving life when that is done:
Felt, if unseen; as is the ambient air
That clips the whole Earth in its vital flow;
Or as a star, or e'en the glorious Sun,
Beheld of all; light-giving everywhere;
And warmth-dispensing with eternal glow.

XL.

Curriculum.

" Hic patet ingeniis campus, certusque merenti
Stat favor; ornatur propriis industria donis."—CLAUDIAN.

" Qui stadium currit, niti et contendere debet,
Ut vincat cursu."—LUCAN.

" Magnum iter adscendo: reddat mihi gloria vires;
Non juvat ex facili lecta corona jugo."—PROPERTIUS.

" Udum et molle lutum es; nunc nunc properandus et acri
Fingendus sine fine rotâ."—PROPERTIUS.

" Qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subegit, si bracchia forte remisit,
Atque illum in preceps prono rapit alveus amni."—VIRGIL.

" Acribus initiis, incurioso fine."—TACITUS.

" Cæpisti melius quam desinis, ultima primis
Cedunt: dissimiles hic vir et ille puer."—OVID.

" Amphora cæpit
Institui, currente rota, cur urceus exit?"—HORACE.

Three years! They seem brief space to dedicate
To self-denial and the Scholar's aim :—
Three little years in which to build a name,
The sure foundation of our future fate,
Or fields of promise fair to desolate,
And broad-cast sow the thorny tares of shame.
Mark well yon stripling :—he to College came
The tutor's joy, the pride of each school-mate—
Why hath the tall flower droop'd its stately head?
Why hath the clear fount dried up at its source?
Why hath the bright star fallen from the sky?—
Blame not fond youth, chance, fortune, destiny—
Thine own hands held the reins to guide thy course:
Temptation smiled, and Resolution fled.

Illustrations to Sonnet XL.

" Sustineas ut onus, nitendum vertice pleno est,
At flecti nervos si patiare, cadit."—Ovid.

" και τ 'ἐργαζόμενος πολὺ φίλτερος ἀθανάτοισιν
'εσσεαι ἠδε βροτοῖς μάλα γαρ στυγέουσιν ἀέργους."—Hesiod.

" Take the instant way ;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue : If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost ;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on."—Shakespeare.

See the curious Epigram by Ausonius *in Simulachrum Occasionis et Pœnitentiæ.*

Cujus opus ? Phidiæ, qui signum Palladis, ejus,
Quique Jovem fecit, tertia palma ego sum.
Sum Dea quæ rara et paucis Occasio nota.
Quid rotulæ insistis ? Stare loco nequeo.
Quid talaria habes ? Volucris sum. Mercurius quæ
Fortunare solet, tardo ego, quum volui.
Crine tegis faciem. Cognosci nolo. Sed heus tu
Occipiti calvo est. Ne tenear fugiens.
Quæ tibi juncta comes? Dicat tibi. Dic rogo quæ sis.—
Sum Dea, quæ facti, non factique exigo pœnas.
Nempe ut pœniteat, sic Metanœa vocor.
Tu modo dic, quid agat tecum ? Si quando volavi,
Hæc manet : hanc retinent, quos ego præterii.
Tu quoque, dum rogitas, dum percontando moraris,
Elapsam dices me tibi de manibus.—Ausonius.

And see Meleager Epigram on the same subject.

" Fertilis assiduo si non renovetur aratro
Nil nisi cum spinis gramen habebit ager.
Tempore qui longo steterit male curret, et inter
Carceribus missos ultimus ibit equos.
Vertitur in teneram cariem, rimisque dehiscit
Si qua diu solitis cymba vacavit aquis."—Ovid.

XLI.

Circumstance.

"The greatness or smallness of a man is, in the most conclusive sense, determined for him at his birth, as strictly as it is determined for a fruit whether it is to be a currant or an apricot. Education, favourable circumstances, resolution, and industry can do much; in a certain sense they do *every thing*; that is to say, they determine whether the poor apricot shall fall in the form of a green bead, blighted by the east wind, and be trodden under foot, or whether it shall expand into tender pride, and sweet brightness of golden velvet."—RUSKIN's *Modern Painters.*

"Sibi quisque profecto
Fit Deus: ignaris precibus Fortuna repugnat."—OVID.

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull."—SHAKESPEARE.

Nay, call not Man the slave of circumstance.—
The tree whereunder the chameleon lies
In its own hues the fabled lizard dyes
With roseate, golden, black, or purple chance.
But man from all around him doth enhance
His growth with what his nature best supplies,
As flowers assimilate from earth and skies
Their elements of form and radiance.
The weak man's stumbling block the strong man makes
His stepping stone to fortune or to power:
We are our own lives' Architects: our art
Lies in our strength: out of the rock one breaks
To pile his hut, his brother builds his tower,
Temple, triumphal arch, palace, or mart.

Illustrations to Sonnet XLI.

"Οἱ γὰρ μὴ δυνάμενοι τοὺς καιροὺς, μηδὲ τὰς αἰτίας καὶ διαθέσεις ἑκάστων ἀκριβῶς συνθεωρεῖν, ἢ διὰ φαυλότητα φύσεως, ἢ δι ἀπειρίαν καὶ ῥαθυμίαν, εἰς θεοὺς καὶ τύχας ἀναφέρουσι τὰς αἰτίας τῶν δι ἀγχίνοιαν ἐκ λογισμοῦ καὶ προνοίας ἐπιτελουμένων."—Polybius.

"τὴν δ' ἀρετὴν, ὥσπερ ἰσχυρὸν καὶ διαρκὲς φυτὸν, ἐν ἅπαντι ῥιζοῦσθαι τόπῳ, φύσεώς τε χρηστῆς καὶ φιλοπόνου ψυχῆς ἐπιλαμβανομένην. Ὅθεν οὐδ' ἡμεῖς, εἰ τοῦ φρονεῖν, ὡς δεῖ, καὶ βιοῦν ἐλλείπομεν, τοῦτο τῇ σμικρότητι τῆς πατρίδος, ἀλλ' αὐτοῖς δικαίως ἀναθήσομεν."—Plutarch.

"Non votis neque suppliciis muliebribus auxilia deorum parantur: vigilando, agendo, bene consulendo, prospera omnia cedunt: ubi socordiæ te atque ignaviæ tradideris, nequidquam deos implores; irati infestique sunt."—Sallust.

"Ὁ πρῶτος εἰπὼν, οὐκ αγυμνάστῳ φρενὶ
ἔῤῥιψεν, ὅστις τόνδ' ἐκαίνισεν λόγον,
ὡς τοῖσιν ευφρονοῦσι συμμαχεῖ Τύχη."—Euripides.

"Ὢ πόποι, οἷον δή νυ θεοὺς βροτοὶ αἰτιόωνται·
ἐξ ἡμέων γάρ φασι κάκ ἔμμεναι, οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγὲ ἔχουσιν."—Homer.

"This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore master man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star!"—Shakespeare.

XLII.

The Prodigal's Home.

" For this the foolish over careful fathers
Have broken sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry; piling up
The cankered heaps of strange-achieved gold—
Like the bee to bring from every flower
The virtuous sweet—
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and like the bee
Are murdered for our pains."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Ἴσως τοι τὰ μὲν ἄλλα θεοὶ θνητοῖς ἀνφρώποις
γῆράς τ' οὐλόμενον καὶ νεότητ' ἔδοσαν·
τῶν πάντων δὲ κάκιστον ἐν ἀνθρώποις, θανάτου τε
καὶ πασέων νούσων ἐστὶ πονηρότατον,
παῖδας ἐπεὶ θρέψαιο καὶ ἄρμενα πάντα παράσχοις,
χρήματα δ' ἐγκαταθῆς, πόλλ' ἀνιηρὰ παθών,
τὸν πατέρ' ἐχθαίρουσι, καταρῶνται δ' ἀπολέσθαι,
καὶ στυγέουσ' ὥσπερ πτωχὸν ἐπερχόμενον."—THEOGNIS.

Let the Boy look upon his home! Behold,
Its hard-pinch'd air; if not quite squalid, mean:
The brothers half untaught and scantly clean:
The groaning father, who perforce hath sold,
Cursing his folly of crush'd hopes, the gold
Earn'd by his manhood's long brow-sweat, to screen
From gaol his first-born: him who was to have been,
First-class'd, the pride, the prop of young and old—
The widow'd mother, giving with a sigh,
Out of the largeness of her love, the mite
That should have saved her blind old-age from care—
The shabby sister, darning with dim eye,
By one foul taper, far into the night,
The household linen for to-morrow's wear.

XLIII.

The Prodigal's Career.

"Conveni hodie adveniens quendam mei loci hinc atque ordinis
Ibidem patria qui abliguerit bona
Vides sentum, squalidum, ægrum, pannis annisque obsitum,
Quod istuc, inquam, ornati est? Quoniam merces quod habui perdidi,
Heus! quo reductus sum! Omnes noti me atque amici deserunt."—
TERENCE.

"Filius Œsopi detractum ex aure Metelli
Scilicet ut decies solidum exsorberet, aceto
Diluit insignem baccam; quâ sanior ac si
Illud idem in rapidum flumen jaceretve cloacam?"—HORACE.

"Ergo haud difficile est perituram arcessere summam,
Lancibus oppositis, vel matris imagine fractâ,
Et quadringentis nummis condire gulosum
Fictile."—JUVENAL.

"Consumtis apibus, vocem, Damasippe, locasti
Sippario, clamosum agens ut phasma Catulli."—JUVENAL.

"Fraudesque dolique,
Insidiæque, et vis, et amor sceleratus habendi."—OVID.

"Λίμος γὰρ τοι πάμπαν ἀέργῳ σύμφορος ἀνδρί."—HESIOD.

The short hot passage of his riot o'er,
His substance spent, and every so called friend
Coldly declining or to give or lend,
Dun-haunted, hunted from his native shore,
By creditors, now blood-hounds, who of yore
Were fawning spaniels, see the beggar bend
To Boulogne, Baden, Brussels, or Ostend,
His swindling steps for some few seasons more.
Flash-man and leg, some grand Hell's ill-paid tout,
Devouring, Satan-like, he slinks about,
Green Youth's corruptor;* until too well known,
By hirers, off the stale decoy is thrown:—
Bullet or knife his end; or see him sink
A blear-eyed driveller, mad with ardent drink.

* Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis.

XLIV.

Debt.

"Facile omnes quum valemus recta concilia
Ægrotis damus."—TERENCE.

"Τοιαῦτα δ'αν λεξέιεν ὀυκ ὁτου κακῶν
κόινωνος, ἀλλ' ὦ μήδεν εστ' ὀικοις βαρὺ."—TRACHINIÆ.

"Hei mihi! quam facile est, quamvis hic contigit omnes,
Alterius luctu fortia verba loqui."—OVID.

"Τέκνον ἄλλου τέθνηκεν, ἡ γυνη; οὐδεις ἐστιν ος ουκ ἀν ἐιποι ὀτι ανθρώπινον· Αλλ' οταν το αὐτοῦ τινος ἀποθανη, ἐυθυς, ὀιμοι, τάλας ἔγω."—EPICHARMUS.

"He looks the whole world in the face
For he owes not any man."—LONGFELLOW.

"Rex est qui metuit nihil,
Rex est quique nihil cupit:
Hoc regnum sibi quisque dat."—SENECA.

"Τὰ δάνεια δούλους τοὺς ἐλευθέρους πόιει."

"Torqueat hunc æris mutua summa sui."—OVID.

Easy the counsel, hard the task, to turn
Deaf ear to Siren voices, Circe's wiles,
When Vanity, the temptress, wreathed in smiles,
Beckons fond Youth, and whispers words that burn,
Kissing the rosy mouth, and bids him spurn
The future: with the present joy beguiles—
Cry, Fiend, avaunt! or see what looming files
Of vain regrets bid thee for ever mourn.
  Debt is the torrent quickening in it's drop:
The dwarf that to the giant knows to swell:
The chain that, ever lengthening, weightier grows:
The stone set rolling from the mountain's top:
The avalanche that gathers as it goes:
The poet-fabled facile slope to Hell.

XLV.

Shadow and Substance.

"Spem sine corpore amat: corpus putat esse quod umbra est."—OVID.

"Certo se vi rimembra di Narcisso
Questo, e quel corso ad un termino vanno."—PETRARCH.

"Time is: Time was."—The Brazen Head's wierd warning
Shouts twice in thunder, nor is heard again:
Yet Youth, all ravished by the Siren strain
Of Pleasure, laps itself in dalliance, scorning
The nobler voice; while Vanity, adorning
With fading flowers the cup she bids him drain,
And Idless bind the Soul's wings, which would fain
Cleave through Light's founts beyond the paths of Morning.
So hung Narcissus o'er the glistening stream,
Wasting his sweet youth o'er a specious shadow;
All blinded, by his passion for a dream,
To the real beauties of the sky and meadow:
So on self only, mirror'd from above,
Gazed down: so perished for a phantom love.

XLVI.

The Song of the Sirens.

" Σειρῆνας μὲν πρῶτον ἀφίξεαι, αἵ ῥά τε πάντας
ἀνθρώπους θέλγουσιν, ὅ, τις σφέας εἰσαφίκηται.
ὅστις ἀϊδρείῃ πελάσῃ, καὶ φθόγγον ἀκούσῃ
Σειρήνων, τῷ δ' οὔτι γυνὴ, καὶ νήπια τέκνα,
οἴκαδε νοστήσαντι, παρίσταται, οὐδὲ γάνυνται·
ἀλλά τε Σειρῆνες λιγυρῇ θέλγουσιν ἀοιδῇ,
ἥμεναι ἐν λειμῶνι· πολὺς δ' ἀμφ' ὀστεόφιν θὶς
ἀνδρῶν πυθομένων, περὶ δὲ ῥινοὶ μινύθουσιν."—Homer.

Life's ship *must* pass the Sirens isle, and they
Are all things to all men : to some their strain
Is Love, still Love : to some they chaunt of gain,
The ruddy gold, and jewel's flash and play :
The lure for some the hope of lore they lay,
As erst Ulysses :* fame, or sceptred reign
To these they promise : pleasure's flower-bound chain
How oft their song's theme, ever fresh and gay.
Yet is the place a charnel-house, all white,
As an old sepulchre, with human bones :
And there, too late, with self-accusing groans,
Each wasting captive mourns his piteous plight.
Thrice happy they who deaf to every wile
Pass scatheless by the fair but treacherous isle.

* Homer, in the lines above quoted, says that the Sirens try their charms on *all* men : and that they vary their strains according to the temperament of their hearer is pointed at by their holding out to Ulysses not pleasure, but the lure of universal knowledge. Their song ends (Odyssee l. xii. 189—91.

" ἴδμεν γάρ τοι πάνθ', ὅσ' ἐν Τροίῃ εὐρείῃ
Ἀργεῖοι, Τρῶές τε, θεῶν ἰσότητι μόγησαν·
ἴδμεν δ', ὅσσα γένηται ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ."

XLVII.

The Way of Life.

"Our walk is a series of falls."—GOETHE.

"Etiamsi quis tam bene purgavit animum, ut nihil obturbare eum amplius possit ac fallere, ad innocentiam tamen peccando pervenit."—SENECA.

We err and err: we stumble, fall, and rise,
Stumble and fall, along Life's slippery way,
From birth to death: most blest and happy they
Whose fewest lapses teach them, master-wise.
Peace hangs her home above the crags of vice:
Sin is Repentance's gate, where-through Love's ray,
High overarching Heaven with rainbow play,
Gleams upon Innocency's Paradise.
 Youth's passionate flames and overboiling blood
Are as the fierce Volcano's lava tide,
Wide-scattering ruin in its first wild leap:
Soon cooling, marble hard and still, the flood
Forms the firm buttress of the mountain-side,
Though burnt-out ashes mark the torrent's course.

XLVIII.

The Two Paths.

" Εὐμαρέως τοι χρημα θέοι δόσαν ὀύτε τι δειλὸν
ὀύτ' ἀγαθον· χαλεπῶ δ'ἐργματι χῦδος ἔπι."—THEOGNIS.

" τὴν μεν τοὶ κακότητα κάι ἰλαδον ἔστιν ἑλεσθαι
ῥηιδίως· λέιη μὲν ὅδος, μαλὰ δ'ἐγγυθι νάιει·
τῆς δ'ἀρετῆς ἱδρῶτα θεοι προπάροιθεν ἑθηχαν
ἀθάνατοι· μακρος δὲ κὰι ὄρθιος οἶμος ἐσ'ἅυτην
καὶ τρηχυς το πρῶτον· ἐπην δ'εις ἆκρον ἵκηται,
ρηιδίη δ'ἐπέιτα πέλει, χαλὲπη πὲρ ἑουσα."—HESIOD.

" εστι τις λόγος τὰν Ἀρετὰν νάιειν
δυσαμβὰτοις ἔπι πέτραις, νῦν δε
μιν θοὰν χῶρον ἀγνον ἀμφέπειν.
ὀν δε πὰντων βλεφάροις θνατῶν ἔσοπτος,
ῷ μὴ διακέθυμος ἱδρως ἑνδοθεν
μὸλῃ, ἵκητ' ἐς ακρον ἀνδρέιας."—SIMONIDES.

" Then said he unto me, The sea is set in a wide place, that it might be deep and great. But put the case the entrance were narrow, and like a river; who then could go into the sea to look upon it, and to rule it? If he went not through the narrow, how could he come into the broad? There is also another thing; a city is builded, and set upon a broad field, and is full of all good things: the entrance thereof is narrow, and is set in a dangerous place to fall, like as if there were a fire on the right hand, and on the left a deep water: And one only path between them both, even between the fire and the water, so small that there could but one man go there at once. If this city now were given unto a man for an inheritance, if he never shall pass the danger set before it, how shall he receive this inheritance?"—2 ESDRAS, *chap.* vii. *v.* 3—9.

There are two paths: the one is broad and worn,
Down-sloping, easy, short; and straightway leads
To Sloth's foul palace, through bright-flowering meads,
Where Vice her revel holds in pride and scorn.
The other, steep and narrow, rough with thorn
And rock, right up the rugged mountain speeds,
Where Virtue sits enthroned, and Knowledge reads
The page of Nature in eternal morn.
What though the way be sore at first, it grows
Ever more easy at each bold advance;
And wider, loftier, with each step, the scan.
The level summit gained, how glorious shows
The scene around him to the pilgrim's glance.
Choose: for no middle way is given to man.*

* See in *St. Basil's* Homily " *De legendis libris Gentilium,*" the story of the choice of Hercules, related *memoriter* from *Prodicus.*

XLIX.

Procrastination.

" μῆδ' ἀναβάλλεσθαι ἐσ' ταὔριον ἐσ' τ'εννηφιν·
ὀυ γὰρ ἐτώσιο ἐργὸς ανηρ πίμπλησι καλίην
ὀυδ' ἀναβαλλόμενος· μελέτη δε τοὶ εργον ὀφέλλει·
ἀεὶ δ' αμβολίεργος ανηρ ἄτησι παλάιει."—Hesiod.

" Petite hinc, juvenesque senesque,
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.
Nempe dum donas? Sed cum lux altera venit,
Jam cras hesternum consumimus: ecce, aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub altro
Vertentem sese, frustra sectabere canthum,
Cum rota posterior currus, et in axe secundo."—Persius.

" Appena spunta in Oriente un raggio
Di Sol, ch' all' altro monte
Dell' averso orizonte
Grunt' l vedrai per ire lungha e distorto."—Petrarch.

" I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."—St. John *chap.* ix. *v.* 4.

Ever do all thy work within the day,
Nor thrust it with some weak pretence aside,
Till more convenient season may betide.
Time wears no flowing robe, whereon to lay
Our hands behind him, while we bid him stay.
Night, when no man can work, steals on to chide
Our folly: Youth, and Life itself will glide
Like a brief pageant or a dream away.
Work while you may: skies are not always fair:
Nor seas for ever calm and smooth as glass:
Spring wanes, and Summer: Autumn soon must pass:
Already bald old Winter digs their grave:
The coming storm moans o'er the conscious wave;
And lightnings gather in the darkened air.

L.

Labour.

"Cursed is the ground for thy sake: thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground."—
GENESIS, *chap.* 3.

"Ἐργάζεν, μοχθῶν ὡς ἐξ ἰδίων βιοτεύης.
πᾶς γὰρ ἀεργὸς ἀνὴρ ζώει κλοπίμων ἀπὸ χειρῶν.
ἔστι βίος πᾶν ἔργον, ἐπὴν μοχθεῖν ἐθέλησθα.
ναύτιλος εἰ πλώειν ἐθέλεις, εὐρεῖα θάλασσα·
εἰ δὲ γεηπόνιην μεθέπειν, μάκραι τοὶ ἄρουραι.
όυ δὲν ἄνευ καμάτου πέλει ἄνδρασιν ἔυπετες ἔργον,
ὀυ δ'αυτοῖς μακάρεσσι· πονος δ'ἀρετῆς μέγ'ὀφέλλεν."—
PSEUDO PHOCYLLIDEA.

Who spake of Labour as a curse? God found
A way for pity when he closed the gate
Of Eden, and to save man from the fate
Of utter hopelessness, He curs'd the ground
With barrenness, that plenty might redound
Only to toil and brow-sweat; and his state
Alone of all mankind is desolate,
Whose life is not to daily labour bound.
  Go watch the ants that sinn'd not, how they thrive
By work; go watch the happy bee for hours
Deep-murmuring in the nectar bells of flowers,
How she, still singing in her busy hive,
Builds for her honied stores the waxen vault.—
  Labour is not Life's bitter, but its salt.

Illustrations to Sonnet L.

The Ant and Bee may be thought well worn examples. Perhaps the following beautiful lines from the *Pseudo Phocyllidea* may serve somewhat to divest the subject of its commonplace:—

" μύρμηκες, γάιης μυχάτους προλελοιπότες ὄικους
ἕρψονται βιότου κεχρήμενοι, ὅπποτ' ἄρουραι
λήϊα κειράμεναι καρπῶν πλήθωσιν ἀλωάς
ὃι δ'άυτοι πυροῖο νεότριβες ἄκθος ἕκυσιν
ἤκριθῶν· αἰεὶ δε φέρων φορέοντα διώκ'ει,
ἐκ θέρεος ποτὶ χέιμα βόρην σφετέρην συνάγοντες
ἄτρυτοι· φῦλον δ' ὄλιγον τελέθει πολύμοχθον·
κάμνει δ' ἠεροφοῖτις ἀρισττοποιος μέλισσα
ἤπέτρης κοιλης κατὰ χήραμον ἢ δονάκεσσιν
ἢ δρύος ὠγυγίης κατὰ κ οίλαδος ἔνδοθι σίμβλων
σμήνεσι μυριότητα κατ' ἄνθεα κηροδομουσα."

See also the Epigram of Antiphilus of Byzantium, on Bees, from another point of view; their living without labour:—

" Α καλὸν; αὐτοπόνητον ἐν αἰθέρι ῥεῦμα μελισσῶν,
  ἄπλαστοι χειρῶν, αὐτοπαγεῖς θαλάμαι,
προίκιος ἀνθρώπων βιότῳ χάρις, ουχὶ μακέλλας,
  ου βοὸς, ου γαμψῶν δευομένα δρεπάνων,
γαυλου δὲ σμικροῖο, τόθι γλυκὺ νᾶμα μέλισσα
  πηγάζει σκήνευς δαψιλὲς ἐξ ὀλίγου.
χαίροιτ' ευαγέες, καὶ ἐν ἄνθεσι ποιμαίνεθε,
  αἰθερίου πτηναὶ νέκταρος ἐργάτιδες."

" A certain degree of labour and exertion seems to have been allotted to us by Providence as the condition of humanity. 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread,' this is a curse which has proved a blessing in disguise."—Colton.

" Κρύψαντες γὰρ ἔχουσι θεοὶ βίον ανθρώποισι.
ῥηΐδίως γάρ κεν καὶ ἐπ' ἤματι ἐργάσσαιο,
ὥστε σέ κ' εἰς ἐνιαυτὸν ἔχειν καὶ αεργὸν ἐόντα·
αἶψά κε πηδάλιον μὲν ὑπὲρ καπνοῦ καταθεῖο,
ἔργα βοῶν δ' απόλοιτο καὶ ἡμιόνων ταλαεργῶν."—Hesiod.

See also Solon's animated description of the various kinds of mortal labour:—

" σπεύδει δ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος."—κ. τ. λ.

LI.

True Courage.

" For there is a shame that bringeth sin ; and there is a shame which is glory and grace."—ECCL. *chap.* iv. *v.* 21.

" ὅσοι γε πρὸς νόσους, κὰι ὅσοι προς πένιας, ἢ κὰι πρὸς τὰ πολίτικα ἀνδρε͂ιοι ε͂ισι, κὰι ἐτι ἀν, μὴ μονὸν ὅσοι προς λύπας ἀνδρέὶοι εἴσιν ἢ φόβους, ἀλλὰ καὶ πρὸς ἐπιθύμιας ἢ ἡδονας δεινοὶ μάχεσθαι, κὰι μένοντες ἢ ἀναστρέφοντες,—εἴσι γὰρ πόυ τινες, ὦ Λάχης, κὰι ἐν τοῖς τοίουτοις ἀνδρε͂ιοι."—PLATO.

" ἔνια γαρ̀ κὰι δε͂ι φυβείσθαι, κὰι καλὸν· τὸ δε μὴ, ἄισχρον, ὅιον ἀδόξιαν· ὃ μὲν γᾶρ φοβούμενος ἐπιείκης κὰι ἀιδήμων, ὃ δὲ μὴ φοβούμενος, ἀναισχοντὸς· ὁ μὲν ουν ἃ δε͂ι κὰι ὅν ἕνεκα, ὑπομένων καὶ φοβούμενος, καὶ ὡς δε͂ι, κὰι ὅτε, κὰι ὡς ἀν ὁ λόγος πάσχει καὶ πράττει, ὅ ἀνδρε͂ιος."—ARISTOTLE.

" For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it. For what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, and what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?"—St MATTHEW, *chap.* xv. *v.* 26—7.

" Let their table be made a snare to take themselves withal ; and let the things that should have been for their wealth be unto them an occasion of falling."—PSALMS, *chap.* lxix. *v.* 23.

" Show
That life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning tears
And dipt in baths of hissing tears
And battered with the strokes of doom
To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast :
Move upward, working out the beast ;
And let the ape and tiger die."—TENNYSON.

Dare to be good, though Phalaris should heat
The brazen bull, or Satan charm thine ear :—
The sensual rapture, and the sumptuous cheer,
Bitter as gall, though to the palate sweet,
Are Death, not Life ; a snare, offence, and cheat.
Quit ye like men : despise Youth's scornful sneer :
Put away childish things ; be strong ; and fear
To lose Life's crown, and clutch its counterfeit.
Love, love universal, is Man's end ;
Love of all good, the human and divine :
His meanest idol, Self ; though at its shrine
Whole generations in mad homage bend,
And kill the soul with lust, and greed, and pride,
While Angels tremble at the suicide.

LII.

The Student.

" Felices Animæ, quibus hæc cognoscere primis,
Inque domos superas scandere cura fuit.
Credibile est, illos pariter vitiisque locisque
Altius humanis exeruisse caput.
Non Venus, et vinum sublimia pectora fregit :
Officiumque Fori, Militiæque labor.
Nec levis Ambitio, perfusaque gloria fuco,
Magnarumque fames sollicitavit opum.
Admovere oculis distantia sidera nostris :
Ætheraque ingenio supposuere suo."—Ovid.

Him from his purpose nought may turn aside;
Not jest, nor sneer, nor the half-loosen'd rein,
'Gainst which, when tight held, Youth is wont to strain,
Like a colt fretting in the circled ride:
Not pleasure, weakness, vanity, nor pride :—
But, as a treasure-galleon o'er the main,
He sails right on, his one sole end to gain
His destined port upon the swelling tide.
Bright Honour lures him with her radiant eyes:
As oft in dreams a golden crown appears
Pendent in air, he sees the kingly prize:
Or, for he follows not a phantom guide,
As that sure star by which the sailor steers,
Or that which stood o'er Bethlehem glorified.

LIII.

Perseverance.

" Look, what thy Soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie what way thou goest, not whence thou comest."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Nec quot transieris, sed quot tibi quœre supersint
Millia."—OVID.

" Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum."—LUCAN.

" Many strokes, tho' with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd oak."—SHAKESPEARE.

" ἐι γὰρ ἄεν και σμικρōν ἐπὶ σμίκρω κατάθειο,
κάθαμα τȏυτ' ἔρδοις τακα κεν μέγα και τὸ γένοιτο."—HESIOD.

" οὐδὲν τῶν μεγάλων ἄφνω γίνεται."—ARRIAN.

" Adde parum parvo, tandem fit magnus acervus:
Gutta cavat lapidem."—OVID.

" Io vos propongo grandes premios mas embueltos en grandes trabajos; pero la vertud ne quiere osiocidad."—CORTES *to his Soldiers.*

" Τῶν πονών πωλοῦσιν ἡμῖν παντα τ'αγαθ' οἱ θέοι."—EPICTETUS.

" Ἅλωτα γίγνετ' ἐπιμελείᾳ και πονῳ
Απαντα."—MENANDER.

Onward, still onward! Though each setting sun
Adds but a trifle to your learning's store,
Quail not, but fix your earnest gaze before,
Nor look behind, until thy task be done;
So gazeth, when the mountain top is won,
The traveller on the track he wandered o'er—
To Heaven's high gate with lark-like passage soar,
Up.—To thine harvest look; but daily shun
Counting each golden grain—all great and good
By love and labour are accomplish'd. Think
On coral isles that pierce old Ocean's flood
From depths where plummet never yet could sink:
The planets sweep through space, though mortal glance
Scans not by day each motion of their dance.

LIV.

Idem Aliter.

"Ille referre aliter sœpe solebat idem."—OVID.

"Quâ vehimur navi, fertur, cum stare videtur."—LUCRETIUS.

Have you on glassy lake, or boundless sea,
Gazed from the prow upon your path below?
How tedious looked the way, and seeming-slow!
Then turning, from the stern look'd steadfastly?
What magic change is there? How swift and free,
(As glides an ocean bird, whose wings of snow
Sail even-pois'd, nor noise, nor motion know,)
Your boat skims *now* the wave mysteriously!
  Such, restless spirit, who dost chafe to mark
Each hour's slow progress on the deep
Of knowledge, be your habit, and your cheer—
Look *back* upon the waters, where your barque
Pass'd lately; and with joy your heart shall leap
At your wake's line of light, long, straight, and clear!

LV.

Habit.

"Τάς δε ἁρέτας λαμβάνουσιν ἐνεργήσαντες πρότερον ὥσπερ ἐπὶ τῶν ἁλλῶν τεχνῶν· ἅ γαρ ἐι μαθέντας πόιειν, ταῦτα πόιουντες μανθάνομεν, ὅιον ὀικοδημο̂υντες ὀικόδομοι γένονται, και κιθαρίζοντες κιθάριστοι· ὅυτω δὴ κὰι τὰ μεν δίκαια πράττοντες, δίκαιοι γινόμεθα· τὰ δε σώφρονα, σώφρονες· τὰ δὲ ἁνδρε̂ια, ἁνδρε̂ιοι."—Aristotle.

"A piuma a piuma se pela l'oca,
A gotta a gotta il mar si sechcrebbe."—Proverb.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man."—Shakespeare.

"Refrain to night
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature
And either curb the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency."—Shakespeare.

As with the Body's garb which thread by thread
Is woven till it falls from crown to heel,
So with the Mental Habit, which we feel
Grow with repeated act, until, instead
Of Nature, it envelopes heart and head.—
Even so the shipwright upward from the keel
Nails plank to plank; e'en so the mason's zeal
Builds stone on stone until the arch be spread:
So mesh by mesh their nets the fishers tie.
So worketh Nature, silent, sure, and slow.
Ring upon ring the tree swells secretly:
Grain upon grain sands pile the mountain top:
All Ocean's waters gather drop by drop:
And flake on flake falleth the noiseless snow.

LVI.

Envy.

" καὶ κεράμευς κεράμει κοτέει, καὶ τέκτονι τέκτων,
καὶ πτωχὸς πτώχῳ φθονέει, καὶ αοιδὸς αοιδῷ."—HESIOD.

" ἄφθονοι Οὐρανίδαι και ἐν ἀλλήλοις τελέθουσιν.
οὐ φθονέει μήνη πολὺ κρείσσοσιν ἤλιου αὐγαῖς·
οὐ χθὼν οὐρανίοις ὑψώμασι νέρθεν ἐοῦσα·
οὐ ποταμοὶ πελάγεσσιν· αεὶ δ' ὁμόνοιαν ἔχουσιν.
εἰ γὰρ ἔρις μακάρεσσιν ἔην, οὐκ ἂν πόλος ἔστη."—
PSEUDO PHOCYLLIDEA.

" Οἷον ὁ μὲν ἰὸς τὸν σίδηρον, ἂν σκοπῇς,
Τὸ δ' ἱμάτιον οἱ σῆπες, ἡ δὲ θρὶψ ξύλον.
Ὁ δὲ τὸ κάκιστον τῶν κακῶν πάντων φθόνος,
Φθισικὸν πεποίηκε, καὶ ποιήσει, καὶ ποιεῖ,
Ψυχῆς πονηρᾶς δυσσεβὴς παραστάτης."—MENANDER.

Lakes envy not the rivers, that they run,
Broad rivers envy not the broader sea,
The hyssop envies not the goodliest tree;
Beast doth not beast more richly spotted shun;
The bright moon envies not the brighter sun:
The stars are satisfied with their degree:*
Earth envies not Heaven's high immensity;
Nor Heaven the mansions of the Eternal One:
The cuckoo envieth not the nightingale:
Nor she, brown-plumed, the peacock's gaudy fan:
Before the red-rose violets wax not pale:
Nor daisies grudge the night-stock's perfume-dower;
The Angels envy not the Arch-Angel's power?
Why gnaweth Envy but the heart of man?

* " There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory."—
1 COR. *chap.* XV. *v.* 40—1.

LVII.

Contentedness.

" Never compare thy condition with those above thee, but to secure thy content, look upon the thousands with whom thou wouldst not for any interest change thy fortune and condition."—TAYLOR'S *Holy Living*.

" Nec quod habet memorat, tantum quod non habet optat."—MANILIUS.

" Confer Amyclæis medicatum vellus ahenis,
Murice cum Tyrio; turpius illud erit."—OVID.

" Quod satis est, cui contigit, hic nihil amplius optat."—HORACE.

" Nave ferar magnâ an parvâ, ferar unus et idem."—HORACE.

" Privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus."—HORACE.

" Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit, subvertit, si minor, uret."—HORACE.

" Pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetit usus
Si ventri bene, si lateri est pedibusque tuis nil
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus."—HORACE.

" Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu Fors objecerit illâ,
Contentus vivat?"—HORACE.

" How many deaf, dumb, halt, lame, blind, miserable persons could I reckon up that are poor, and withal distressed, in imprisonment, banishment, galley-slaves condemned to the mines, quarries, gyves, in dungeons, perpetual thraldom, than all which thou art richer, thou art more happy, to whom thou art able to give an alms, a lord in respect, a petty prince. Be contented then I say; repine and mutter no more, for thou art not poor indeed, but in opinion."—BURTON'S *Anat. of Mel.* (See the whole chapter on " Remedies against Discontents.")

Thou, who repining at thy lowly lot,
Dost envy others their much wealth, or birth,
Rightly reflect on thine own station's worth,
By viewing those below thee, and thus blot
From the heart's fleshly tablets the vain thought.—
How many wretched thousands mourn the dearth
Of your youth, talents, liberty, on earth?
Think on the captive, in his cell forgot,
Or groaning, tortured on the wheel or rack;
Of travellers snow-swept from their lonely track;
Of frames deformed, or by disease down-bent;
Of starving beggars; deaf men; dumb; and blind;
Oh! think upon the madness-stricken mind;
And with thy state appointed be content.

Illustrations to Sonnet LVII.

" My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd content ;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."—
HENRY VI. Part 3. Act 3. Sc. 1.

" Est miser nemo nisi comparatus."—SENECA.

" Cuentan de un sabio que un dia
Tan pobre y misero estaba,
Que solo se sustentaba
De unas yerbas que cogiá.
Habea otro (entre se decia)
Mas pobre y triste que yo?
Y cuando el rostro volvió
Hallo la respuesta, viendo
Que iba ostro sabio cogiendo
Las hojas que él arrojó."—CALDERON.

" The poor man
Sees Telephus was poorer still than he,
And bears his own distress more easily.
The madman thinks upon Alcmæon's case.
Has a man weak sore eyes? The sons of Phineus
Are blind as bats. Has a man lost his child?
Let him remember childless Niobe.
He's hurt his leg; and so had Philoctetes.
Is he unfortunate in his old age?
Œneus was more so. So that every one,
Seeing that others have been more unfortunate,
Learns his own griefs to bear with more content."—TIMOCLES.

" Εἰ τὰ παρὰ τοῖς ἄλλοισιν εἰδοίης κακὰ,
Ἄσμενος ἔχοις ἂν, Νικωφῶν, ἃ νῦν ἔχεις."—MENANDER.

" My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant, nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of Nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune."—GIBBON.

LVIII.

Rich and Poor.

"The river hath more need of the fountain than the fountain of the river."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

"Flumina pauca vides de magnis fontibus orta:
Plurima collectis multiplicantur aquis."—OVID.

"Δοκεῖτ᾽ ἂν οἰκεῖν γαῖαν, εἰ πένης ἅπας
λαὸς πολιτεύοιτο πλουσίων ἄτερ;
οὐκ ἄν γένοιτο χωρὶς ἐσθλὰ καὶ κακὰ,
ἀλλ᾽ ἐστι τις σύγκρασις ὥστ᾽ ἔχειν καλῶς,
ἅ μὴ γάρ ἐστι τῳ πένηθ᾽, ὁ πλούσιος
δίδωσ᾽ ὁ δ᾽ ὁι πλουτοῦντες οὐ κεκτήμεθα,
τοῖσιν πένησι χρώμενοι θηρώμεθα."—EURIPIDES.

The lorldly Rivers flash their sparkling breast,
Like Sun-kiss'd diamonds in the light of day,
And run their course rejoicing: far away
Among the hill-tops, 'neath the mountain crest,
Amid the pale cold snow's eternal rest,
Unseen, unknown, the little Fountains play,
Or well up in the wooded valleys, gay
With cowslips, and with humble violets dress'd.
If fountains were not, rivers would run dry,
If rivers were not, founts were fountains still.
Even so the rich ones of this Earth, who fill,
And with their splendour dazzle the World's eye,
More need the helping of the Poor, than they
The rich man's patronage, or power, or pay.

LIX.

Mediocrity.

"Poor and content, is rich and rich enough."—SHAKESPEARE.

"πόλλοι μὲν γαρ πλουτεῦσι κακοί, αγαθὸι δὲ πένονται
'αλλ' ἡμεῖς αὔτοις ὀυ διαμειψόμεθα
της ἀρετῆς τον πλοῦτον, ἐπει τὸ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἄιει,
χρήματα δ' ανθρώπων ἄλλοτε ἄλλος ἔχει."—SOLON.

"Si quis Deus, en, ego, dicat
Jam faciam quod velis; eris tu qui modo miles
Mercator; tu consultus modo rusticus; hinc vos,
Vos hinc, mutatis discedite partibus! Eia!
Quid statis? Nolint."—HORACE.

"Optat ephippia bos, optat arare caballus."—HORACE.

"ὡς δὴ ἔγωγ' ὄφελον μάκαρός νύ τευ ἔμμεναι αἰὸς
ανέρος, ὂν κτεάτεσσιν ἑοῖς ἔπι γῆρας ἔτετμεν."—HOMER.

"Magna servitus est magna fortuna."—SENECA.

"Quidquid in altum
Fortuna tulit, ruitura levat.
Modicis rebus longius ævum est.
Felix, mediæ quisquis turbæ
Sorte quietus,
Aurâ stringit littora tutâ:
Timidusque mari credere cymbam,
Remo terras propiore legit!"—SENECA.

"Sive ætherias vicino sole per auras
Ibimus; impatiens cera caloris erit:
Sive humiles propiore freto jactabimus alas,
Mobilis æquoreis penna madescet aquis.
Inter utrumque vola."—OVID.

"Alter ramus aquas, alter mihi radat arenas."—PROPERTIUS.

"Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor."—POPE.

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God; for it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."—*Sermon on the Mount.*

I thank God for the state whereto His will
Hath called me; had I now the unshackled choice,
I would not waver; but my constant voice
Should be to fill again the place I fill.
Riches and rank, oft covetised, are still
Nurses of carking cares that equipoise
The goods which make the Lords of Earth rejoice:—
The poor man stands in the shadow, dark and chill;
Sordid and abject; doom'd till death to leaven
His daily bread with horny-handed strife:
Scarce saved from brutal instinct, his dull mind
To knowledge, poetry, refinement, blind—
If hardly wealthy Dives enters Heaven,
Doth Lazarus even taste the joy of Life?

See Note 6.

LX.

Adversity.

" Sweet are the uses of adversity."—SHAKESPEARE.

" τὰ δε μόι παθήματα ἔοντα ἀχάριτα μαθήματα γέγονε."—
CRŒSUS AD CYRUM.

" My God, so temper joy and woe,
That thy bright beams may tame thy bow."—HERBERT.

" Count each affliction whether light or grave
God's messenger sent down to thee."—AUBREY DE VERE.

" Vexations duly borne
Are but as trials which Heaven's love to man
Sends for his good."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Ὡς ἡδέως μοι γέγονε τὰ πρότερα κακά·
Εἰ μὴ τότ' ἐπόνουν, νῦν ἄν, οὐκ εὐφραινόμην."—PHILEMON.

" For gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity."—ECCLESIASTES *chap.* ii. *v.* 4.

" καί κως βούλομαι καὶ αὐτὸς καὶ τῶν ἂν κήδωμαι τὸ μέν τι εὐτυχέειν τῶν πρηγμάτων, τὸ δὲ προσπταίειν· καὶ οὕτω διαφέρειν τὸν αἰῶνα ἐναλλὰξ πρήσσων ἢ εὐτυχέειν τὰ πάντα. οὐδένα γάρ κω λόγῳ οἶδα ἀκούσας, ὅστις ἐς τέλος οὐ κακῶς ἐτελεύτησε πρόῤῥιζος εὐτυχέων τὰ πάντα."—HERODOTUS.

" Nec fera tempestas toto tamen horret in anno,
Et tibi, crede mihi, tempora veris erunt."—OVID.

" If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to play."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Si numeres anno soles et nubila toto,
Invenies nitidum sœpius esse dicam."—OVID.

" ἀνθρωπδις γένεσθαι ὅποσα θέλουσιν, οὐκ ἄμεινον· νουσος ὑγίειαν ἐπόιησεν ἧδυ καὶ ἄγαθον, λίμος κόρον, κάματος ἀνάπαυσιν."—HERACLITUS.

I thank God for each sorrow, trial, strown
On my Life's path.—The Soul's wings are its sighs:
We wrestle still with Angels in disguise.
Griefs are the Temple steps, albeit of stone,
Uneven, rough, unhewn, by which alone
We reach the Sanctuary, where our eyes
Rest on the Ark. The Spirit's sacrifice
Mounts quicker than burnt offerings to His throne.
Tis by the shadow that the Light is shown:
The calm is prayed for when the tempest flies
O'er Ocean; after health in pain we moan.
Winter's ice-crown the Summer glorifies:
Our holidays would give no glad surprize,
If all the year but holidays were known.

LXI.

Patience.

"Durum, sed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas."—HORACE.

"φέρειν δ' ἐλαφρῶς
επαυχένιον λάβοντα
Ζύγον δ' ἀρήγει· ποτὶ κέντρον δέ τοι
λακτίζεμεν, τελέθει
'Ολισθηρὸς οἶμος."—PINDAR.

"Mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence; not bestowed
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear, it is but for a day."—BYRON.

"Μέμνησο ὅτι ὑποκρίτης εἶ δράματος, ὅτου ἀν θελη ὁ διδάσκαλος. ἀν βράχυ, βράχεος· ἄν μακρὸν, μακροῦ· ἄν πτώχον ὑποκρίνασθοι σε θέλῃ, ἵνα καὶ τοῦτον εὐφυῶς ὑποκρίνῃ· ἀν χώλον, ἀν ἄρχοντα, αν ἰδίωτην. Σὸν γαρ τουτ' ἔστι, τὸ δόθεν ὑποκρίνασθαι πρόσωπον καλῶς· εκλεξασθαι δ' αυτο, αλλον."—EPICTETUS.

"Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Quod male fers, assuesce: feres bene. Multa vetustas
Lenit:—OVID.

"Murmur at nothing: if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful: if remediless, it is vain."—COLTON.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—HEBREWS xii. v. 11.

Whom the Lord loveth, him He chasteneth:—
Job was not tempted of the Devil until
God had vouchsafed to signify His will:—
Patience the heaviest burthen looseneth:—
The end or cometh earlier, or with death:
How soon the bitterness shall pass; the hill
Be clombe; and light the place of darkness fill;
Who knoweth, while with cries he suffereth?
No! we are not forgotten in the pit:
Our tribulation grindeth out the corn
From the vile chaff: the shepherd bringeth home
The lost sheep by the savage wolf-fang bit:—
If Stephen bore on earth the crown of thorn,
In Heaven he wears the crown of martyrdom.

LXII.

Preparation.

"The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower,
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.
The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend."—SOUTHWELL.

"μήτε κακοῖς ἄχθου, μητ' οὖν ἐπαγάλλεο χάρμῃ.
πολλάκις ἐν βιότῳ καὶ θαρσαλέοισιν ἄπιστον
πῆμα, καὶ αχθομένοισι κακοῦ λύσις ἤλυθεν αἴφνης."—
PSEUDO PHOCYLLIDEA.

"χρῆ δ' εκτος ὄντα πημάτων τὰ δεῖν' ὁρᾶν,
χ'ωταν` τις ευ ζῆ, τηνικᾶυτα τὸν βίον
σκοπεῖν μαλιστα, μη διαφθάρεις λάβῃ."—PHILOSTRATUS.

"Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare; sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela."—HORACE.

"A haste well stay'd in overthwartes depe
Hopeth amendes; in swete, doth feare the soure.
In strait estate appear thou stout,
And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde
All thy puft sails shall fill, look well about,
Take in a rift."—SURREY.

The Greek sage, when he saw the Lydian king
Boasting his treasures and his happy state,
Thought him of Cleobis' and Bito's fate,
And bade the Monarch pause till death should bring
To its full circle life's completed ring;
Nor hail till then a mortal fortunate;
So mutable man's lot, his path so late
Oft darken'd 'neath the shadow of Time's wing.
But whom may man out single from the crowd
To call *un*fortunate ere life be done?
How oft do sorrows all unlooked for cease?
How oft our deadliest perils end in peace?
When the Sun shines, make ready for the cloud:
When the cloud darkest looms, expect the Sun.

Illustrations to Sonnet LXII.

" μηδεὶς πρὸς Θεῶν
Πράττων κακῶς λίαν ἀθυμήσῃ ποτέ.
Ἴσως γὰρ ἀγαθοῦ τοῦτο πρόφασις γίνεται."—Menander.

" Thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks."—Shakespeare.

" Πολλὰ δ' ἀνθρώποις παρὰ γνώμαν ἔπεσεν,
Ἔμπαλιν μὲν τέρψιος· οἱ δ', ἀνιαραῖς
Ἀντικύρσαντες ζάλαις,
Ἐσλὸν βαθὺ πήματος ἐν μικρῷ πεδάμειψαν χρόνῳ."—Pindar.

" Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."—Ovid.

" τύχαις ὁρῶσα παντοδαπαῖς χρώμενον ἀεὶ τὸν βίον, οὐκ ἐᾷ τοῖς παροῦσιν ἀγαθοῖς μέγα φρονεῖν, οὐδὲ θαυμάζειν ἀνδρὸς εὐτυχίαν μεταβολῆς χρόνον ἔχουσαν. Ἔπεισι γὰρ ἑκάστῳ ποικίλον ἐξ αδήλου τὸ μέλλον· ᾧ δ' εἰς τέλος ὁ δαίμων ἔθετο τὴν εὐπραξίαν, τοῦτον ἡμεῖς εὐδαίμονα νομίζομεν. Ὁ δὲ ζῶντος ἔτι καὶ κινδυνεύοντος ἐν τῷ βίῳ μακαρισμὸς, ὥσπερ αγωνιζομένου κήρυγμα καὶ στέφανός, ἐστιν ἀβέβαιος καὶ ἄκυρος."—Plutarch.

" Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene preparatum
Pectus."—Horace.

" Λόγος μεν ἐστ' αρχαῖος ανθρώπων φανείς,
ὡς οὐκ ἂν αἰῶν' ἐκμάθοις βροτῶν, πρὶν ἂν
θάνῃ τις, οὔτ' εἰ χρηστὸς οὔτ' εἴ τῳ κακός."—Sophocles.

" τῇ δὲ νῦν τύχῃ
βροτοῖς ἅπασι λαμπρὰ κηρύσσει μαθεῖν,
τὸν εὐτυχεῖν δοκοῦντα μὴ ζηλοῦν, πρὶν ἂν
θανόντ' ἴδῃ τις· ὡς ἐφήμεροι τύχαι."—Euripides.

" Si fortuna juvat, caveto tolli;
Si fortuna tonat, caveto mergi."—Ausonius.

" πρὶν δ' ἂν τελευτήσῃ, ἐπισχεειν, μηδὲ καλέειν κω ὄλβιον, αλλ' εὐτυχεα."—Herodotus.

" σκοπέειν δὲ χρὴ παντὸς χρήματος τὴν τελευτὴν κῇ αποβήσεται. πολλοῖσι γὰρ δὴ ὑποδεξας ὄλβον ὁ θεὸς, προῤῥίζους ανετρεψε."—Herodotus.

LXIII.

Equanimity.

"Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere, et
Quem fors dierum cunque dabit lucro
Appone."—HORACE.

"Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero."—HORACE.

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."—LOVELACE.

"Nil non mortale tenemus
Pectoris exceptis ingeniique bonis.
En ego cum patria caream, vobisque, domoque,
Raptaque sint adimi, quæ potuere, mihi;
Ingenio tamen ipse meo comitorque fruorque;
Cœsar in hoc potuit juris habere nihil."—OVID.

"The great designs that have been digested and matured, and the great literary works that have been begun and finished in prisons, fully prove that tyrants have not yet discovered any chains that can fetter the mind."—LACON.

"Rebus in angustis facile est contemnere vitam;
Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest."—MARTIAL.

"Honesta mors turpi vitâ potior."—TACITUS.

"Summum crede nefas animam preferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vitai perdere causas."—JUVENAL.

Enjoy the hour; nor heed to-morrow's ill;
Sufficient is the evil for the day.
In the Lord's hand we are the potter's clay,
And He will shape our changes to His will.
But chance what may, I can find comfort still.
Be the road rough, no thieves beset the way,
Or they left liberty, and did not slay.
Plunge me in dungeons, Hope the gloom shall fill;
Sleep soothe my nights: Thought, free as air, shall fly
Where'er she list; and Memory unroll
The painted past: bind to the torturer's stake
These limbs, mine innocence he cannot shake;
Bid me condemn'd by unjust sentence die,
Tyrants may kill the body, not the soul.

Illustrations to Sonnet LXIII.

A few instances of Equanimity may not be out of place.

When Huss was murdered, the Bishops mocked at him: they cut his hair in the form of a cross, and set on his head a high paper cap on which devils were painted. "We devote thy soul to the devils in Hell," said the Bishop; "and I," quoth Huss, "commend my soul to the most merciful Lord Christ Jesus."

When Bruno was condemned to be burnt, he exclaimed, "Perhaps it is with greater fear that ye pass this sentence upon me than I receive it."

When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his base assailants, and they asked him in derision 'Where is now your fortress?' "Here," was his cold reply, placing his hand upon his breast.

When Bernard Palissy, after escaping the massacre of St. Bartholomew, was confined in the Bastille, the king visited him and said if he could not change his religion, he should be forced to leave him in the hands of his enemies. "Forced?" replied Palissy; "This is not to speak like a king; but they who force you cannot force me. I can die." Doubtless thousands of martyrs for all causes have felt and spoken like this: nay, acted on the declaration to the very death.

The highest exemplar of equanimity is that of Christ, as the tale of his final betrayal, trial, and sufferings is told us by the Gospels. Scarcely less divine is the example of Socrates, when having determined to die for virtue's sake, he premeditatedly refused to offer such a defence as might have secured his acquittal or a minor punishment; and raised that splendid monument of his excellence which has been handed down to us in Plato's *Apologia Socratis*. What can be more touching, dignified, magnificient, than his concluding words to his judges: "But it is now time to depart—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us in going to a better state is unknown to every one but God."

LXIV.

Magnanimity.

" Οὐδεὶς γὰρ πάντ' ἐστὶν ανόλβιος· αλλ' ὁ μὲν ἐσθλος
τολμᾶ ἔχων τὸ κακόν, κοὐκ ἐπίδηλος ὅμως·
δειλὸς δ' οὔτ' αγαθοῖσιν ἐπίσταται οὔτε κακοῖσιν
θυμὸν ὁμῶς μίσγειν· αθανάτων δὲ δόσεις
παντοῖαι θνητοῖσιν ἐπερχοντ', αλλ' ἐπιτολμᾶν
χρὴ δῶρ' αθανάτων, οἷα διδοῦσιν, ἔχειν."—THEOGNIS.

" Ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ."—HORACE.

" The vision of the hangman frights not me;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings whereon my soul climbs up
To an eternal habitation."—*Virgin Martyr.*

" The great in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they are wont, for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm tree, to strive most upwards when it is most burthened."—SIR P. SIDNEY.

" He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger."—SHAKESPEARE.

There is no depth of Fortune where the mind
Of the Magnanimous is not sustained
By its own virtue—See Columbus chain'd
By Bobadilla!—" Ye shall not unbind,"
He cried to those who would have unconfin'd
His wrists, so much the oppressor he disdain'd,
" These manacles, until it be ordain'd
" By the Queen's word; though to my bones they grind.
" Then, while I live, shall they before me lie,
" To show what debt of gratitude and gain
" Was earn'd by him, who Ocean freed, and gave
" A World unto the Sovereigns of Spain,
" Castille and Arragon; and when I die,
" Let my son lay them by me in my grave."

See Note 7.

LXV.

Lecture.

"Οὐκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἔστ' ἐλεύθερος:
ἢ χρημάτων γὰρ δοῦλος ἔστιν ἢ τυχῆς:
ἢ πλῆθος αὔτον πόλεος, ἢ νομῶν γράφαι
εἴργουσι χρῆσθαι μὴ κατὰ γνώμην τροποῖς."—Hecuba.

"Tempore difficiles veniunt ad aratra juvenci,
Tempore lenta pati frena docentur equi.—Ovid.

"Vidi ego nuper equum, contra sua vincla tenacem,
Ore reluctanti fulminis ire modo.
Constitit, ut primum concessas sensit habenas,
Frenaque in effusa laxa jacere juba.
Nitimur in vetitum semper, cupimusque negata."—Ovid.

Not if Athene's self should stoop to teach,
Would Youth, *constrained*, attend with willing ear—
Oh! freedom from control, dream ever near,
Ever beyond, and just beyond our reach!
The school-boy forward looks, while tutors preach,
To college for his liberty from school;
There finds as stern, although a different rule.
Thence to the world at large we turn, till each
By custom grown familiar to restraint,
Brooks usages, forms, laws, without complaint.
Pursue the thought, and is not each the slave,
Through life, of tyrant passions; be the reign
Of Love, Ambition, or the Lust-of-gain;
And liberty is reach'd but with the grave?

LXVI.

On Profane History.

" Clashing of swords ! brother opposed to brother !"
BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER.

"Themselves the conquerors
Make war upon themselves : brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self gainst self. O ! preposterous
And frantic courage."—SHAKESPEARE.

" It is not known where he that invented the plough was born nor where he died ; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors who have drenched it with tears and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done."—LACON.

"For in those days might only shall be admired,
And valour and heroic virtue called ;
To overcome in battle and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done,
Of triumph to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier called, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achieved and known on earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid."—MILTON.

Peruse Man's story down from Pyrrha's flood ;
How foul a volume shall thine hand unroll—
Surely some Cain-like finger on the scroll
Traced out this long, this sick'ning tale of blood ;
Battle the theme ; warriors the only good ;
Brother 'gainst brother ; soul in arms with soul ;
Passions of Nations bursting from control ;
Murder their task ; a glut of crime their food ;
Short pause of peace, to rally for fresh war ;
Each evil deed glossed with some specious name,
" Liberty"--" Love of Country"--" Courage"--" Fame !"--
And rare doth timid Virtue dare to pour
Her lustre o'er the page ; faint as the light
Of some lone star struggling through stormy night.

LXVII.

On Profane History.

(Continued.)

> "Some write a narrative of wars and feats
> Of heroes little known, and call the rant
> An history."—Cowper.

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The *good* is oft interred with them."—Shakespeare.

And is the story fairly told and read?
Though fiercer eloquence may chain the throng,
Do not the tale of love, the tide of song,
Gush o'er Earth's vales, as from a fountain-head?
Though many a hand its fellow's blood hath shed,
Myriads have still been stainless; only strong
In Friendship's grasp, not the red cause of Wrong;
The dance more known than marches' measured tread.
Like to a hasty traveller, History
Views but the Vast; her glance is on the peaks
Of mountains, and their headlong torrents foam:
She pauseth not; with beauty-loving eye
No flowers that mantle round their base she seeks:—
Her voice is of Man's country, not his home.

LXVIII.

Washington.

" Odimus accipitrem quia semper vivit in armis
Et pavidum solitos in pecus ire lupos.
At caret insidiis hominum, quia mitis, hirundo,
Quœque alat terras Chaonis ales habet."—Ovid.

" One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe:
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious act, and gives immortal fame."—Byron.

" There are crimes which become innocent and even glorious through their splendour, number, and excess. Hence it is that public theft is entitled address, and to seize unjustly on provinces is to make conquests."—
La Rochefaucault.

" They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
Then swell with pride and must be titled Gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worship'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice;
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance."—Milton.

Familiar to me is each mightiest name
Of empire-founders from the world begun;
The conquerors of nations, who have run
Their comet-path of pestilence and flame—
Assyria, Persia, Rome, and Grecia, claim
Ninus and Cyrus, Cæsar, Philip's son;
The North sent forth her "Scourge of God" the Hun;
The East yet shakes at Timur's horrid fame;
And in these latter days how redly shone
Napoleon's bloody star! Oh! but on One
Without a sob of grief, a blush of shame,
Doth History her solemn finger rest:—
Most virtuous, wisest, glory of the West,
Man, patriot, hero, stainless Washington.*

* If William the Silent may be termed a *Conqueror*, his Statue deserves to be placed beside that of Washington.

LXIX.

Washington.

(Continued.)

" Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota, resistit,
Ut pelagi rupes magno veniente fragore,
Quæ, sese multis circumlatrantibus undis
Mole tenet."—OVID.

" Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Nec vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ ;—
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ."—HORACE.

" Qualiter undas
Qui secat, et geminum gracilis mare separat isthmus."—LUCAN.

" ὥσπερ πρὼν ἰσχάνει ὕδωρ
Ὑλήεις, πεδίοιο διαπρύσιον τετυχηκώς·
Ὅστε καὶ ἰφθίμων ποταμῶν ἀλεγεινὰ ῥέεθρα
Ἴσχεν, ἄφαρ δέ τε πᾶσι ῥόον πεδίονδε τίθησι
Πλάζων, οὐδέ τί μιν σθένεϊ ῥηγνῦσι ῥέοντες."—HOMER.

" Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven ;
No monument set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness."—JOHN FLETCHER.

Behold him, champion in young Freedom's fight,
Serene, sufficient, patient, undismay'd,
Humble the haughty Briton's arm'd parade ;
As a crag breasts the full Atlantic's might :—
See him, the soldier in the cause of Right,
Triumphant, sheath his unambitious blade ;
Alike by homage, tumult, all unsway'd,
Clothe Liberty in order ; call forth Light
Out of the abyss of Anarchy ; unmask
The Gallic spectre of Equality,
While the drunk World reel'd round him ; and his task
Complete, resume the simple citizen ;
So die : exemplar to us petty men ;
A spectacle for all futurity.

LXX.

Washington.

(Concluded.)

" Calm as a frozen lake, when ruthless winds
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky."—WORDSWORTH.

" Standing four square to every wind that blew."—TENNYSON.

" In war was never lion raged so fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Washington inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest; and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword, and sought his noble retirement—here indeed is a character to admire and revere; a life without stain, a fame without flaw. Quando invenies parem.?"—
THACKERAY.

It is the mighty calmness of thy soul
That makes thee all sublime: if in the jar
Of what then seem'd a most unequal war;
In victory's flush; or in the hard control
Of fresh Enthusiasm trampling down the goal
Of Freedom touch'd, not turn'd; whether thy car
Was myriad-dragg'd; when standing at the bar
Of Calumny, impeach'd; or in the roll
Of fireside years, thy rule laid freely down.
  So some vast lake of thy Columbia shows,
When fierce winds howl and winter tempests frown,
Its icy surface to the northern snows:
So, when the summer suns above it pass,
Lies in a limpid sheet of liquid glass.

LXXI.

The True King.

"A crown
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burthen lies:
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this aright he bears:
Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king,
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;
And who attains not ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves."—MILTON.

Not he the real Monarch, 'neath whose sway
Millions of prostrate slaves or serfs fall down;
Not he, whom purple and the imperial crown
Mark Chief: not he whom fleets and hosts obey,
The Conqueror, who makes mankind his prey,
Filling the World for aye with his renown:
Not Lydian Cræsus: Xerxes, with vain frown
Sea-scourging: Cæsar in Rome's haughtiest day.
Not even he who wisely rules the free;
Though 'tis a kingly office thus to rule;
God-like withal: but the true King is he,
The man who knows the victory to gain
O'er his own heart; his will and passions rule;
And o'er himself supreme in triumph reign.

LXXII.

Reflection on the History of Man.

"Ὅτι μὲν οὖν πᾶσιν τοῖς οὖσιν ὑπόκειται φθόρα καὶ μεταβόλη σχέδον οὐ προσδεῖ λόγου· ἱκανὴ γάρ τῆς φυσέως ἀνάγκη παραστῆσαι τὴν τοιαύτην πίστιν."—POLYBIUS.

"There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past;
First freedom, and then glory; when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption: barbarism at last.
And History with all her volumes vast
Hath but one page."—BYRON.

"Tollimur in cælum curvato gurgite, et idem
Inductâ ad manes imos descendimus undâ."—VIRGIL.

"The World's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The Earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn."—SHELLEY.

"Hoc est adverso nixantem tendere monte
Saxum, quod tamen a summo jam vertice rursum
Volvitur, et plani raptim petit æquora campi."—LUCRETIUS.

I heard two Voices: one was of Despair,
Wailing the mournful changes of the Past:—
"What," sighed she, "what of good or great shall last?
"Though now Art tills the soil that erst was bare,
"Though Freedom reigns, and Science smileth where
"All once with Ignorance was overcast,
"Shall not the Western World, tho' proud and vast,
"The fate of Egypt and of India share?
"These, long degenerate, wrapt in sloth and gloom,
"Were Learning's birthplace, Glory's primal throne;
"Art's infant cradle, Wisdom's sacred well.
"A curse is on Man's greatness, like the doom
"Of him who rolls up Hades' steep the stone
"That ever slips back to the abyss of Hell."

LXXIII.

Reflection on the History of Man.

(Continued.)

" There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."—TENNYSON.

" So interchange is happiness :
The mindless are the riverless ;
The shipless have no pen."—E. ELLIOTT.

" Ignorance is the curse of God
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Come, bright Improvement, on the car of Time
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore."—CAMPBELL.

The other Voice was Hope's : " No more," her song,
" Worse than Egyptian darkness shall confound
" This living globe. The blessed ships, that bound
" O'er ocean, waft to each unletter'd throng
" True Wisdom ; Right at length shall master Wrong ;
" Love root out Prejudice ; fair Peace be crown'd
" Eternal ; War be trampled on the ground,
" And Earth its last, best, victor-shout prolong.
" No more shall perish human Thought :—no more,
" Rob'd in rich vellum, screen'd from vulgar eyes,
" Exclusive Knowledge sleeps : to cottage door,
" Equal, as to palace gate, she flies ;
" Nor barbarous horde, nor power's unchalleng'd sway,
" Shall shut her henceforth from the light of day."

LXXIV.

Liberty of the Subject.

"Like other tyrannies, the tyranny of the majority was at first, and is still, vulgarly, held in dread, chiefly as operating through the acts of the public authorities. But reflecting persons perceived that when society is itself the tyrant—society collectively, over the separate individuals who compose it—its means of tyrannizing are not restricted to the acts which it may do by the hands of its political functionaries. Society can and does execute its own mandates: and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle, it practises a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression, since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself. Protection, therefore, against the tyranny of the magistrate is not enough: there needs protection also against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion and feeling; against the tendency of society to impose, by other means than civil penalties, its own ideas and practices as rules of conduct on those who dissent from them; to fetter the development, and, if possible, prevent the formation, of any individuality not in harmony with its ways, and compel all characters to fashion themselves upon the model of its own. There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence: and to find that limit, and maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs, as protection against political despotism."—J. S. Mill.

No fear now lest the tyrant One should crush
The many; but the Many crush the one:
The People hath new risen like the Sun,
And day-light makes each tyrant blink and blush:—
But who has virtue, valour, strength, to hush
The busy meddling spirit that hath begun
To whisper laws, strong fetters silken-spun,
And o'er all private freedom fain would rush?
　No more the wave of Conquest threats to leap
O'er all the nations with insatiate bound;
Yet must we watch each ripple of the Deep
That on the strand encroacheth noiselessly,
Ere all unmark'd the swelling tide hath drown'd
The little isles that dot Life's social sea.

LXXV.

The Liberty of the Press.

" The second Ark we bring:
' The Press,' all Nations sing,
What can they less?
Oh! pallid want, Oh! Labour stark,
Behold, we bring the second Ark,
The Press! the Press! the Press!"—EB. ELLIOTT.

" Rarâ temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet."—TACITUS.

" This Art it was, next to the peaceful creed
That cheers the Christian in the hour of need,
That aim'd the direst and most stunning blow
Against the deeds of ignorance and woe.
Scar'd by its light old Superstition shook,
And hid her face before the printed book."—CHARLES MACKAY.

" οὐδ ἐτὶ γλῶσσα βροτοῖσιν
ἐν φυλακαῖς· λέλυται γαρ
λάος ἐλεύθερα βάζειν
ὡς ἐλύθη ζυγον ἀλλᾶς."—ÆSCHYLUS.

" Despotism can no more exist in a nation until the liberty of the Press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set."—
COLTON.

What was the Pulpit once is now the Press,
And greater; for the Preacher could but find
Few, if fit audience:—*now* the stamp of Mind
Strikes lightning-quick all nations, or to bless
With knowledge, or pale Tyranny repress—
Guard it, O! England, as the healed blind
The gift of sight! never shall despot bind,
So long your freedom in defencelessness.
And ye who wield the mighty weapon, search
Well your own passionate hearts, lest liberty
Degenerate to license. Men may slip
The leash of kings intolerant, bigot Church;
But dread that social Dictatorship
Which right of private judgment would deny.

LXXVI.

Criticism.

> " Nunquam libertas carior extat
> Quam sub rege pio."—CLAUDIAN.

> " Oh ! 'tis excellent
> To have a giant's strength ; but tyrannous
> To use it like a giant."—SHAKESPEARE.

> " Licuit semperque licebit
> Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis."

The Critic's chair is as the Despot's throne:
If fill'd by one who is both wise and just,
The State lives free beneath the sacred trust:
Unworthily usurp'd, the People groan
Under a tyranny they shame to own.—
  Set watch upon your lips; beware the lust,
Critics, of power or gain :—better a crust
Than wealth or fame amid corruption grown.
Unceasing trim the midnight lamp, to fill
Your minds with all the learning of the World,
And let humility on judgment wait:
To wound is easy: cure comes oft too late :*
At Vice, Pride, Folly, let contempt be hurl'd;
But spare the well-meant effort, for the will.

* Keates, on whom a most unjust and unsound criticism fell like the knife of the anatomist Vessalius upon his living subject.

LXXVII.

Patronage.

"Virtute ambire oportet, non favitoribus,
Sat habet favitorum semper qui recte facit."—PLAUTUS.

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri."—HORACE.

"Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Full little knowest thou who hast not tried
What hell it is in sueing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent:
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy hearte through comfortless despairs:
To fawne, to crouche, to waite, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne."—SPENCER.

"Better is the life of a poor man in a mean cottage, than delicate fare in another man's house. Be it little or much, hold thee contented, that thou hear not the reproach of thy house. For it is a miserable life to go from house to house: for where thou art a stranger, thou darest not open thy mouth."—ECCLESIASTICUS.

"Tu proverrai sì come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com' è duro calle
Lo scendere, e 'l salir per l' altrui scale."—DANTE.

Time was when every author was the slave,
With dedicated fulsome reverence,
To some great man of pow'r or affluence;
But now, Mæcenas' reign is in the grave,
And writers ride triumphant on the wave
Of public suffrage and the Common Sense.
Wit wants no longer Favour's false pretence,
Nor Genius stands aside for fool or knave.
Thrice blest his lot, like mine, who never stood
Promotion-seeking at the proud man's gate,
But earn'd an independent livelihood
By his free labour in the liberal State;
Calls no man lord and master, cap in hand,
To bow, go, fetch, come, carry, at command.

LXXVIII.

A Prophecy.

Buyck. "Friede, ihr Herren! Muss der Soldat Friede rufen? Nun da ihr von uns nichts hören wollt, nun bringt auch eure Gesundheit aus, eine bürgerliche Gesundheit.
Tetter. Dazu sind wir bereit! Sicherheit und Ruhe!
Soest. Ordnung und Freiheit!
Buyck. Brav! das sind auch wir zufrieden.
Alle. Sicherheit und Ruhe! Ordnung und Freiheit!"—GŒTHE.

"No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end."—POPE.

"Every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry song of peace to all his neighbours."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Sarcula nunc, durusque bidens, et vomer aduncus,
Ruris opes niteant: inquinet arma situs.
Conatusque aliquis vaginâ ducere ferrum,
Adstrictum longâ sentiat esse morâ."—OVID.

"Tum genus humanum positis sibi consulat armis,
Inque vicem gens omnis amet: pax missa per orbem
Ferrea belligeri compescat limina Jani."—LUCAN.

Rare 'mid the Nations is the Prophet-Seer,
Whose soul unto the Future mounts serene:
Our thoughts are fashion'd to the present scene,
Or swath'd in cerements of the Past: we fear
Too much the scoffer's jibe, the sceptic's sneer.
Yet Chaucer saw the Crystal-palac'd Queen;*
And War amid the idols that have been,
Shall be, and babes smile when of it they hear.
The Beast's-mark brands the War-God's brow, unclean
As the foul murder-shrines of Mexico:
Cleft is his shield, for all the heraldic gilt
Emblazon'd there in Chivalry's false sheen:
Shiver'd his sword: he leans upon the hilt,
And shrinks from Commerce' swift-impending blow.†

See Notes *8, †9.

LXXIX.

The Fiery Furnace.

"The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace: and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm."—COLTON.

The World must yet by fiery wars be purg'd,
Ere Truth run drossless; sweat of Battle must
The People's quarrel with the Crowns adjust,
Ere Might and Right in Justice shall be merged;
With full effect the Poor's loud cause be urged,
The Idols of our social system, Lust,
Pride, Selfishness, be levelled in the dust,
Opinion's wave on every shore have surg'd:
Ere rulers, be they magistrates or kings,
As stewards, not as masters, guide the State,
And Education universal reigns;
Law o'er all ranks its equal safeguard flings,
Love links in brotherhood the low and great,
In her own dungeon Want be bound in chains.

LXXX.

On Human Progress.

" L'age d'or, qu'une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu'ici dans le passé, est devant nous."—St. Simon.

" Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these; for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning the same."—
Eccl. vii. 10.

" οὐκ ἀείδω τὰ παλαιὰ,
καινὰ γὰρ μάλα κρέισσα."—Timotheus.

" Antiquitas mundi hominum juventus."—Bacon.

" Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum
Gratulor."—Ovid.

" Vetera extollimus, recentium incuriosi."—Tacitus.

" Ἡμεις τῶν πατέρων μέγ' ἀμέινονες ἔυχομεθ' ἔιναι."—Homer.

How often hath the Poet's story told
Of three great epochs of the human mind,
Wherein from good to worse we have declin'd:
The first Age in Creation was of Gold;
Of Silver fashion'd, forth the second roll'd;
The third in ribs of Iron is confin'd:—
'Tis false. In everything the immortal mind
Hath ever been advancing from of old.
Iron was largely mix'd with our first clay;
A richer metal shines, though feebly bright,
In present men; and Time perchance may see
The costliest ore in our posterity.
So breaks the silvery dawn from iron night
To the full splendour of a golden day.

LXXXI.

Antiquity.

" It has been observed that a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant will see further than the giant himself: and the modern standing on the vantage-ground of former discoveries and uniting all the fruits of the experience of their forefathers, with their own actual observation, may be admitted to enjoy a more enlarged and comprehensive view of things than the ancients themselves; for that alone is true antiquity which embraces the antiquity of the world, and not that which would refer us back to a period when the world was young. But by whom is this true antiquity enjoyed? not by the ancients who did live in the infancy, but by the moderns who do live in the maturity of things."—COLTON.

" Who for the most part are they that would have all mankind look backwards instead of forwards, and regulate their conduct by things that have been done? they who are the most ignorant, that are the most ignorant as to all things that are doing. Lord Bacon said, Time is the greatest of Innovators. He might also have said the greatest of improvers, and I like Madame DeStael's observation on this subject quite as well as Lord Bacon's. It is this: ' The past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the present was itself founded on an alteration of some past that went before it.' "—COLTON.

" Folly disgusts us less by her ignorance than pedantry by her learning: since she mistakes the nonage of things for their virility, and her creed is that darkness is increased by the accession of light; that the world grows younger by age, and that knowledge and experience are diminished by a constant and uninterrupted accumulation."—COLTON.

What man would seek his counsel from a child?
Yet such do they who cast a wishful eye
Back to the wisdom of Antiquity.
Falsely, be sure, that Age was golden styl'd
When man, a hunter, roamed the forest wild,
Folded his flocks, or first learnt husbandry:
Then was the world in its rude infancy.
As Ages by in slow procession filed,
Through youth to promise of maturity
Our race hath reach'd: each Generation climbs
Upon the vantage-ground of all past times,
Heir to all thoughts and deeds of earlier man:
As on the giant's neck the dwarf perch'd high,
'Tis borne, and looks forth with the wider scan.

See Note 10.

LXXXII.

Posterity.

"Veniet tempus quo ista quæ nunc latent in lucem dies extrudet, et longioris œvi diligentiâ veniet tempus quo posteri nostri tam aperta nos nescisse mirabuntur. Quam multa animalia hoc primum sæculo, quam multa negotia ne hoc quidem! Multa venientis œvi populus ignota nobis sciet: multa sæculis tunc futuris, cum memoria nostri exoleverit, reservantur."—SENECA.

Who saith the World grows old: the end draws near?
Man hath not reach'd his manhood: Time hath not
Yet been for half the circle of his lot:—
Though with the lightning he hath girt the sphere,
Chained down the Vapour for his charioteer,
Made the Sun's self his painter: though each spot
Of earth shall soon be free; who hath forgot
How the Philosopher of yore* saw clear
The coming splendours of futurity?
And though we vaunt the triumphs we have won
In the vast regions of Art, Science, Thought,
Those who come after us shall smile to spy
Our foolish self-felicitation;
So far shall they outstrip all we have wrought!

* Seneca.

LXXXIII.

The Philosophy of Progress.

Time scores the world with Epochs: every age
Quickens its own idea; like the Moon
Lapping its looming orb, crescent at noon,
It waxeth, fills, and wanes: on history's page
Its good outlives its evil, let it rage
Never so long and fiercely: Life is strewn
With idols worshipp'd for awhile, but soon
Thrown down and trampled in contempt or rage:
Yet each had use, strength, beauty: only quail'd
Before some nobler presence; as the Gods
Of Greece before The One their faces veiled.
  Man's body now scarce dreads the tyrant's rods;
The Church his spirit's fetter looseneth:
  Life's law is progress; and stagnation, Death.

LXXXIV.

Half-Truths.

There are who Matter scoff, and inward turn
Their eyes, with introspection satisfied:
Others innate ideas will deride,
And from sense only all their knowledge learn.
  Two thousand years did the fierce struggle burn,
And barren strife philosophy divide.
But now half-truths are wedded, and with pride
Watch their child Progress each new vantage earn.
  No more Authority claims Reason's throne;
But owns her Queen: Tradition's rotten crutch
Fails him, and crumbles at thy steady touch,
Experience: stout Method loves to own
Invention's power to blend all facts, and find
Causes and law for Matter and for Mind.

See Note 11.

LXXXV.

Buttery.

"You shall have ale: I'll give you cheer in bowls."
Scornful Lady: Beaumont *and* Fletcher.

Fill high the tankard; crown the silver bowl
With bright October's foaming amber; spread
The ashen board with manchets white of bread;
For hark! the hour of noon; and forth the whole
Dry Lecture rushes with a thirsty soul.
Up the hall-stairs the merry youths draw near,
And throng the buttery for noontide cheer.
See Charon comes to claim his weekly dole:—
O grim old ferryman, how oft my boat,
Through the long summer eve, on Isis' wave,
Beside thy fearful barge would careless float,
While thou o'er thy kind-cruel weapons sate,
And, with an artist's fondness, didst relate
Of drowning youths saved from a watery grave.

[At one o'clock, all the lectures for the day concluded, and there was then a pretty general rush to the Buttery, for bread and cheese, and beer. The character I have introduced into this Sonnet deserves a word. He was an old man, a servant of the Humane Society, stationed on the river, for the prevention of accidents. His punt was filled with horrid-looking implements—the drags, hooks, &c., of his calling. Many a skiffer, like myself, used to linger on our way to Iffley or Sandford, while the old man, pushing his punt alongside, related wonderful tales of "perils by flood," if not by field. He was always armed with a scrap of paper and a pencil, ready to receive a "buttery order." His boat, his appearance, and profession, obtained for him the *sobriquet* of "Charon," by which he was universally known. He related his stories with a professional gusto highly diverting.

I remember on one occasion the Hon. R. G. saving an undergraduate from drowning in Bossom's Latcher. Charon came running up too late with his drags; and surveying the senseless form on the grass in the attitude of Ulysses over his dog, exclaimed in the most pathetic and deprecatory tones "Oh! Mr. G. if you had been a minute later, I'd have had my hooks into him."]

LXXXVI.

Coquus: a Sketch from Memory.

" He lards the lean earth as he walks along."—HENRY IV.

" Hic coquus scite ac munditer condit cibos."—PLAUTUS.

" Captum te nidore suæ putat ille culinæ;
Nec male conjectat."—JUVENAL.

" Nec sibi cœnarum quivis temere arroget artem
Non prius exactâ tenui ratione saporum."—HORACE.

" Studio culinæ tenetur."—CICERO.

Hard by, the kitchen. Though 'tis something hot,
Let's enter. There:—salute repectfully
Our " Coquus;" him of roguish, twinkling eye.
Not only from the constant fire, I wot,
But from full many a well-quaffed silver pot
Of humming ale, did that rich ruby fly
Noseward, ho! noseward. See, how jauntily
His paper cap, push'd back, hath learnt to squat
High on his beaded brow; how cleanly swell
The apron-folds upon his rounded paunch;
With what an air he dandleth carelessly
His knife. Salute him; for we love him well,
Our oracle; and touching loin, or haunch,
Indeed a man of grave authority.

LXXXVII.

The Ride.

"Sequar quo vocas."—SENECA.

"Orva che un sol volere, è il ambedue
Tu duca, tu signore, e tu maestro."—DANTE.

Our steeds are ready; whither shall we ride?
To Woodstock, where a woman's jealous hate
Gave her frail rival horrid choice of fate,
And Blenheim rises in majestic pride?
Or to old Cumnor, where false Lei'ster's bride,
Like a fair falcon by the hawker lur'd,
Was in the shades of that grim Place immur'd,
Till, trusting to Love's well-feign'd note, she died?
Or shall we slowly saunter to the wood
Of Bagley, there explore each sylvan glen;
Or to the Quentin, sport of ages rude,
On the green heights of open Bullenden?
Lead where you will; I follow, friend, to-night:
All ways are equal to a spirit light.

LXXXVIII.

The Walk.

> "Retiring from the populous noise, I seek
> This unfrequented place."—Milton.

Not through the Queen of Cities' lordliest street,
Although all passing beautiful its sweep
Of gray old colleges and gables steep,
Where spire, and dome, and bridge, and gateway meet,
Let us now turn our fashionable feet;
But unobserv'd, not unobserving, creep
Down by the bank, where the green willows weep
For Cherwell drown'd in Isis: there a seat
Courts us awhile, till from the farther shore
The ferryman is hail'd to punt us o'er.
Now through the summer fields away, away,
The grass beside the path brushing our knees;
Haste! for the chapel bell, swung on the breeze,
Pealing too quick return, forbids delay.

LXXXIX.

The Cathedral of the Woods.

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere men learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them: ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems: in the darkening wood
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication"—Bryant.

Come to the woods; I know a solemn glade,
Such as our persecuted fathers chose
For secret worship: whence perchance arose
The vast Cathedral's pattern: there the shade
Falls dim, though checkered thro' the long arcade
By sunlight, which through quivering foliage shows
More glorious than the window's painted rose:
There, side by side, the lithe trees stand arrayed
In pillar'd ranks; boughs interlaced with boughs
In many a vaulted arch the roof uprear,
Its fretwork traced by Nature's cunning hand:
There sing the sweet birds in a choral band:
Like organ music there the wind's low soughs:—
  Come: with our dear hearts let us commune here.

XC.

The Chapel.

"Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand,
Uplifting toward high heaven her fiery brand."—WORDSWORTH.

How richly mellow'd through the painted glass
The tranquil flood of solemn light pours down
Upon each oaken stall's time-polished brown,
On marble chequer'd floor, and desk of brass.
Along the aisle, in spotless surplice, pass
Student and Fellow, while yet lingering swell
The last faint echoes of the vesper bell,
With the same tones that summon'd erst to mass.
Spirit of Unity! keep fast the bands
That bind to thee thy Church! here chiefly rule!
For this thy primal sanctuary: here stands
True Doctrine's very fountain-head and school;
Yet here blind Schism is threatening to divide
Those who should teach thy Gospel side by side*

* These lines were written when Puseyism and the Tractarians were in the ascendant, but they are surely not less apt in these days of Essays and Reviews, and Bishop Colenso.

XCI.

Chapel Thoughts—On the Memory of Church Music.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."—Keats.

"And other days come back to me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn."—Byron.

"The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more"—Wordsworth.

"Then let the pealing organ blow
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstacies
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."—Milton.

"Sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet."—Wordsworth.

"Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory;
And sweet violets when they sicken
Still live in the sense they quicken."—Shelley.

Sweet is the fall of music on the ear,
The song of birds, and soft voice of the rill;
Sweet the breeze-murmur sighing o'er the hill;
Sweet the leaves' rustle in their prime or sear;
Yet sweeter o'er the spirit, and more clear,
Come heavenly harmonies unheard and still.
With such a melody doth Conscience fill
The good man's fainting soul when death is near;
And oft in life a tone celestial swells
Vaguely and in brief snatches, as the wind,
Sweeps o'er Æolian harp-strings, on the mind,
When, in its dream-like hours of rest, it dwells.
Rapt, on the mystic parts of that vast plan,
God's work, where deathless harmony began

XCII.

Chapel Thoughts—Prayer.

"And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer,
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me."—MILTON.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?"—
1 COR. vi. 19.

"The truly holy soul which hath receiv'd
The unattainable, can hallow hell.
Each orb is to itself the heart of heaven;
And each belief, wherein man roots his hope,
And lives and dies, the favourite of God."—FESTUS.

"Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth o'er-gazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwalled Temple there to seek
The Spirit in whose honour shrines are weak,
Upreared of human hands. Come and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, Earth and Air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer."—BYRON.

Man's heart, God's holiest temple; and His rite
Best loved, a contrite spirit's sacrifice,
Whether beneath the flush of morning skies,
Or star-evok'd, when that most earnest Night
With tongues of flame discourseth of His might;
Or in the lonely chamber, when the eyes
Of Thought peer into the Eternities,
With humble, hopeful, though not fearless sight:
Or when in the World's battle, in mid fight
Of jarring elements, by masteries
Of self, with ruth for others' groans and sighs,
Throneward it soareth, with a seraph flight,
To the All-Powerful, All-Just, All-Wise,
In pray'r for universal good and right.

Illustrations to Sonnet XCII.

"ἀπάιδευτοι, οὐκ ἴστε ὅτι οὐκ ἔστι θέος χειρόκμητος, ὀυδε ἐξ ἀρχῆς βάσιν ἔχει, οὐδε ἔχει ἕνα περίβολον· ἀλλ' ὅλλος ὁ κόσμος ἄυτῳ νάος ἔστι, ζώσις καὶ φυτοῖς καὶ ἄστροις πεποικίλμενος;"—HERACLITUS.

"Animadverto enim, etiam deos ipsos, non tam accuratis adorantium precibus, quam innocentiâ et sanctitate lætari: gratioremque existimari, qui delubris eorum puram castamque mentem, quam qui meditatum carmen intulerit."—PLINY.

"Εἴτις δὲ θυσίαν προσφέρων, ὦ Πάμφιλε,
Ταύρων τε πλῆθος ἢ ἐρίφων, ἤ, νὴ Δία,
Ἑτέρων τοιούτων, ἢ κατασκευάσματα
Χρυσᾶς ποιήσας χλαμύδος ἤτοι πορφυρᾶς,
Ἢ δἰ ἐλέφαντος, ἢ σμαράγδου ζώδια,
Εὔνουν νομίζει τὸν Θεὸν καθιστάναι,
Πλανᾶτ' ἐκεῖνος καὶ φρένας κούφας ἔχει."—MENANDER.

"Ah nimium faciles, qui tristia crimina cædis
Fluminea tolli posse putetis aquâ!"—OVID.

"ἄρ' οὐκ εἰμὶ εὐσεβὴς, Ἐυθύκλεις, ός μόνος οἶδα θέον; ἐὰν δὲ μὴ ἱδρυσθῇ θεοῦ βωμὸς, οὐκ ἔστι θέος; ὥστε λίθοι θεῶν μάρτυρες· ἔργα δεῖ μαρτυρεῖν, ὅια ἡλίου· νύξ αὐτῷ καὶ ἥμερα μαρτυροῦσιν· ὧραι ἀυτῷ μάρτυρες· γῆ ὅλη καρποφόρουσα, μάρτυς· σελήνης ὁ κύκλος, ἐκεινου ἔργον, ὀυράνιος μαρτυρια."—HERACLITUS.

"For I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices: But this thing commanded I them, saying, Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people: and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you."—JEREMIAH, *chap.* vii. *v.* 22—23.

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the LORD: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting."
ISAIAH, *chap.* i. *v.* 11—13.

"For I desired mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings."—HOSEA, *chap.* vi. *v.* 6.

"I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell your solemn assemblies. Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them: neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols. But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream."—AMOS, *chap.* v. *v.* 21—24.

XCIII.

Chapel Thoughts—Suspense.

"Utque carina
Quam ventus, ventoque rapit contrarius æstus,
Vim geminam sentit, paretque incerta duobus"—Ovid.

"As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging winds, threatening to make the prey
Of the rough rocks, doe diversely disease,
Meets two contrarie billows by the way,
That her on either side doe sore away,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave,
She scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
And with her crest breaking the foaming wave,
Does ride on both their backs and firm herself doth save."—Spencer.

"Ut ventis discordibus acta phaselos
Dividuum que tenent alter et alter amor."—Ovid.

"Non que j' imitasse pour cela les sceptiques qui ne doutent que pour douter, et affectent d'etre toujour incertaines ; car au contraire tout mon dessein ne tendoit que m' assurer, et a rejeter la terre et la sable pour trouver le roc ou l'argille."—Descartes.

Old faiths and old beliefs are loos'ning fast—
The world was not created in six days,[1]
Nor in six million ages :—Man always
Was not man :—but his form in base mould cast,
By use grew God-like :[2] Species does not last.[3]
The gift of Language—'tis no gift—betrays
Its gradual origin :[4] The Prophet rays
Of Inspiration, fables of the past ![5]
Grant me, my God, to keep Truth's line, although
It strikes off from old teaching, but to obey
The one great lesson of my mother's lip :—
So the ball's path two forces guide ; the blow,
And the rebound : so portward sails the ship,
Straight, through joint wind and wave deflect her way.

1. The Geologists, passim. 2. Vestiges of the Creation. 3. Darwin's Origin of Species. 4. Farrer's Origin of Language. 5. Essays and Reviews. Bishop Colenso.

XCIV.

Chapel Thoughts—Scepticism.

" Veritas et mora, falsâ festinatione et incertis valescunt."—TACITUS.

" Νῆφε, καὶ μεμνήσ' ἀπίστειν· ἄρθρα ταῦτα τῶν φρενῶν."—
EPICHARMUS.

" Vitium capiant, ni moveantur aquæ."

" Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."—THESSALONIANS.

" Periculosum est credere et non credere ;
Ergo exploranda est veritas multum, prius
Quam stulta prava judicat sententia."—PHÆDRUS.

" ἔοικεν ὁ τὴν Ἶριν Θαύμαντος ἔκγονον φήσας, οὐ κακῶς γενεαλογεῖν."—PLATO.

" La maraviglia
D'el Ignoranza e la figlia
E del Sapere
La Madre."

" Since we begin life as infants and have contracted various judgments concerning sensible things before we possess the entire use of our reason, we are turned aside from the knowledge of truth by many prejudices ; from which it does not appear that we can be any otherwise delivered, than if once in our life we make it our business to doubt of every thing in which we discern the smallest suspicion of uncertainty."—
DESCARTES.

" Doubt is the vestibule which *all* must pass before they can enter into the temple of wisdom."—LACON.

" πιστεις δ'ἄρ τὸι ὅμως κὰι ἀπίστιαι ὤλεσαν ἄνδρας."—HESIOD.

" μὴ πίστευε τάχιστα, πρὶν, ἀτρεκέως πέρας ὄψει."—
PSEUDO PHOCYLLIDEA.

" Lo ! when a thought is cast in a clear soul's beautiful Ocean,
Joyously up to the light leapeth a welcoming spray."

Who talks of shifting sands and treacherous waves,
The labyrinth and wilderness of Doubt ?
'Twas blessed Scepticism that first struck out
The true Promethean spark—'tis this that saves
Mankind from base dishonorable graves.
Mind were a dead and stagnant pool, without
God cast in it this stone, to move about
The ripple, till the ring the margin leaves,
Iris, the Immortal Angel, was begot
By Thaumas : Ignorance is Wonder's dam ;
But Wonder to all Sciences gave birth,
Beasts of the field that perish, they doubt not :—
Man only questions Nature ; saith " I am ;"
Doubts, reasons, gains dominion, soars from earth.

XCV.

Chapel Thoughts—Superstition.

" Quantum Religio potuit suadere malorum."—LUCRETIUS.

" Religentem esse oportet, non religiosum."—AULUS GELLIUS.

" κλέπτων γὰρ ἡ νύξ τῆς δ'ἀληθέιας το φῶς."—EURIPIDES.

" Ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago."

Base Superstition lurketh in a cave,
Haunted by phantom shapes that jibe, and loom
Distorted through the supernatural gloom:
There Man hath crawl'd about, a groping slave,
As though within the shadow of the grave,
The while she utters blasphemies that doom
His race to hopeless horrors, and a tomb
Whose terrors strain the heart-strings of the brave.
Two slavering Hell-hounds huddle at her feet,
Torture and Murder: hooded forms that look
Like ghostly priests, in one far corner heat
Pincer and brand, low muttering o'er a Book:
The foul vault rings with agony's last groans;
And blood sweats from the very walls and stones.

See Lacon, Pt. 1, Tit. 206 & Tit. 542. One hundred thousand persons are computed to have been put to death for conscience' sake during the Revolt of the Netherlands. What is the total amount of the victims of religious persecution since the world began!

XCVI.

Chapel Thoughts—Conscience.

"And he said, nay father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead, they would repent."—St. Luke, *chap.* xvi. *v.* 30.

"Exemplo quodcunque malo committitur ipso
Displicet auctori; prima est hæc ultio, quod se
Judice, nemo nocens absolvitur."—Juvenal.

"Conscia mens ut cuique sua est, ita concipit intra
Pectora pro facto spemque metumque suo."—Ovid.

"Be fearful only of thyself; and stand in awe of none more than of thine own Conscience. There is a Cato in every man; a severe Censor of his manners. And he that reverences this Judge will seldom do anything he need repent of."—Fuller.

"He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon."—Milton.

"Οὐδεὶς γὰρ οὕτως οὐδὲ μάρτυς ἐστὶ φοβερὸς, οὔτε κατήγορος δεινὸς, ὡς ἡ ἐγκατοικοῦσα ταῖς ἑκάστων ψυχαῖς."—Polybius.

Not if One came back from the Dead, would Man
Be startled from his cherished vice or sin,
If the soft voice of Conscience cannot win
His spirit from its passion or its plan.—
Vain are anathema, and curse, and ban,
And sign, and prophecy, if from within
The charmer's utterance charm not: vain the din
Of Doom, when the last Sun is waxing wan.
Yet, if to mortals at each birth be given
A guardian Angel to attend on Life,
Conscience, perchance, may be the voice of Heaven,
And a bright Spirit from another sphere,
Battling the Evil One in deadly strife,
May still be whispering warnings in our ear.

XCVII.

Chapel Thoughts—Conscience.

(Continued.)

"Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God."—Byron.

"Lebt' nicht in uns des Gottes eign kraft
Wie könnte uns das Gottliche entzücken."—Goethe.

"Est Deus in nobis: agitante calescimus illo."—Ovid.

"Nil non mortale tenemus
Pectoris exceptis ingeniique bonis."—Ovid.

Nay, Conscience is no Angel's spirit voice:
'Tis more: it is the very voice of God,
Who rules not with a Sovereign's despot-nod,
But as a Father chides his son: the choice
Of good and evil's balanced equipoise
He leaves us; but 'tis Love and not the rod
Constrains us: lo! He comes with mercy shod,
Not thunder-clad: we hear Him, and rejoice.
God leaneth not to laws of punishment;
Nor is He vengeful; to quick anger prone;
With bloody altar and burnt incense-smoke
Appeasable: but ever hath He spoke
To each man through the Conscience' inner tone,
Revealing thus His presence immanent.

XCVIII.

'ΑΓΝΩΣΤΩ ΘΕΩ.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and beneath Thee are the everlasting arms."

"πρῶτον πάντων, πιστεῦσον ὅτι εἷς ἐστιν ὁ Θεός, ὁ τὰ παντα κτίσας καὶ ποιήσας, ἐκ μὴ ὄντος εἰς τὸ εἶναι."—Hermes.

"ἐι γ'οὖν ἀήδων ἤμην, ἔποιουν τὰ τῆς ἀήδονος,
εἰ κύκνος, τὰ τοῦ κύκνου· νῦν δε λόγικος ἐιμι,
ὑμνεῖν μὲ δεῖ τὸν Θέον."—Epictetus.

"Τῳ σὲ δ' ἀθυμνήσω, καὶ σὸν κράτος ἄειν αἐισω."—Cleanthes.

"Ma gia volgeva il mio desiro e' l' velle
Si come ruola, che igualmente imossa
L' amor che muove' l Sol e' l' altere stelle."—Dante.

"οὔτε βροτοῖς γέρας ἄλλοτε μειζων
ουτε θεοῖς, ἢ κόινον ἄει νόμον ἐν δίκῃ ὑμνεῖν."—Cleanthes.

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."—Shakespeare.

Ancient of Days! Eternal! Primal Love!
Creator and Preserver, who didst frame
The Universe; unnamed; or by what name
Men call Thee; Allah, Aum, Jehovah, Jove;*
Thou who didst brood upon the void, and move
Over the waters till Life quick'ning came;
Who pois'd the Sun, and robed his orb in flame,
And sowed with worlds the starry fields above;
Who sufferest seeming evil to impart
A touch of discord to thy harmony,
As shadow doggeth still the heels of Light;†—
Give me to ponder on thy mystery,
Thy majesty, thy mercy, and thy might,
And commune with Thee ever in my heart.

[* I do not here allude to Jupiter the Son of Saturn, but that primal Deity whom the Greeks regarded as the origin of all things, and whom they worshipped under a variety of names, πολυώνυμος Θέος: the Zeus of whom the Orphic hymn said

'Ζεῦς ἄρχη, Ζευς μεσσα, Δίοδ'ἐκ πάντα τέτυχται.'

See the description of this Zeus given by the Sophist Aristides the Adrianean, in Cudworth's Intellectual System. Vol. 2, p. 139.]

† "ἄλλοισι δὴ 'πόνησ' ἁμιλληθεὶς λόγῳ
τοιῷδ'. ἔλεξε γάρ τις ὡς τὰ χείρονα
πλείω βροτοῖσίν ἐστι τῶν ἀμεινόνων.
ἐγὼ δὲ τούτοις ἀντίαν γνώμην ἔχω,
πλείω τὰ χρηστὰ τῶν κακῶν εἶναι βροτοῖς.
εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἦν τόδ', οὐκ ἂν ἦμεν ἐν φάει."—Euripides.

XCIX.

Chapel Thoughts—On an Ivory Image of the Virgin Mary.

"O! Sanctissima, O! purissima,
Dulcis Virgo, Maria,
Mater intemerata, Mater immaculata,
Ora, ora pro nobis."—Sicilian Hymn.

"Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mix'd and reconcil'd in Thee,
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene."—Wordsworth.

It haunts me, how it haunts me, that sweet face
Of more than earthly beauty; those blue eyes
In whose calm depth such wondrous pity lies;
Those faintly-smiling lips, whereon I trace
A flash of passing triumph; that smooth grace
Of the chaste, faithful brow; the blush that dyes
That modest cheek, suffus'd like Charity's
O'er-spied by stranger in her hiding-place;—
It haunts me, how it haunts me, that sweet face,—
Not with its beauty only, but its air
Of hope and love, humility and pray'r.
'Tis not Art's dream, some sculptor-fancy's birth;
But thee, Madonna, as thou wast on earth,
Dear mother of The Teacher of our race.

C.

Chapel Thoughts—Toleration.

"And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice."—1 KINGS, *chap.* xix. *vs.* 11, 12.

The Tishbite on the lonely mountain heard
A great strong wind that brake in twain the rock,
When the Lord passed by; then with a shock
Of earthquake all the trembling ground was stirr'd.
Then did a fire the top of Horeb gird:
Then breathed a still small voice:—Jehovah came,
Not in the wind, the earthquake, or the flame,
But in the still small voice spake God his word.
Thus raged polemic strife, a windy war;
And then the Crescent host and Red-cross band
With battle-shocks shook Earth, deep drench'd with gore;
And then Intol'rance fired her faggot brand;
These o'er, commanding persecution cease,
The still small Gospel voice hath whisper'd Peace.

CI.

Chapel Thoughts—Toleration. The Thirty Years' War.

> "Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua simultas,
> Immortale odium, et nunquam sanabile vulnus
> Ardet adhuc Ombos et Tentyra. Summus utrinque
> Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum
> Odit uterque locus, quum solos credat habendos
> Esse Deos quos ipse colit."—JUVENAL, *Sat.* XV.

For six full lustres did religious hate,
Such as not Tentyra from Ombos tore,
Drench creed-divided Europe deep in gore:
For the Leagu'd Papist would not stoop to bate
One tittle of his tenets, fixed as Fate:
And the grim Calvinist and Lutheran swore
In union, ne'er to lay down arms before
Their cause was righted by the liberal State.
Then Nation against kindred Nation rose,
Each confident in blind and bigot zeal,
Smiting their fatherland with sword and flame;
And calling each on God's most holy name
For sanction in their battle's last appeal:
"Jesu Maria" these: "God with us," those!*

* Such were the war cries of the respective parties at the battle of Lutzen.

CII.

Chapel Thoughts—Toleration. The Fall of Magdeburg.

"Hinc jejunum odium, sed jurgia prima sonare
Incipiunt animis ardentibus: hæc tuba rixæ:
—— ast illum in plurima sectum
Frusta et particulas ut multis mortuus unis
Subficeret totum conrosis ossibus edit
Victrix turba."—JUVENAL, *Sat.* xv.

"Empires and Kings, how oft have temples rung
With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn."—WORDSWORTH.

"Troy and Jerusalem have fall'n, but ne'er,"
Wrote Tilly, "the destroying angel, sire,
"Lit, until now, a city's funeral pyre,
"Like that which hath laid low the strong and fair,
"But heretic Magdeburg." —— Oh! bid me spare
The tale: my blood would freeze, or brain would fire,
To tell the horrors which sectarian ire,
Croat, Walloon, scarred Pappenheim,* wrought there.
Yet mid the flames, and thirty thousand dead,
While salvos from the smoke-grim'd cannon leap't,
The victors, lust-polluted, murder-fed,
Mock'd God in the Cathedral, chaunting high
"*Te Deum*," and the Demon Blasphemy
Veil'd on the altar-steps his face, and wept.

* Count Pappenheim was born scarred on his forehead with two sword-shaped scars, which became blood-red under the influence of excitement. The horrors of the sack of Magdeburg are too dreadful to dwell on; they will be found detailed in Menzell's *History of Germany*, Coxe's *House of Austria*, and Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*.

CIII.

Chapel Thoughts—Charity.

" But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour ?"—St. Luke, *chap.* x. *v.* 29.

" In the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God."—St. Paul.

" ἐστὲ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες οἱ ἐν τῇ πόλει ἀδελφοί, ὡς φήσομεν πρὸς αὐτοὺς μυθολογοῦντες, ἀλλ' ὁ θεὸς πλάττων, ὅσοι μὲν ὑμῶν ἱκανοὶ ἄρχειν, χρυσὸν ἐν τῇ γενέσει ξυνέμιξεν αὐτοῖς, διὸ τιμιώτατοί εἰσιν· ὅσοι δ' ἐπίκουροι, ἄργυρον· σίδηρον δὲ καὶ χαλκὸν τοῖς τε γεωργοῖς καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις δημιουργοῖς. ἅτε οὖν ξυγγενεῖς ὄντες πάντες τὸ μὲν πολὺ ὁμοίους ἂν ὑμῖν αὐτοῖς γεννῷτε, ἔστι δ' ὅτε ἐκ χρυσοῦ γεννηθείη ἂν ἀργυροῦν καὶ ἐξ ἀργυροῦ χρυσοῦν ἔκγονον καὶ τἆλλα πάντα οὕτως ἐξ ἀλλήλων."—Plato.

Who is my Neighbour? One old sage replied,
He who lives next thee—one said all might claim,
Who dwelt in the same city, that fond name;
And one, with kindlier heart, and creed more wide,
Thought all men of one country thus allied.
But wrapt in twilight until Jesus came,
The problem lay—Then touch'd as with a flame,
Blazed that which all the wise had vainly tried.
No more shall Greece or Rome exclusive spurn
Outcast " Barbarian :" every sunburnt slave
And painted savage claims thine equal care :—
Love, like the horizon, wheresoe'er we turn,
Clips in its shifting circle earth, sky, wave,
And every living being, everywhere.*

* See Note 12.

CIV.

Chapel Thoughts—Mercy.

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Consider this;
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation; We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."—SHAKESPEARE.

"τοιαύτη Ζηνὸς πέλεται τίσις, οὐδ' ἐφ' ἑκάστῳ
ὥσπερ θνητὸς ἀνὴρ, γίνεται ὀξύχολος."—SOLON.

"Who is a God like unto thee that pardoneth iniquity, and pass by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy."—MICAH, vii. 18.

"How would you be
If he which is the top of judgment should
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made."—SHAKESPEARE.

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It falleth like the blessed dew from Heaven:
It blesseth twice; it blesseth him that gives
And him that takes."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Si quoties homines peccant sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit."—OVID.

If a fly tickle, or a gnat but hum,
The small intruder into death we brush:—
Should an indignant Judge us mortals crush
So for our sins, the world with horror dumb
Instant before the avenger must succumb.
Let us from Heavenly patience learn to hush
Our hasty vengeance in its first wild rush:
A flag of truce can still war's signal drum:
A moment oft will paralyze and stop
The impulsive act that sires the fiend Regret.
'Tis sweet to see clouds, boding thunder, drop
Their menace, and disperse in showers, that wet
The earth with tears: a blessing is twice blest,
Which falls when look'd-for curses are supprest.

CV.

Chapel Thoughts—The Growth of Christianity.

"The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."—St. Matt. xiii. 31, 32.

What, when glad tidings were by Angels brought
To watchful shepherds, was the Christian creed?
What, when with gifts of joy and faithful speed
Westward, the star-conducted Magi sought
The manger? What when his great work was wrought,
And on the cross Christ had vouchsaf'd to bleed?—
A lamp just lighted, one small grain of seed
Sown deeply, but scarce germinate; a thought
Ponder'd in some few faithful hearts; soon bright
It glowed; it grew: it scoff'd the wrath of kings:—
So shines the Southern Cross; at earliest night
Weak, scarcely mark'd, yet rising, till it springs
To its meridian height, from whence it flings
O'er Heaven and Earth its pure and holy light.

CVI.

Chapel Thoughts—Alms.

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly."—St. Matt. vi. 1—4.

"The dews come down unseen at even-tide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity."—Pollok.

"Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age."—Shakespeare.

"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

Alms are the golden wings whereon we fly,
Though men should never gaze upon our flight,
From Earth's inhospitable realms of Night,
Up to the many mansions of the sky.
Then bathe thy vans in dews of Charity,
So that they gleam with love and mercy bright,
Reflecting opened Heaven's eternal light,
As they spread, cleaving upward, silently.
But ah! be sure thy spirit doth not prune,
Proud in hypocrisy, the tender quills
With the fat oil which love of praise distils;
Lest vaunting in the market-place at noon
Thy pinions' rainbow beauty, they be worn
The lur'd World's wonder, but the Angels' scorn.

CVII.

Chapel Thoughts—The Human Heart.

"My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or starre, or rainbowe, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?"—George Herbert.

"*Χρύσιον καὶ ἀργύρεον θεῖον παρὰ Θεῶν αἰεὶ ἐν τῃ ψυχῃ ἔχουσι.*"—Plato, *De Rep.* b. iv.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."—Jeremiah xvii. 9.

All rich and precious things the Poet brought
Together for the fashion of a heart:
Silver and gold; gems from Earth's farthest part;
Bright particles from stars and rainbows sought—
And just his question, for he only thought
Of God's love to the creature of his art—
Still at the glorious fancy did I start,
That 'twas a chrysolite so richly wrought;
For if we dwell on Man's ingratitude
For all that God hath done for, given our race,
Hearts would seem form'd of stuff most vile in sooth,
And worthless as the stockish stone or wood,
Senseless as nether millstone; hard and base
As iron; thankless as a serpent's tooth.*

* "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"—Shakespeare.

CVIII.

The Lamp of Life.

"Ernestus Burgravius, a disciple of Paracelsus, hath published a discourse in which he specifies a lamp to be made of man's blood, *Lucerna vitæ et mortis index*, so he terms it, which, chemically prepared forty days, and afterwards kept in a glass, shall show all the accidents of this life; *si lampas hic clarus, tunc homo hilaris, et sanus corpore et animo: si nebulosus et depressus, male afficitur; et in prostatu hominis variatur, unde sumptus sanguis:* and which is most wonderful, it dies with the party, *cum homine perit et evanescit*, the lamp and the man whence the blood was taken are extinguished together."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

The cunning man drew blood: for forty days
Purg'd it of all its grossness: then he seal'd
The charm in crystal: thenceforth it reveal'd
His future fate: if fortune smil'd, always
Limpid it flow'd; unchanging in its phase
As gules encrimson'd on a silver shield:
But when ill threat'ned, curdled and congeal'd;
And perish'd with him 'neath his dying gaze.
But I will make my lamp the spiritual flame
Aye burning in the heart: how strong and bright
Its beams, when trimm'd by that fair hand-maid, Right;
How pales and flickers at the touch of Shame:
It dieth not: for 'tis God's vital breath,
But soareth Heavenward, homeward, at Man's death.

CIX.

Monumental Brasses.

"I envy not such graves as take up room
Merely with jet and porphyry; since a tomb
Adds no desert. Wisdom, thou thing divine,
Convert my humble soul into thy shrine;
And then this body, though it want a stone,
Shall dignify all places where 'tis thrown."—OSBORNE.

"Quandocunque igitur nostros nox claudet ocellos,
Accipe, quæ serves funeris acta mei.
Nec mea tunc longâ spatietur imagine pompa,
Nec tuba sit fati vana querela mei;
Nec mihi tum fulcro sternatur lectus eburno,
Nec sit in Attalico mors mea nixa toro.
Desit odoriferis ordo mihi lancibus; adsint
Plebeii parvæ funeris excquiæ."—PROPERTIUS.

"Οὐκ ἔραμαι κλισμῷ βασιληΐῳ ἐγκατακεῖσθαν
τεθνεώς, ἀλλά τι μοι ζῶντι γένοιτ᾽ ἄγαθον·
ἀσπαλαθοι δε τάπησιν ὁμοῖον στρῶμα θάνοντι·
τὸ ξύλον ἢ σκληρὸν γίνεται ἢ μαλακόν."—THEOGNIS.

"Me tegat arboreâ devia terra comâ;
Aut humet ignotæ cumulus vallatus arenæ:
Non juvat in mediâ nomen habere viâ."—PROPERTIUS.

Lay bare the floor; the monumental brass
Unto the musing stranger's eyes disclose.
There lies the Warden in his grim repose!
Doth it tell who, or rather what he was?
If the sands golden ran through his life's glass,
Or sorrow's clouds wept on his grey head woes?
What his creed, knowledge; what his outward shows?
Faith! this is Time's hard reading, which doth pass
Our learning to expound, or guess, or gloss;
A book that brazen binding could not save
From dull Oblivion's old death-headed moth!
Fold me, when I shall die, in pure white cloth,
And lay me nameless in some quiet grave,
Where dews fall lightly on the springing moss.

CX.

Chapel Thoughts—The Painted Window.

"Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass."—SHELLEY.

O chequer'd page of life, whereon appear
Pleasure and pain inextricably blending;
Shadow and sunshine like two foes contending,
Success and disappointment; hope and fear!
Love and its opposite; the smile and tear;
Each to the other strongest contrast lending;—
So on yon fair white altar cloth descending
Down through the deep stain'd Gothic window near,
Glimmers the painted light; here purple-dyed,
Almost to blackness; there with ruby flush
Bright gleaming; orange-tinted, emerald-green;—
So on the brook that loves through woods to glide,
Lies golden network, wrought by cloud and bush,
The meshes, shade; with sunny light between.

CXI.

Light.

"All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints the landscape as Thou goest.

"A crimson garment is the robe thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The waving lilies in their white,
Are clad but with the laws of almost naked light."—Cowley.

"Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wast, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite."—Milton.

"Prime cheerer, Light,
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe,
Without whose vesting beauty, all were wrapp'd
In unessential gloom."—Thompson.

"For still in every land, though to Thy name
Arose no temple,—still in every age,
Though heedless man had quite forgot Thy praise,
We praised Thee; and at rise and set of sun
Did we assemble duly, and intone
A choral hymn that all the lands might hear.
In heaven, on earth, and in the deep we praised Thee,
Singly, or mingled in sweet sisterhood.
But now, acknowledged ministrants, we come,
Co-worshippers with man in this Thy house,
We, the Seven Daughters of the Light, to praise
Thee, Light of Light! Thee, God of very God!"—
A Dream of Fair Colours.

Light! Thou dost arch the vaulted Heav'n with blue,
Deck forth the meadow in its summer show,
And glitter in the sparkling Ocean flow:
Thine is the gleam of diamond and dew,
The sea-shell's roseate lip and pearly hue:
Thou fall'st on the swan's neck like virgin snow,
On the flamingo's wing with crimson glow,
And the snake's speckled skin thou dost renew.
Thine is the blush of Morn, the golden hour
Of Sunset; each star's twinkle, and the play
Of Arctic skies' Aurora; thou dost shine
In the Moon's silver: thine is the array
Of the dark cedar and the gorgeous flower;
This universal garb of beauty thine.

CXII.

Stars—from the Chapel Tower.

"Εἰς τὸν ὅλον οὔρανον ἀπόβλεψας τὸ ἕν εἶναι φήσι τὸν Θεόν."—Aristotle.

"Look how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth deeply close it in, we cannot hear it."—Shakespeare.

Myriads of stars are glimmering overhead
In heaven's dark vast; and to mine upturn'd gaze
Fresh myriads twinkle in the eternal maze.
Were ye all formed for Man alone; and fed
With fire but on his Earth your light to shed?*
Or have ye other ends? May ye not blaze
In Heaven's high front the demon host to daze,
Threat'ning attack? Or of the blessed dead
Are ye the happy homes? Or is your throng
Of beings than the Angels little lower?
Teem ye with men like us, who worship gold:
Who love and hate; thirst for, and cringe to power?
But hush! methinks I hear your spheral song—
"Cease the vain guess! In us God's face behold."

[* The existence of multitudes of fixed stars—not less than forty in the group of the Pleiades alone—not even suspected before the time of Gallileo, affords a very strong presumption against the stars' office being merely to light this Earth.]

CXIII.

The Milky Way.

"Truth is strange,
Stranger than fiction!"—SHAKESPEARE.

"Est via sublimis cælo manifesta sereno
Lactea nomen habet candore notabilis ipso,
Hæc iter est Superis ad magni tecta Tonantis
Regalemque domum."—OVID.

Fair was the myth that made the Milky Way
A drop which fell from sleeping Juno's breast,
When lilies chang'd for white their purple vest;
And grand the legend that there wont to stray
The old Sun's chariot-wheels, ere Birth of Day:
But, Galaxy, these latter days have drest
In grander beauty thy majestic rest;
The truth more strange than fiction's wildest lay.
For Man hath pierc'd thy mystery, to find
Myriads of stars along thy course thick-strown
As forest leaves scatter'd by Autumn wind,
Or the wreath'd sands that gleam on Ocean coasts:
A radiant pavement fit for Angel hosts
To march on, singing praises, to His Throne.

CXIV.

Astronomy.

" ἀστρῶν κάτοιδα νυκτέρων ὁμήγυριν,
καὶ τόυς φέροντας χέιμα και θέρος βροτοῖς,
λάμπρους δυνάστας ἐμπρέποντας ἀιθερῶ
ἀστερας ὅταν φθίνουσιν ἀνάτολας τε τῶν."—ÆSCHYLUS.

" The Moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At midnight from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe."—MILTON.

" Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."—OVID.

" Felices animos quibus hæc cognoscere primis,
Inque domos superas scandere cura fuit,
Admovere oculis distantia sidera nostris
Œtheraque ingenio supposuere suo.
Sic petitur cœlum: non ut ferat Ossam Olympus
Summaque Peliacus sidera tanget apex."—OVID.

" Οἶδ ὅτι θνατὸς ἔγω καὶ ἐφάμερος· αλλ'ὅταν ἄστρων
μαστένω πυκινὰς αμφιδρόμους ἕλικας,
'Ουκ ἔτ επιψάνω ποσὶ γάιης, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῶ
Ζανὶ θεοτροφιῆς πίμπλαμαι ἀμβροσιῆς."—PTOLEMY.

Man's glance is skyward :* his undying hope,
To pierce the mystic meaning of the stars :—
On Shinar's plains Astrologers read wars
In their dim spheres; or cast the horoscope
Of mighty monarchs from their rise or slope—
Cycling and epicycling roll'd their cars
In Ptolemaic science :—Who now bars
Earth's motion, once denied by Bull of Pope?
See what a constellation clustering bright
In zenith flames: Copernicus; and ye,
Priest-tortured Galileo, and La Place;
Kepler, and Herschel of the dauntless glass:
And Newton, dimming with excess of light
All orbs that dazzle, though in less degree.†

* Plato nevertheless ridicules the idea of *looking* at the stars being man's occupation, happily enough.

† " Velut inter ignes
Luna minores."—HORACE.

CXV.

Planets.

"Be not dismayed at the signs of Heaven."—JEREMIAH, x. 2.

"Nullum numen habes si sit Prudentia; nos te
Nos facimus, Fortuna Deum, cæloque locamus."—JUVENAL.

"Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus."

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Conscia fati
Sidera diversos hominum variantia casus."—MANILIUS.

"I am a nobler substance than the stars:
And shall the baser over-rule the better?
Or are they better since they are the bigger?
I have a will, and faculties of choice,
To do or not to do; and reason why
I do or not do this: the stars have none.
They know not why they shine, more than this taper,
Nor how they work, nor what. I 'll change my course,
I 'll piecemeal pull the frame of all my thoughts:
And where are all your Caput Algols then?"—GEORGE CHAPMAN.

"ἄρετὴ δε ἀδέσποτον, ἣν τιμῶν και ἀτιμάζων,
πλέον κὰι ἔλαττον ἀυτῆς ἕκαστος ἕξει· ἀιτία
ἑλομένου· Θέος ἀναίτιος."*—PLATO.

The Planets rule not over mortal birth:
Astrologers in vain draw from the sky
The horoscope of Man's nativity;
False is their art, their Science nothing worth:
The stars' conjunctions touch not things of Earth:
And vainly does the Gipsy Sorc'ress try,
By chiromantic touch and gaze, to spy
Prognostics of much joy or sorrow's dearth,
Trac'd in the wrinkled network of the palm,
Where the lines, silver-crossed, map out the plan
Of future life.—Yet God hath given to Man,
In his own hands, for good or ill, his fate;
And stars, unconscious of his birth, may calm
His dying, with sweet hopes of happier state.

[* Though Plato thus unequivocally announces the doctrine of Man's free will, and again more at large de Leg. X 904 et seq., he nevertheless holds that the stars—the Gods who formed the rational soul—exercise no inconsiderable influence on the lot of man, whose fate, he thought, hung on the complicated motion of the celestial bodies; and that by diligent contemplation of the Heavens his future destiny may be discovered. See Timœeus 40. This is the first hint in Greek literature of the principles of Astrology.]

CXVI.

Oxford, from the Chapel Tower—Mid-Night.

"The very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still."—WORDSWORTH.

"Urbe silent totâ, vitreoque madentia rore
Tempora noctis erunt."—OVID.

Peace, Silence, Slumber, triple crown of Night,
Circle the Queen-like city. Dim the shower
Of moonbeams falls on every hoary tower,
And steeps each gabled roof in silver light.
Hush'd is the latest shout of revel rite
Through the gray quadrangle; while faintly gleams
The lamp of some pale student o'er the dreams
Of Plato, or old Homer's sounding fight.
Forth from below the mass superior stand
The tall, gaunt steeples, like a faithful guard,
Oh! may it be so, keeping watch and ward
Above the weary world fast lock'd in sleep.
Hark! even now their voices through the band
Pass on their hourly signal, clear and deep!

CXVII.

Sleep.

"Dulcis et alta quies, placidæque simillima morti."—VIRGIL.

"It is that death by which we may literally be said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between death and life. In fine, so like death I dare not trust it without prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God."—RELIGIO MEDICI.

"ὦ φίλον ὕπνου θέλγητρον, ἐπίκουρον νόσου,
ὡς ἡδύ μοι προσῆλθες ἐν δέοντί τε.
ὦ πότνια λήθη τῶν κακῶν, ὡς εἶ σοφὴ
καὶ τοῖσι δυστυχοῦσιν εὐκταία θεός."—EURIPIDES.

"Νύκτος ἀπερχομενης, γενώμεθα ἦμαρ ἐπ' ημαρ."—PALLADAS.

"Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done."—SHAKESPEARE.

Not with the fumes oppress'd of wine drunk deep,
The spirits with long revelry half mad,
Nor from foul satiated passion sad,
Approach the portal of Death's semblance, Sleep;*
For 'tis a solemn temple. Ye who keep
Therein the Soul's high holiday, come clad
In purity; above your fellows glad;
The World's dust from your feet unsandled sweep,
And enter leaning on the staff of Prayer.
Then, pausing in the shadowy aisle, recall
Calmly the day just closed; bless friend and foe;
Your last thoughts let your God and Mother share,
Till slumbers lightly on your senses fall,
Soothing as organ-swells; as soft and slow.

[* The similitude of sleep to death is too striking not to have furnished the Poets of all ages with a common-place. Evenus has the following curious line; ' βαπτιζει δ' ὕπνῳ, γέιτονι τοῦ θανάτου.'

We read of ὕπνος, τὰ μίκρα τοῦ θανάτου μυστήρια.

Drummond in his Xth Sonnet, speaking of Sleep, says,

' I long to kiss the image of my death.'

And Daniel in his LIst Sonnet writes,

' Can charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night
Brother to Death, on silent darkness born.'

Sackville says ' Heavy Sleep, thou cousin of Death;' and Tennyson calls Sleep ' Death's twin-brother,' and again ' Kinsman thou of Death.' The resemblance has often been urged by our Divines as an argument against the fear of death; no where more beautifully than by the author of ' Meditations on Death and Eternity,' translated from the German by Frederica Rowan.]

CXVIII.

Dreams.

"We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps; and the slumber of the body seems but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason."—SIR T. BROWN.

"Ἐννοήσατε δὲ, ἔφη, ὅτι ἐγγύτερον μὲν τῷ ἀνθρωπίνῳ θανάτῳ οὐδέν ἐστίν ὕπνου· ἥδε τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ψυχὴ τότε δήπου θειοτάτη καταφαίνεται, καὶ τότε τῶν μελλόντων, προορᾳ, τότε γὰρ, ὡς ἔοικε, μάλιστα ἐλευθεροῦται."—XENOPHON.*

"In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then He openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."—JOB.

"O! unconfined
Restraint, imprison'd liberty, great key
To golden palaces, ay, all the world
Of silvery enchantment."—KEATS.

"Somne quies rerum, placidissime somne Deorum
Pax animi quem cura fugit, qui corda diurnis
Fessa ministeriis mulces reparasque labori."—OVID.

"Atqui dormientium animi maxime declarant divinitatem suam; multa enim, cum remissi, et liberi sunt, futura prospiciunt. Ex quo intelligitur, quales futuri sint, cum se plane corporis vinculis relaxaverint."
CICERO.

Sleep! I did call thee the Soul's holiday;
For then she mounts, freed from each grosser sense,
To somewhat of divine intelligence;
Foresees the Future, clear as springs of Day;
Acts o'er the Past, feeling perchance the sway
Of former being; sweeps o'er space immense;
And runs through changeful years' experience
In an eye's twinkling; like the King who lay
Spell-bound, his front plung'd in the magic bowl.
Then doth she wander loosen'd from control,
What time the body lies a corpse-like clay,
Foreshadowing forth, darkly, as through a glass,
Her kind immortal, when the World shall pass
From the material form, with breath away.

[* See a very remarkable passage in the *Republic* of Plato, lib. ix. c. 1 (translated also by Cicero, *De Divinatione*, lib. i. c. 29), in which Socrates asserts an opinion that tranquil and veracious dreams can be secured by observing a temperate regimen of body, and exercising the mind in healthy trains of thought before committing ourselves to sleep. When Ptolemy King of Egypt, says old Burton, had posed the seventy interpreters in order, and asked the nineteenth man what would make one sleep quietly in the night, he replied "the best way was to have divine and celestial meditations, and to use honest actions in the day time."]

CXIX.

The Churchyard—On the Death of H——.

"῞Οδ' ἄρτι θάλλων σάρκα διοπέτης ὅπως
῎Αστηρ ἀπέσβη."—Euripides.

"Nemo tam divos habuit faventes,
Crastinum ut possit sibi polliceri."—Seneca.

"῎Δάιμονα τίς δ' εὖ οἶδε τὸν ἄυριον, ἅνικα κὰι σὲ,
Χάρμι, τὸν ὀφθαλμοῖς χθιζὸν ἐν ἁμετέροις,
Τᾶ ἑτέρα κλάυσαντες εθάπτομεν; οὔδεν ἐκέινου
εἶδέ πάτηρ Διόφῶν χρημ' ἀνιηρότερον."—Callimachus.

"Purpureus veluti cum flos, succisus aratro,
Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluviâ cum forte gravantur."—Virgil.

"ὥστ' εἴ τις δύο
ἢ καὶ πλέους τις ἡμέρας λογίζεται,
μάταιός ἐστιν· οὐ γάρ ἐσθ' ἥ γ' αὔριον,
πρὶν εὖ πάθῃ τις τὴν παροῦσαν ἡμέραν."—Sophocles.

I saw thee, thou chief favourite of us all,
In thy bright garb, and cheerful as the Morn,
Vault on thy steed, to follow hound and horn;
Watch'd thy last wav'd adieu; heard thy last call.
I saw thee next, in the dim even-fall,
By rustics, on a bloody wattle borne,
Thy shrouded, pale cold corse mangled and torn.
Oh! what an undefined and shadowy pall
Of sorrow fell on our young hearts:—amazed,
In gather'd groups, around thy door we stay'd,
As though thou might'st come forth in thy old mirth:—
A few days' pause, and once again I gaz'd,
The last time and the saddest, on thee laid
By thy companions in this hallow'd earth.

[Poor H——, the most joyous among us, and the greatest favourite with all, was killed by a fall out hunting. He lies buried in Merton churchyard.]

CXX.

Churchyard Thoughts—The Passing Bell.

"Ergo ego nec lachrymas matris moritura videbo,
Nec mea qui digitus lumina condit, erit?
Spiritus infelix perigrinas ibit in auras,
Nec positos artus unguet amica manus."—OVID.

"μηδέ μοι ἄκλαυστος θάνατος μόλοι, ἀλλὰ φίλοισιν
ποιήσαιμι θανὼν ἄλγεα καὶ στοναχάς."—SOLON.

"Abstineas, mors atra, precor, non hic mihi mater
Quæ legat in mœstos ossa perusta sinus;
Non soror Assyrios cineri quæ dedat odores,
Et fleat effusis ante sepulchra comis."—TIBULLUS.

"Grata quies patriæ; sed et omnis terra sepulchrum."—SANNAZARIUS.

Sweet relic of old time, the passing bell,
Scarce wakes a mournful echo in this breast;
It speaks to me of those who sink to rest
With gaze fix'd on the eyes they loved so well;
Into whose ears the Gospel comfort fell,
Breath'd by God's minister: whose hands were prest,
And temples kiss'd by Love: whose last request
Was sigh'd not to the stranger: such the knell
Strikes on this exiled bosom!

Once I wept
A youth in Ganges drown'd: once, one who died
Lone, fever-smitten, by the jungle side:
Many who fell when war o'er India swept;
Most, him who pass'd away from us at sea.—
Oh! may the passing bell be toll'd for me!

CXXI.

Churchyard Thoughts—Too Late.

"Sero respicitur tellus quum fune soluto,
Curret in immensum panda carina salum."—OVID.

"Non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est efficiet; neque
Diffinget infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit."—HORACE.

"Sic modo quæ fuerat, vitâ contempta manente,
Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis."—MARTIAL.

"Sic ortis lacrymis vitæ sanamus amara."—PROPERTIUS.

"Remember that death will not be long in coming, and that the covenant of the grave is not shewed unto thee. Do good unto thy friend before thou die, and according to thy ability stretch out thy hand and give to him."—ECCLESIASTICUS, xiv. 12, 13.

"στέργε φίλους ἄχρις θανάτου· πίστις γὰρ ἀμείνων."—
PSEUDO PHOCYLLIDEA.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."—PROVERBS, *chap.* xv. *v.* 17.

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would be utterly contemned."—SOLOMON'S SONG, *chap.* viii. *v.* 7.

O! never, while the wheel of Life as yet
Turns at the cistern, and the precious bowl
Of brittle gold remaineth round and whole,
Let trusty Love its ministry forget;
Or all too late shall pitiless Regret
Seize hold upon the vain-repentant soul,
Knelling the past with one long funeral toll.
No more to-morrows for that Sun just set;
The barque, once anchor'd, sails not from Death's shore;
The bolt is shot for aye on Life's clos'd gate:
What should have been farewells were never spoken;
No peace-kiss; no hand-press'd forgiveness-token.
Give us our lost ones back—too late; too late:—
We can be kind no more, ah! nevermore.

CXXII.

Churchyard Thoughts—Consolation.

" Nemo me lacrymis decoret, nec funera fletu
Faxit."—ENNIUS.

" Nam si supremus ille dies non extinctionem sed commutationem loci affert, quid optabilius? Sin autem perimit ac delet omnino, quid melius quam in mediis vitæ laboribus obdormiscere, et ita conniventem somno consopiri sempiterno?"—CICERO.

" Brava comparaicon! dixo Sancho, aunque no tam nueva, que yo no la haya oido muchas y diversas veces, como aquella del juego del axadrez, que mientras dura el juego cada pieza tiene sua particuler oficio, y en acabandose el juego, todos se mezclan, penlan y baraxan, y dan con ellas en una bolsa, que es como dar con la vida en la sepultura."—
DON QUIXOTE, p. 2, l. v, c. 12.

" Then said his servants unto him, What thing is this that thou hast done? thou didst fast and weep for the child, while it was alive; but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread. And he said, While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—II SAMUEL, xii. 21—23.

" After death, like chessmen having stood
In play, for bishops some, for knights, and pawns,
We all together shall be tumbled up
Into one bag."—HEYWOOD.

" 'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays."—OMAR KHAYYAM.

Mourn not for me, my friends; a few short years,
And every piece that crowds the board to day,
Queens, Knights, Pawns, Bishops, shall be swept away.
Whether my Soul shall soar for endless years,
A wondering traveller 'mid the starry spheres,
Or like a burnt-out taper's flickering ray,
Be quenchèd when the body turns to clay;
HE knows, and wills the best; *I* have no fears.
Mourn not with selfish grief, because ye hear
No more the accustomed voice; the empty chair
Stands like a mute beside a grave yet new:
Love's circle narrows: let it bring more near
The lingerers, as erst the death-thinn'd square
Closed up its lessening ranks at Waterloo.

CXXIII.

Churchyard Thoughts—Brevity of Life.

"As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."—PSALM ciii. 15, 16.

"Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma."—DANTE.

"Nix, rosa, ros, fumus, ventus et aura, nihil."—BERNAR BAUHUSIUS.

"ὅιη πὲρ φυλλῶν γενέη τόιη δὲ καὶ ἄνδρων."—HOMER.

"ἄνθρωπος ἔστι πνέυμα και σχία μόνον."—EURIPIDES.

"The bird of Time has but a little way
To fly; and lo! the bird is on the wing."—OMAR KHAYYAM.

"For what is your life? It is even as a vapour for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—ST. JAMES, EP. *chap.* iv. *v.* 14.

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of misery. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."—JOB, *chap.* xiv. *v.* 1, 2.

Say, what is human life, and whereunto
Shall I compare it? 'Tis a tiny cloud
Borne where the sun shines bright, and storms are loud,
Onward, athwart the illimitable blue,
Until it wastes itself in tearful dew:—
A lily o'er its garden-compeers proud
To-day; in death to-morrow lowly bowed:—
'Tis like a spark of fire that upward flew:—
A sea-wave gladly dancing from afar,
Soon on a silent desert shore to break:—
A smile short broken by a sob of grief:—
A wine-cup shiver'd when 'tis drain'd:—a flake
Of melting snow; an autumn-redd'ning leaf;
Smoke vanishing in air; a falling star.

Illustrations to Sonnet CXXIII.

" A flower that does with opening morn arise,
And flourishing the day, at evening dies;
A winged eastern blast just skimming o'er
The Ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;
A fire whose flames thro' crackling stubble fly;
A meteor shooting from the Summer sky;
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A noontide shadow, and a midnight dream
Are emblems which with semblance oft proclaim
Our earthly course."—PRIOR.

" Lord let me know mine end and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live. Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee: and verily every man living is altogether vanity."—PSALMS.

" Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had.
E'en such is man; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies!
Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun.
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan.
E'en such is man; who lives by breath
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended;
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span is long;
The swan's near death,—man's life is done!"—WASTELL.

" All those things are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that hasted by; and as a ship that passeth over the waves of the water, which when it is gone by, the trace thereof cannot be found, neither the pathway of the keel in the waves; or as when a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found, but the light air being beat en with the stroke of her wings, and parted with the violent noise and motion of them, is passed through, and therein afterwards no sign where she went is to be found; or like as when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through; even so we in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end, and had no sign of virtue to shew; but were consumed in our own wickedness. For the hope of the ungodly is like dust that is blown away with the wind; like a thin froth that is driven away with the storm; like as the smoke which is dispersed here and there with a tempest, and passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day."—WISDOM.

CXXIV.

Churchyard Thoughts—Life.

"Behold the child. by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives the youth delight,
A little louder. but as empty quite.
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till, tired, he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er."—ESSAY ON MAN.

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit."—DRYDEN.

"Victurosque Dei celant ut vivere durent
Felix esse mori."—LUCAN.

"Youth is a blunder, mankind a struggle, old age a disgust."—
MODERN STATESMAN.

Each thinks he lives, the happy Boy who rules,
The welcome tyrant of the careless hour,
His playmates by a character of power;
The Youth but just emancipate from Schools,
Contemptuous, vain, the very Prince of fools,
Lavish of his first Love's exhaustless dower;
The Man who scales Ambition's painful tower;
The weary elder throwing down his tools.
Oh, cheat! oh, mockery! oh, snare to lure
Men to play out this Drama's 'lotted parts,
Loyal, unquestioning, content, secure!
Oh, dream!—for not in Action's busy marts
Plies the true Life; but in emphatic Thought;
To know Self, Nature, God.—The rest is nought.

CXXV.

Churchyard Thoughts—Contemplation.

"Wisdom herself
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She prunes her feathers and lets grow her wings
That in the crawing bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired."—MILTON.

"Τῶ δε ζώντι, τôυ πραττεῖν αφαιρουμένου, ἐτι δὲ μάλλον τοῦ ποιεῖν, τι λέιπεται πλὴν Θεώρια; ὥστε ἤ τôυ Θέου. ἐνέργεια, μακαριότητι διαφέρουσα, θεωρητίκη ἀν ἔιη. κὰι τῶν ανθρωπινῶν δὴ ἠ ταυτη συγγενεστάτη εὀδαιμονιωτάτη."—ARISTOTLE.

"It has been asked, which are the greatest minds, and to which do we owe the greatest reverence! To those who by the powerful deductions of their reason, and the well grounded suggestions of analogy, have made profound discoveries in the sciences, as it were "*a priori*;" or to those, who, by the patient road of experiment, and the subsequent improvement of instruments, have brought these discoveries to perfection, as it were "*a posteriori*." Who have rendered that certain which before was only conjectural, practical which was problematical, safe which was dangerous, and subservient which was unmanageable. It would seem that the first class demand our admiration, and the second our gratitude. Seneca predicted another hemisphere, but Columbus presented us with it. He that, standing on the shore, foretells, with truth, many of the undiscovered treasures of the ocean of science, even before the vessel that is to navigate it, can be fully equipped for the voyage, gives us a convincing proof of exalted wisdom, and of profound penetration. But he that builds the vessel of experiment, and actually navigates the wide ocean of science, who neither intimidated by the risk of failure, nor the expence of the outfit, realises all that the other had only imagined, and returning laden with the stores of knowledge, communicates liberally that which he has won so laudably, surely the attainments of such a man are as fully entitled to our gratitude, as the anticipations of the other to our admiration.—LACON.

The Greek sage, he who deepest search'd the fount
Of Ethics,[1] plac'd Life's end and chiefest good
In Heavenly Contemplation. Solitude
Is parent of much Virtue: they who count
The silent stars upon the lonely mount,
Live purer oft than those who ply for food
By barter in the City's multitude,
And greedy harp upon the long account.
The Scholars' cell, lit by the midnight lamp,
Is happier than the watch-fire-lighted camp;
Nobler than Peer, that self-taught shepherd youth
Who solv'd the problems of Geometry
On the bare Hill.[2] Divine Philosophy,
Invention's mother, Thou,[3] and Child of Truth!

1. Aristotle. 2. Fergusson. The Arab Hai Ebyn Yokdan is said to have been cast on a desert island where self-taught, he mounted to the knowledge of all Philosophy, natural, moral, and divine! 3. Necessity is usually said to be the mother of invention. Theocritus says

Ἁ πένια, Διόφαντε, μόνα τᾱς τέχνας ἐγέιρει·
ἀυτὰ τῶ μόχθοιο διδάσκολος.

See Note 13.

CXXVI.

Churchyard Thoughts—Action.

"Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shap'd
Each burning deed and thought."—LONGFELLOW.

"Some place the bliss in action, some in ease."—POPE.

"Heav'n doth divide
The state of Man in divers functions."—SHAKESPEARE.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."—SHAKESPEARE.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."—MILTON.

"Hic satus ad pacem; hic castrensibus utilis armis,
Naturæ sequitur semina quisque suæ."—PROPERTIUS.

Action, one argues,* is the flower and Crown
Of Life: the workers they, the busy bees
Who toil and build; drones of ignoble ease
We dreamy student-thinkers, who go down
Into an unknown grave without renown.
Action, to glut our marts hath scour'd the seas:
Action hath given us rights and liberties:
Without it man were savage still, or clown,
Thou fool! To every mortal is assign'd
His special task, whether to the big wars
To lead plum'd hosts; to guide the restless State;
Or in the silent cell, for all mankind,
To write the imperishing thoughts that pierce the stars:
"They also serve who only stand and wait."

[* This is the doctrine of Antisthenes the founder of the Cynic School; τήν ἀρέτην οὐκ ἀνευ πόνου· αλλ᾿ ὁ πόνος ἄγαθος τοὺς ἀνθρώπους ἐναρετους κάι ἐυγένεις και Θέους πόιει. He makes Hercules and Cyrus his models of action. See Diogenes Laertius 6. 3. See Julian Orat. vi. So Chrysippus contended against the Aristotelian doctrine, that a life of contemplation is best suited to the sage. See Marcus Antoninus. Ἐις ἑαυτον Chap. ix. 1. 16. Οὐκ ἐν πείσει, ἀλλ᾿ ἐνεργείᾳ, τὸ τοῦ λογικοῦ πολιτικοῦ ζώου κακὸν καὶ ἀγαθὸν, ὥσπερ οὐδὲ ἡ ἀρετὴ καὶ κακία αὐτοῦ ἐν πείσει, ἀλλὰ ἐνεργείᾳ.]

CXXVII.

Churchyard Thoughts—Thought.

"The only things in which we can be said to have any property, are *our actions*. Our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison; they may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken from us by misfortune, our reputation by malice, our spirits by calamity, our health by disease, our friends by death. But our *actions* must follow us beyond the grave; with respect to them *alone*, we cannot say that we shall carry nothing with us when we die, neither that we shall go naked out of the world. Our actions must cloathe us with an immortality loathsome, or glorious: These are the only *titledeeds* of which we cannot be disinherited; they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity, when every thing else is as nothing; and their value will be confirmed and established by those two sure and stateless destroyers of all *other* earthly things,—Time—and Death."—Lacon.*

Man dies: his gross material body sinks
To dust, and all its particles disperse
Into new elements, his primal curse:—
His immaterial portion, what he *thinks*,
Alone survives him in this world, and links
The Past unto the Present: bards rehearse
The hero's actions in immortal verse;
Fame at the fountain of Tradition drinks.
Thought lives, in forms of Government and laws:—
Sea-daring ships, the vapour-goaded train,
The message by the obedient lightning brought,
Each wondrous tracing of effect to cause;
Yea, the grand story of the starry plain,
Are but the living monuments of Thought.

[* The motto may be thought not very apposite. Yet what are a man's actions but his embodied thoughts? Some of his thoughts never ripen and bear fruit; but the fruits of those which do, are his actions.]

CXXVIII.

Churchyard Thoughts—Spirits.

" τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ ζῆν τοῦθ' ἀπόκληται θανεῖν."—Euripides.

" He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown."—Henry Vaughan.

" If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings."—Shakespeare.

" I heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in Heaven."—Shakespeare.

" ζῶσιν ὅι γᾶς ὕπαι κείμενοι."—Sophocles.

" Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore."—Pope.

" Qui se vixisse beatum
Dicat, et exacto contentus tempora vitæ
Cedat, uti conviva satur."—Horace.

" It is a beautiful and blessed belief
That the beloved dead, grown Angels, watch
The dear ones left behind."—L. E. L.

" The nightingale that in the branches sung,
Ah! whence and whither flown again, who knows?"—Omar Khayyam.

" Unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The mortal soul that hath forsook
His mansion in this fleshly nook?"—Milton.

" Sunt aliquid manes: letum non omnia finit."—Propertius.

Where are the spirits that informed the dead?
Are they now hymning at the springs of day;
Or, with a lingering love for things of clay,
On tremulous wings still hovering overhead,
Do they sweet influence o'er our couches shed?
Or were they wafted, without sense, away,
Back to the God who gave them, till the bray
Of the last trump shall sound its note of dread?
Teach me, O Lord! whether my soul shall save
Its sensible affections after death,
Continuous, or sleep on a dreamless sleeping—
Secret but opening to us with the grave—
Teach me, when I sigh forth my latest breath,
To trust me fearless to thy holy keeping.

See Note 14.

CXXIX.

Churchyard Thoughts—Immortality of the Soul.

"When I see nothing annihilated, and not even a drop of water wasted, I cannot suspect the annihilation of souls."—FRANKLIN.

"Morte carent animæ: semperque priore relictâ
Sede, novis domibus habitant vivuntque receptæ."—OVID.

"ἢν δ' ἀπολείψας σῶμα ἐς αἰθερ' ἐλεύθερον ἢλθες,
ἔσσεαι ἀθάνατος θέος, ἄμβροτος, οὐκ ἐτι θνητός."—EMPEDOCLES.

"'Dust thou art to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."—LONGFELLOW.

"Lucerna Dei spiraculum hominis."

"Quod si in hoc erro, animos hominum immortales esse videam, libenter erro: nec mihi hunc errorem quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo: sin mortuus, ut quidam minuti philosophi cernunt, nihil sentiam, non vereor ne hunc errorem meum mortui philosophi invideant."—CICERO.

"The ball no question makes of ayes or noes,
But right or left, as strikes the player, goes.
And He that toss'd thee down into the field,
He knows about it all—He knows, HE knows."—OMAR KHAYYAM.

"Δύσεται τὸ σῶμα ἐις τὸ ἑιμάρμενον, ἀλλὰ ὀυ ψύχη δύσεται· ἀλλὰ ἀθάνατον οῦσα χρῆμα, εἰς ὄυρανον ἀναπτήσεται μετάρσιος· δέξονται δε μὲ αἰθέριοι δόμοι, καὶ πολιτέυσομαι οὐκ ἐν ἀνθρώποις, αλλ' εν θεοῖς."—HERACLITUS.

This all my knowledge, this my faith and trust,
That as no atom perisheth, the soul
Dies not; but freed by death from the control
Of flesh, when the frail body sinks to dust,
It puts on some new change. If with the Just
At once made perfect—can such creed stand whole
With final judgment?—if beyond the roll
Of stars it wanders with no earthward lust,
Cloth'd with new faculties—or hovereth still
Over its old affections, watching the ill
And good of its lov'd kindred; if it leap
Into new bodies; if it dream, or sleep
The moment-seeming sleep of Infancy,
I know not:—this I think, it will not die!

CXXX.

Churchyard Thoughts—Fear of Death.

" μὴ φῦναι τὸν ἅπαντα νι-
κᾷ λόγον· τὸ δ' ἐπει φανῇ
βῆναι κεῖθεν ὅθεν περυήκει
πόλυ δέυτερον, ως τάχιστα."—SOPHOCLES.

" I'd not have come had this been left to me :
I would not go, to go if I were free :
Oh ! best of all upon this lonely earth
Neither to come nor go ; yea ; not to be."—OMAR KHAYYAM.

" Optimum non nasci aut cito mori."—SILENUS.

" θνατοῖσι μὴ φῦναι φέριστον
μηδ' ἀελίου προσιδεῖν φθέγγος"—BACCHYLIDES.

" το φῶς τόδ' ανθρωποισιν ἡδίστον βλεπεῖν,
τὸ νέρθε δ' ουδεν· μάινεται δ' ὅς ἔυχέται
βανεῖν· κακῶς ζῆν κρεῖσσον ἢ θανεῖν καλῶς."—EURIPIDES.

" φένγουσι γὰρ τόι χ' οι θράσεις, ὅταν πέλας
ἤδη τὸν Ἄδην εισοροῦσι τοῦ βίου."—SOPHOCLES.

" Non nasci longe optimum, nec in hos scopulos incidere vitæ, proximum autem, si natus sis quam primum ex incendio effugere."—CICERO.

" παντων μὲν μὴ φῦναι ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἄριστον,
μηδ' ἐσιδεῖν αὐγὰς ὀξέος ἠελίου·
φύντα δ' ὅπως ὤκιστα πύλας Αΐδαο περῆσαι,
καὶ κεῖσθαι πόλλην γῆν ἐπιμησάμενον."—THEOGNIS.

" The dread of something after death,
Puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."—SHAKESPEARE.

" To die—to sleep—
No more—and by a sleep to say we end
The heart ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to : 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished."—SHAKESPEARE.

I love thee, Life, I cling to thee, I yearn
With passion for fresh youth's eternal bloom :
I crave, O ! Earth, for Thought no wider room
Than thy green space, where as a child I learn
Ever new marvels, through the year's return.
O ! loathly Death ! I shudder at the gloom
Of that uncertain Future, which the tomb
Shrouds, like an undrawn lot, within its urn.
O ! for a visible sign : one Angel voice
Heard audibly : or sure trust that in death
We sleep as ere we drew Life's primal breath,
For ever and for ever without morn.
Why was I fashioned thus, without my choice ?
I cry still—Would I never had been born.

Illustrations to Sonnet CXXX.

" Aye: but to die, and go we know not where
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling—'tis too horrible;
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Τὸν θάνατον τί φοβεῖθε, τὸν ἡσυχίης γενετῆρα,
τὸν παύοντα νόσους καὶ πενίης ὀδύνας;
μοῦνος ἅπαξ θνητοῖς παραγίνεται, οὐδέ ποτ᾽ αὐτὸν
εἶδέν τις θνητῶν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενον·
αἱ δὲ νόσοι πολλαὶ καὶ ποικίλαι, ἄλλοτ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἄλλον
ἐρχόμεναι θνητῶν, καὶ μεταβαλλόμεναι."—AGATHIAS.

" To die—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream! aye there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Ποίην τις βιότοιο τάμοι τρίβον; εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
νείκεα καὶ χαλεπαὶ πρήξιες· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
φροντίδες· ἐν δ᾽ ἀγροῖς καμάτων ἅλις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
τάρβος. ἐπὶ ξείνης δ᾽, ἢν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, δέος·
ἢν δ᾽ ἀπορῇς, ἀνιηρόν. ἔχεις γάμον; οὐκ ἀμέριμνος
ἔσσεαι. οὐ γαμέεις; ζήσῃ ἐρημότερος.
τέκνα, πόνοι· πήρωσις, ἄπαις βίος. αἱ νεότητες
ἄφρονες· αἱ πολιαὶ δ᾽ ἔμπαλιν ἀδρανέες.
ἦν ἄρα τοῖνδε δυοῖν ἑνὸς αἵρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέθαι
μηδέποτ᾽, ἢ τὸ θανεῖν αὐτίκα τικτόμενον."—POSIDIPPUS.

" Παντοίην βιότοιο τάμοις τριβον. εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
κύδεα καὶ πινυταὶ πρήξιες· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
ἄμπαυμ᾽· ἐν δ᾽ ἀγροῖς Φύσιος χάρις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ
κέρδος. ἐπὶ ξείνης, ἢν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, κλέος·
ἢν δ᾽ ἀπορῇς, μόνος οἶδας. ἔχεις γάμον; οἶκος ἄριστος
ἔσσεται· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῇς ἔτ᾽ ἐλαφρότερον.
τέκνα, πόθος· ἄφροντις ἄπαις βίος. αἱ νεότητες
ῥωμαλέαι· πολιαὶ δ᾽ ἔμπαλιν εὐσεβέες.
οὐκ ἄρα τῶν δισσῶν ἑνὸς αἵρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέθαι
μηδέποτ᾽, ἢ τὸ θανεῖν. πάντα γὰρ ἐθλὰ βίου."—
METRODORUS.

See also Job, chap. III, Lacon Part 2, Art. lxviii, and Meditations on Death and Eternity translated from the German by Frederica Rowan.

CXXXI.

Churchyard Thoughts—Angel Voices.

" Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth,
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."—MILTON.

" Τρὶς γαρ μύριοι ἔισιν ἐπὶ χθόνι πολυβοτείρῃ
ἀθάνατοι Ζ΄ηνος φ΄υλακες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων,
ὅι ῥα φυλάσσουσιν τε δίκας και σχέτλια ἔργα,
ἤερα ἐσσάμενοι πάντῃ φοιτῶντες ἐπ᾽αίαν." —HESIOD.

" O! there are genii in the air
And spirit in the midnight breeze."—SHELLEY,

" But O! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!
How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?"—SPENSER.

Are there not Angel voices quiring round
Life's mystery, more tuneful to our ears
And truer, than the music of the Spheres,
By Plato or Pythagoras fancy-found,
Harmonious, with con-centuous Muses crown'd?
The sleeping infant smileth when it hears
Their whisperings: their still small voice or cheers
Or chides the inner man when cares abound.
Hope, beckoning from her hill-top, trumpeteth;
With her weird-harp notes Memory gladdens Earth;
Faith shouts triumphant as a clarion-call;
From Charity what flute-like breathings fall!
A guardian Spirit heralds in Man's Birth,
And the last Angel that he hears is Death.

CXXXII.

Churchyard Thoughts—A Future State.

" An ficta in miseras descendit fabula gentes,
Et timor haud ultra quam rogus esse potest?"—PROPERTIUS.

" Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent."

" This world cannot explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another."—LACON.

" The desire of our nature, to solve so many problems requires immortality, and the many sorrows of this earth would be such a shocking dissonance in the world if it were not to find its solution in a higher harmony, namely, in the purification and development of personal individuality. This and other considerations render immortality, from our point of view, a subjective certainty —a conviction of the heart."—CARRIERE.

If Death were but returning to the state
Before Life wakened, man might smile at death;
But the heart's aspiration whispereth
Assured glad tidings of a future fate.
And if we meditate how envy, hate,
Uncharity, wrong, evil, hindereth
Life's equipoise, the Conscience questioneth,
Whether to fit, adjust, and compensate,
And from the stains caught in this world below
To cleanse the Soul's wings,* Justice, Mercy, Love,
Need not an everlasting world above?
If of Life's Book more than one page we know?
And, that the Volume may all open lie,
This mortal puts on immortality?

* See the curious story of Thespesius in Plutarch (*De serâ numinis vindictâ.*) He is said to have quitted the body for a time and to have roamed among souls. Returning afterwards to life, he related his experiences. Among the rest is the following curious account of the Soul's spots. " But the scars and " seams remain from the several vices, in some greater, in some less. Now " behold those various and diversified colours of souls: the dark and squalid " are the taint of illiberality and avarice. The blood red and fiery, of cruelty " and barbarity: the green, of intemperance and pleasures; the violet coloured " and lurid like the ink of the cuttle fish, of envy and malignity; for then the " wickedness of the soul, influenced by the passions, and influencing the body, " produces the colours. Here it is the end of the purification and punishments; " when these colours are thoroughly purged away, the soul becomes bright " and unsullied."

It occurs to me that this story and perhaps that Herus in the Republic of Plato (B X) furnished the rudiments of Dante's Hell. See also the curious speech of Cada Mosto to king Budome, Astley's Voyages, vol. i, p. 584.

CXXXIII.

Churchyard Thoughts—The Tempter's Hour.

"Then saith Jesus unto him, get thee hence, Satan, for it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve. Then the Devil leaveth him and behold, Angels came and ministered unto him."—
St. Matthew, *chap.* iv. *v.* 10, 11.

"Where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?—who has a breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?"—Shakespeare.

And yet how oft the Tempter hath his hour,
When Faith's eye droopeth and her wings up-fold,
When qualm on qualm, and fear on fearing, rolled,
Like clouds, storm-hurried, o'er the reason tower.
At the first darkening doubt the soul doth cower
And swift dethrones its Maker; faint and cold
Fades the designing Will; Chance seems to hold
Atoms obedient to its random power:
Hope fainteth, perisheth: the Soul's a name,
Born of, and dying with the bodily frame:
Sweet longings after immortality
Mere child-like fictions, dreamings false and fair;
Old revelation but a cruel lie;
A blank the Future; and this Life, despair.

CXXXIV.

Churchyard Thoughts—Exorcism.

"Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."—St. Matthew.

Not incantation, amulet, nor spell,
Not pyx, nor holy water sprinkled high,
Not incense burnt, nor music's melody,
Not fiery flame, nor candle, book, and bell,
Not all the fabled virtues thought to dwell
In gems,—carbuncle or chalcedony,
Sapphire or chrysolite—; nor charms that lie
In magic herbs cropped in the moonlit dell,
Rue or angelica ; not bead-told ban ;
Not the swift sword that smites in twain the air ;
Nor all the glamour of the Powers of Hell ;
Nor the sign'd cross can exorcise the fell
And evil spirit from the heart of man ;—
His one true conjuration stands in prayer.

CXXXV.

College Rooms—The Oriel Window.

"Retiring from the populous noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease."—Milton.

My dear old Window, wherethro' summer's air
Wafted the sweet scents of the garden flowers,
Whilst the broad elms beat off the sultry hours,
And thy deep-painted glass toned down the glare
With mellow'd golden lights, that used to share
My couch, with shade that fell in purple showers;
O! choicest and best loved of all rest's bowers,
How oft, amid my busiest toil and care,
Retreating fancy brings thee to my sight,
As some still vision of the peaceful night;
Magician's wand-waved circle; halcyon nest,
Floating in calm upon the billow's crest.
  To me these Sonnets, with their lights and glooms,
Are my Life's Oriel of old Merton rooms.

CXXXVI.

College Rooms—Study.

"These haunts are where they should be, at home, not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awakes man to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught."—MILTON.

" Ἠώς γαρ τ' ἔργοιο τρίτην ἀπομείρετον αἶσαν
Ἠώς τοι πρόφεροι μεν ὁδοῦ πρόφεροι δε και ἔργον."—
HESIOD.

" Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit deus;
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat."—HORACE.

Fling wide the casement, for the morning breeze
Already curls the mist upon the stream,
And o'er their half-built nests with welcome scream
The busy rooks fill all the neighbouring trees.
Be labour lighten'd by luxurious ease;
Up to the oriel window wheel the chair;
(Sweet aid to study the fresh morning air,)
And ponder tasks which please, or ought to please:—
Gaze happy round upon your pictur'd room—
Your own; for swiftly may the time draw nigh,
When homeless thou, in stifling city pent,
With spirit lustreless, and body bent,
Shalt rise each morning unrefresh'd, and sigh
Daily o'er real toil with hopeless gloom.

CXXXVII.

College Rooms—Digression.

"Time, Faith, Energy—the three friends that God hath given the poor."
—BULWER.

"Purus et insons,
(Ut me collaudem) si vivo et carus amicis,
Causa fuit pater his."—HORACE.

Not rightly with such thoughts, though they will rise,
Tempting the mind at times, like powers of Hell,
On my past lot or present may I dwell;
For every want from childhood hath a wise
Kind Providence supplied, and still supplies;
And though one heavy unexpected blow
Hath crush'd my perfect happiness below,
And half my heart with my dear Father lies,
And other links from the strong golden chain
Of daily intercourse are loos'ning fast,
How many blessings, undeserved, remain—
Hope, health, occasion! Sweeps upon my gaze
Honour, sure meed of life in labour past,
And sweeter far, a mother's pride and praise.

CXXXVIII.

Digression—My Father.

"They mourn the dead who live as they desire."—YOUNGE.

" Parva petunt manes : pietas pro munere grata est
Munere ; non avidos Styx habet ima Deos."—OVID.

" Vita mortuorum in memoria vivorum est posita."--CICERO,

" πλέιων χρόνος
ὅν δεῖ μ᾽ἀρέσκειν τοῖς κάτω τῶν ἔνθαδε,
ἐκει γὰρ ἀει κέισομαι."—SOPHOCLES.

" τον δὲ ᾽ἀποιχόμενον μνήμῃ τιμᾶτε, μὴ δάκρυσιν."—
DIO CHRYSOSTOM.

My Father! O my Father! not with tears
I mourn thy memory, though oft I check
The rising smile, as 'twere a sin to deck
The face with mirth, as in the happy years
When thou didst share my boyish hopes and fears;
Yet know I that thou wouldst not have me wreck
My buoyant spirit; for thy silent beck
Points forward, blessed spirit, while it cheers,
To true and lasting sorrow's surer test:
A heart of honour; hand of charity;
Temper that nought but other's wrongs may fire;
Devotion to the being thou lov'dst best;
A life spent like thine own—pure, holy, high;—
" Those mourn the dead who live as *they* desire."

CXXXIX.

Digression—My Father.

(Continued.)

" And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces. He took up also the mantel of Elijah that fell from him, and went back, and stood by the bank of Jordan."—2 Kings ii 12, 13.

As when the Prophet of old days was borne
On flaming-steeded chariot to the sky,
The mantle of his power and prophecy
Fell on his follower, and by him was worn;
So, Father, may thy spirit, from me torn,
Descend upon thy son, and sanctify.
Oh! glorious garb of human majesty,
Dipt in the light-springs of the Orient morn,
In which commingled honour, golden-bright;
Pure sinlessness; affection's purple gleam;
The blush for other's wrongs; the stainless white
Of charity: mirth, like a cheerful beam
Of early sun; faith, shedding holy light
O'er all the glowing robe, without a seam.

CXL.

Digression—Christmas Day in India. 1843.

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."—HORACE.

"Jamque dies, nisi fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum, sic di voluistis, habebo."—VIRGIL.

A year has vanish'd since the turban'd slave,
According to the custom of his clime,
Brought me his votive offerings: at that time,
Smiling, I look'd on what his service gave.
Why do I now, with aspect stern and grave,
Turn from his kindly action as a crime?
For the cool plantain and the gilded lime
Are beautiful as formerly, and wave
The flowers as freshly; kindlier than of yore
The hand that proffers. In myself the change.
Then, household joys bloom'd round me, never more
To flourish, and my Lost One smiled with me;
Now, while I gaze on names and faces strange,
My heart is on the waters of the sea.

[On Christmas day the Indian servants present their master with a tray of fruits and flowers, and one or more gilded limes.—The Romans had a similar custom. See Martial xiii. 27:

Aurea porrigitur Jani Caryota Calendis:
Sed tamen hoc munus pauperis esse solet.]

CXLI.

Digression—Indian Exile.

" Thus in the summer a tall flourishing tree,
Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaves
And blooming pride upon her, makes a show
Of spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossoms :
But not the sun with all her amorous smiles,
The dews of morning, or the tears of night,
Can root her fibres in the earth again ;
Or make her bosom kind, to growth and bearing ;
But the tree withers ; and those very beams,
That once were natural warmth to her soft verdure,
Dry up her sap, and shoot a fever through
The bark and rind, till she becomes a burden
To that which gave her life."—G. CHAPMAN.

" My sense perceives
This snowy jasmin whispering say,
How much more frolic, white and fair
In her green lattice she doth stand,
To enjoy the free and cooler air,
Than in the prison of a hand !"—FANSHAW.

" Omnis in Arctois populus quicunque pruinis
Nascitur, indomitus bellis, et martis amator.
Quicquid ad Eoos tractus mundique teporem
Labitur, emollit gentes clementia cœli."—LUCAN.

As goodly trees transplanted when their prime
Is o'er, do languish in a foreign land,
We English droop upon this Indian strand,
Wanting the sweet breath of our native clime :
Yea, all too soon our very thoughts do chime
To what rings round us, as the dyer's hand
To what it works in is subdued : we stand
The followers, not the leaders, of our time.
The Northern blasts heard Freedom's infant cry ;
The Southern sun bred Slavery's maggot brood ;
We Britons, tropic-tainted, tempted, fall :
Forget youth's earliest lesson, Liberty ;
Our nature change ; pride, flattery, our food ;
And don the Despot's look, and nod, and pall.

CXLII.

Digression—Heart-Yearnings.

" Ἅπας μὲν ἀὴρ αἰετῷ περάσιμος
Ἅπασα δὲ χθὼν ἀνδρὶ γενναίῳ πάτρις."—EURIPIDES.

" Omne solum forti patria est, ut piscibus æquor,
Ut volucri vacuo quicquid in orbe patet."—OVID.

" All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to the wise man, ports and happy havens."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Ἔλπις ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μόνη θεὸς ἐσθλὴ ἔνεστιν,
Ἄλλοι δ' ὄυλυμπον δ' ἐκπρολίποντες ἔβαον."—THEOGNIS.

Away, vain longings for my native land,
My home, my mother, and the thousand ties
That bind me to them with sweet sympathies
Of love and memory, a household band
Of natural yearnings, ere I be unmanned ;
For here, mid the cold looks of stranger eyes,
My destin'd path to name or nothing lies.
And, therefore, here, resolv'd, I take my stand
With aim to die, or conquer ; purpose stern
As his, the heroic Spaniard,* who could dare,
Mid hostile myriads, comrades for return
Half wavering, his little fleet to burn :
Wanting himself no spur, he with rash care
Cried, " Forward be our hope ; behind, despair !"

* Cortes.

CXLIII.

Digression—Faith.

"Be strong, and hope, and trust in the Lord, and he will comfort thee, and give thee thine heart's desire."—PSALM xxvii. 14.

"Pur che mi coscienza non mi garra
Che, alla fortuna, come vuol, son presto."—DANTE.

"Exstantesque procul medio de gurgite montes,
Classibus inter quos liber patet exitus, idem
Apparent; et longe divolsi licet, ingens
Insula conjunctis tamen ex his una videtur."—LUCRETIUS.

Be thou my watchword, Faith; and bold in thee,
As the first ocean-wanderer, will I steer
My course, where'er it leads, without a fear,
Over Life's dreary, lonely waste of sea;
Sure that kind Providence will cleave for me
A path, whatever danger shall appear,
So that my trust be steadfast, bright, and clear,
While I act boldly, wisely, warily:—
So sailed on Argo, where the threat'ning rocks,
Cyanean, barr'd, or seem'd to bar, her way,
Closing together with ship-crushing shocks—
Thus fabled many a Grecian poet's lay—
And found, fit prize of daring faith, with ease
A passage twixt the cleft Symplegades.

CXLIV.

Digression—Hope.

"Tabula in naufragio."

"Cures, sometimes for men's cares,
Flow where they least expect them."—THE BEGGAR'S BUSH.

"Ανηρ ἀτύχων σώζεται τοις ἔλπισι."—SOPHOCLES.

"Hœc dea cum fugerent sceleratas numina terras,
In dis invisâ sola remansit humo,
Hœc facit ut vivat vinctus quoque compede fossor,
Liberaque a ferro crura futura putat.
Hœc facit, ut videat cum terras undique nullas,
Naufragus in mediis brachia jactet aquis:
Sœpe aliquem sollers medicorum cura reliquit,
Nec spes huic venâ deficiente cadit,
Carcere dicuntur clausi sperare salutem,
Atque aliquis pendens in cruce vota facit."—OVID.

Almost they fail'd and fainted in the race,
Spain's iron sons,* who quail'd not to explore
Dread Ocean's terrors never tried before;
Almost had yielded the long fruitless chase,
Sick with heart-yearnings for their native place,
When past their foremost ship the billows bore,
Sure token of the long-expected shore,
A hawthorn branch, red-berried, with fresh trace
Of juicy sap, late from its parent torn.—
How often thus, when on Life's stormy sea,
Desponding, weary, lost, alone, forlorn,
Man sighs for rest, and dreams no harbour near,
God casts upon the wave, our souls to cheer,
A living branch pluckt from Hope's golden tree.

* The followers of Columbus.

CXLV.

Digression—At Sea, 1860.

"Sunk low, yet mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves."—MILTON.

"Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata neque ultra
Esse sinunt."—VIRGIL.

"Restore thy dead, thou Sea."—MRS. HEMANS.

"Nay, didst thou not against my own dear shore
Full break, last link between my land and me?
My absent friends talk in thy very roar,
In thy waves beat their friendly pulse I see;
And if I must not see my England more,
Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee."—THOMAS HOOD.

Bound homeward, after long years of exilè,
I sweep, O sea, across thy waves once more.
Not now I tremble when thy tempests roar,
Or gladden at thy countless-rippled smile.
One thought engrosseth my whole soul, the while
I peer into thy depths:—thou art the grave
Of him, the best and gentlest one, who gave
Me being—father—mortal without guile.
Thou art, O sea, too premature, the tomb
Of my best lov'd of brothers, fair, and young.
How my heart yearn'd to kiss again the bloom
On that dear cheek—curse on the stranger tongue
That bore the tidings of his ocean-sleep—
Help—hold me—or I plunge into the deep.

CXLVI.

College Rooms—The Wine Party.

"Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi."—HORACE.

"O! If this were seen;
The happiest youth viewing his progress through
What perils past, what crosses to be borne,
Would shut the book, and lay him down and die."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Why should we
Anticipate our sorrows? 'Tis like those
Who die for fear of death!"—DENHAM.

"τὸ μὴ μαθεῖν σοῦ κρεῖσσον ἢ μαθεῖν τάδε."—ÆSCHYLUS.

"Ah! fill the cup: what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our feet;
Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday,
Why fret about them if To day be sweet?"—OMAR KHAYYAM.

"Mallem nescire futura."—OVID.

Read on, boy—but let mirth alternate reign
With study:—let the jest that doth not bite
Pass when the ruddy flame and wine glow bright;
And of his scarlet coat the tyro vain
Flies o'er the brook and tempts the stile again;
Or the stout oarsman boasts his cutter's pace,
When, swift as shooting star, she won the race,
And shouts of welcome rose o'er all the plain;
Let thine old walls their modern bravery flaunt;
Play the boy-host with hospitable pride,
Blest in thine ignorance of coming years;
For if the impervious screen were drawn aside,
Quick would thy happy chamber be the haunt
Of longings vain, or unavailing fears.

See Note 15.

CXLVII.

College Rooms—The Vine.

"The first cup is for thirst, the second makes merry; the third for pleasure, the fourth makes mad."—PANYASIS *apud Athenæum.*

"οἶνος μεν θνητοῖσι Θεῶν παρὰ δῶρον ἄριστον,
πινόμενος κατὰ μέτρον· ὑπὲρ μετρον δε χέρειον."—PANYASIS,
ap: Athenæum.

"Anacharsis said, the vine has three fruits; the first pleasure, the second intoxication, the third remorse."—LAERTIUS.

"O, that men should put an enemy in their mouth to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!"—SHAKESPEARE.

When Noah planted in the Earth, that sprung
Bare from the Deluge, the Vine's primal root,
The teeming mother hugg'd, and bade it shoot
Sunward, until its spreading branches flung
Their marriage tendrils the fresh elms among,
And mellow Autumn saw the luscious fruit,
Clad in its different colour'd vintage suit,
With drooping clusters, white, gold, purple, hung.
The first, for man's delight and temperate use,
To cheer the heart, the parching palate cools:
The second, gushing forth in amber course,
Tempts us, and picks our brains, and leaves us fools:
But the third, blacker than the poppy's juice,
Rolls forth a sluggish flood, its dregs, Remorse.

Illustrations to Sonnet CXLVII.

"Wine is as good as life to a man, if it be drunk moderately: what is life then to a man that is without wine? for it was made to make men glad. Wine measurably drunk and in season bringeth gladness of the heart, and cheerfulness of the mind. But wine drunken with excess maketh bitterness of the mind, with brawling and quarrelling. Drunkenness increaseth the rage of a fool till he offend: it diminisheth strength, and maketh wounds. Rebuke not thy neighbour at the wine, and despise him not in his mirth: give him no despiteful words, and press not upon him with urging him to drink."—ECCLESIASTICUS, *chap.* xxxi. *v.* 27—31.

"O ye men, how exceeding strong is wine! it causeth all men to err that drink it: It maketh the mind of the king and of the fatherless child to be all one; of the bondman and of the freeman, of the poor man and of the rich: It turneth also every thought into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor debt: And it maketh every heart rich, so that a man remembereth neither king nor governor; and it maketh to speak all things by talents: And when they are in their cups, they forget their love both to friends and brethren, and a little after draw out swords: But when they are from the wine, they remember not what they have done."—1 ESDRAS, *chap.* iii. *v.* 18—23.

"*οἶνὸν τοι πίνειν πουλυν κακὸν· ἣν δὲ τὶς ἄυτον*
πίνῃ ἐπιστάμενος, ὀυ κακὸς, ἀλλ' ἄγαθος."—THEOGNIS.

"*οἶνός σε τρώει μελιηδής, ὅστε καὶ ἄλλους*
βλάπτει, ὅς ἄν μην χανδὸν ἕλῃ, μηδ' αἴσιμα πίνῃ."—HOMER.

"*Ἆι Νύμφαι τὸν Βάκχον, ὅτ' ἐκ πύρος ἥλαθ' ὁ κοῦρος*
νίψαν ὕπερ τέφρης ἀρτι κυλινδόμενον·
τοὔνεκα σὺν Νῦμφοις Βρόμιος φίλος· ἣν δε νιν εἴργῃ,
μίσγεσθαι, δεξῃ πυρ ἔτι καιόμενον."—MELEAGER.

"Every inordinate cup is unblessed; and the ingredient is a Devil."—
SHAKESPEARE.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—PROVERBS, *chap.* xxiii. *v.* 31, 32.

"Quid non ebrietas designat. Operta recludit,
Spes jubet esse ratas; ad prœlia trudit inertem;
Solicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes;
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum,
Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum?"—HORACE.

Olivia. "What's a drunken man like, fool?
Clown. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him."—
SHAKESPEARE.

CXLVIII.

College Rooms—
Mirth.

Welcome, in season, Mirth, becoming Mirth;
For laughter is the music of the soul:
The faint and lingering echo of the roll
Of that dread joy which Heaven felt for Earth,
When o'er Creation's new-accomplished birth
Pole shouted triumph to its fellow pole.
  Yet are there those who bid us always toll
Life's merry feast-bells, as for death or dearth.
  Mirth is to man, as to the bird its song;
Its ripple to the river; to the tree
The rustle of its foliage: their scent
Or fairy hues unto the flowery throng;
Its smile innumerable to the Sea;
Its twinkling stars unto the Firmament.

CXLIX.

College Rooms—The Reverie.

" Νέα γὰρ φρόντις οὐκ αλγεῖν φιλεῖ."—EURIPIDES.

" νεὸν νέοι κρατεῖτε, καὶ δοκεῖτε δη
ναιεῖν ἀπένθη πέργαμ'."—ÆSCHYLUS.

" τὸ γὰρ νεάζον ἐν τοιοῖσδε βόσκεται
χωροῖσιν αυτοῦ· καὶ νὶν ὀυ θάλπος Θέου,
οὐδ' ὄμβρος, οὐδε πνευμάτων οὐδεν κλονεῖ,
ἄλλ' ἥδονας ἄμοχθον ἕξαιρει βίον."—SOPHOCLES.

" πάρεστι γαρ ἔλπις ἑκάστω,
άνδρῶν ἤ τε νέων στήθεσιν εμφύεται
θνητῶν δ'ὄφρα τις ἄνθος ἔχει πολυήρατον ἥβης,
κοῦφον ἔχων θυμὸν, πόλλ' ἀτέλεστα νοει.
ὄυτε γαρ ἔλπιδ' ἔχει γηρασσέμεν, οὔτε θανεῖσθαι,
ὀυδ' ὑγιὴς ὅταν ᾖ, φρόντιδ' ἔχει καμάτου.
νήπιοι οἷς τάυτῃ κεῖται νοός, οὔδε τ' ἴσασιν
ὠς χρόνος εσθ' ἥβης κὰι βιότου ὀλίγος.
θνητοῖς ἀλλὰ σὺ τᾶυτα μαθὼν, βιότου ποτὶ τέρμα
ψυχῇ τῶν ἀγαθῶν τλῆθι χαριζόμενος."—SIMONIDES.

The merry group hath parted. The dark gleaming
Of the dull embers casts a fitful light
Through the old chamber but so lately bright
With gay lamps o'er the rich red-wine cups beaming.
Lo! with fixed eye and foot, the youth stands dreaming
Over his future life. Before his sight
Rises some new-born vision of delight,
And he is smiling at the shadowy seeming.
'Tis gone. The lips compress'd, and frowning brow,
Speak him in perils plung'd, of danger scornful.
A shade of grief is passing o'er him now;
Mark how it bends him down with leaden weight.
'Tis for some friend's imaginary fate,
Not for himself—*his* fate shall ne'er be mournful!

CL.

College Rooms—Pleasure.

" ἄλλοτε μητρόιη πέλει ἡμέρη, ἄλλοτε μήτηρ."—Hesiod.

" Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum, casus utrique
Error, sed variis illudit partibus omnes."

" Suæ non immemor artis,
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
Ignemque, horribilemque ferum fluviumque liquentem."—Virgil.

" When I consider Life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fool'd with Hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse, and, while it says, we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope Pleasure in what yet remain;
And, from the dregs of life, think to receive,
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired with waiting for this chemic Gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old."—Dryden.

Protean Pleasure! in how varied forms
Dost show thyself to mortals, and elude
Their ever closing grasp! In solitude
Some place thine eremite cell: more giddy swarms
Seek thee in cities: some in battle-storms:
Some mid the stars thy dreamy home have view'd,
And lost a life in speculative mood:—
Though cheating always, all thy hope still warms!
So in some starving city, through the gate,
When Famine overrides the wasted land,
Enter and issue, each a hopeful band,
Rustic and citizen; each thinks his fate
Leads on to plenty—though they press to gain
The barren paths the others tried in vain.*

[* Manzoni, in the *I Promessi Sposi*, draws a moving picture of this very circumstance happening during the famine of Milan, in the year 1603. Compare Charles V laying down the imperial crown and returning to a cloister after one of the busiest of lives, and Paul IV almost at the same moment leaving the cloister for the Papal Chair, full of the ambitious hopes of empire. *See Lacon Part* 2, *Art.* cix.]

CLI.

College Rooms—Vanity of Vanities.

"Lo tempo e poco omai che e ne concesso."—DANTE.

"Spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces."—HORACE.

"Οὐκ ἔστιν αὐτῶν ὅστις ἐξεπίσταται
Τὴν αὔριον μέλλουσαν, εἰ βιώσεται."—EURIPIDES.

"Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulchri
Immemor, struis domos."—HORACE.

"Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?"—HORACE.

"An potest quidquam esse absurdius, quam quo minus vitæ restat, eo plus viatici quærere?"—CICERO.

"Nemo est tam senex, ut se annum non putet posse vivere."—CICERO.

"Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt."—CÆSAR.

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."—YOUNGE.

"Even aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short time."—COWLEY.

"ἐσθλὸν μὲν παρέοντος ἕλεσθαι, πῆμα δὲ θυμῷ
χρηίζειν ἀπεόντος."—HESIOD.

Oft as Arachne o'er her meshes ran
When playful Zephyr broke the web apart,
With zeal as busy, and as tireless art,
The buoyant spirit of self-cheating Man
Intends fresh circles to his endless plan,
And still new dreams more wide-expanding start
To being from his visionary heart,
When nearly told the almost dwindled span.
Oh! vanity of vanities! fond strife,
Only death-ended; struggle from our prime,
To deem ourselves immortal; ever free
To scheme, to plot, to plan—yet what is life?
A shifting sand-drop in the glass of time;
Less than one pulse-beat of eternity.

CLII.

Anticipation.

" Venator sequitur fugientia, capta relinquit:
Semper et inventis ulteriora petit."—OVID.
" Sed cur fallaris cum sit nova grata voluptas?
Et capiant animos plus aliena suos?
Fertilior seges est alienis semper in agris,
Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet."—OVID.
" Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down;
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with unbated fire,
That he did pace them first? All things that are
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind;
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With overweathered ribs and ragged sails
Lean, rent, and beggared?"—SHAKESPEARE.
" Vidi ego nuper equum, contra sua vincla tenacem
Ore reluctanti fulminis ire modo;
Constitit ut primum concessas sensit habenas,
Frenaque in effusâ laxa jacere jubâ.
Nitimur in vetitum semper, cupimusque negata:
Sic interdictis imminet œger aquis."—OVID.
" Si nunquam Danaen habuisset aenea turris,
Non esset Danae de Jove facta parens."—OVID.
" Leporem venator ut alta
In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit,
Cantat; et apponit, Meus est amor huic similis; nam
Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat."—HORACE.
" Ὠγρευτὴς, Ἐπικυδὲς, ἐν ὄυρεσι πάντα λαγωὸν
Διφᾶ, και πάσης ἴχνια δορκαλίδος,
Στίβη και νιφετω κεκρημένος· ἢν δέ τις εἴπη·
Τῇ τόδε βέβληται θηείον· οὐκ ἔλαβεν:
Χ' ὀυμὸς ἔρως τοῖόσδε· τὰ μεν φρύγοντα διώκειν
Οἶδε, τάδ' εν μέσσω κείμενα παρπέταται."—CALLIMACHEUS.

'Tis an old-world saw that all pleasure's zest
Stands not in the fruition but pursuit:
No fruit so pleasant as forbidden fruit:
The gold dims e'en on Venus loosen'd cest:
The mountain hunters climb the loftiest crest;
The divers to the lowest bottom shoot:
The conqueror wept for a new world to loot;
So hotly while it lasts the chace is press't,
So soon the spoils, when won, are thrown aside;
Like an old trophy in a wilderness,—
Helm, plume and shield, war chariot, swords and spears—
Built up in heat and haste, with pomp and pride;
Then march'd away from: left for weeds to dress
The rotting arms, through lone and silent years.

CLIII.

Harrow.

"O! mihi prœteritos referat si Jupiter annos!"
"Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
*Stet fortuna domus;** et avi numerantur avorum."—VIRGIL.

"οἰμοι' τὶ δῆτα βροτοῖσιν οὐκ ἔστιν τόδε,
νέους δις εἶναι καὶ γέροντες ἂν πάλιν."—EURIPIDES.

If some good Fairy granted me to play
A chosen portion of my life again,
I would not ask an Oxford hour.—The vain
Attempt to ape the follies of the day,
How soon it palls; while ever fresh and gay
Riseth the vision of the school boy train
Who shouted, thoughtless, on dear Harrow's plain,
And clombe the hill when eve was growing grey.
Oh! for the careless days, the dreamless nights;
The broken bounds, the plunge into the pool:
The elastic feet that ne'er the leap refuse:
The Summer games, the Winter's mimic'd fights:
Oh! for the guileless friendships form'd at school,
The first shy whispers of the natural Muse.

* The Motto of Harrow School.

CLIV.

The Schoolmaster.

"Di, majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram,
Spirantesque crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver,
Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis
Esse loco."—JUVENAL.

"Quod enim munus reipublicæ afferre majus, meliusve possumus, quam si docemus, atque erudimus juventutem!"—CICERO.

Nor priest nor king doth holier office hold
Than the poor Tutor of the humblest school:
The heart his temple, o'er the head his rule:
The Age his mind re-stampeth manifold:
Though small his guerdon of the ruddy gold,
Rich, when the hair turns grey, the blood runs cool,
In mead of love, while men rehearse at Yule
To their own sons, their school-boy days of old.
  So Alexander, when the world was won,
Calling his youth up from behind the fight,
Wont, next his sire, his master to revere:
"Philip," quoth he, "the king of Macedon,
"Gave me my being: but the Stagyrite
"All that makes lovely life, and being dear."

CLV.

The Schoolmaster.

(Continued.)

" The root sincere, the branches bold to strive
With the fierce tempest, while, within the round
Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive;
As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,
Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,
The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom."—WORDSWORTH.

As some old elm, beneath whose fostering spread
That fends from off the grass the sun's hot glow,
The fairy little 'lords and ladies'* grow,
Deep purple these, those virgin white; dew-fed:
Or, as an ancient oak, whose branching head
Shadows the village green as far as know
Its searching roots to grasp the soil below;
Beneath whose shade twinkleth the glancing tread
Of playful children as they come and go:
Or hush'd, they con their task, a slow paced throng:—
So stands the tutor, who doth lift above
His charge a living canopy of love;
Happy within whose verge the nurslings grow
In spirit, as in stature, fair and strong.

[* The *Arum maculatum*, or Cuckoo point. I remember well how, when a child, I and my little brothers and sisters used to search the hedge-rows under the leafy elms, for these pretty plants. The purple were our 'Lords,' the white our 'Ladies.']

CLVI.

A Narrow Friendship. F. W. F.

"For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel."—MILTON.
"We were as twinned lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dreamed
That any did."—SHAKESPEARE.
"Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes.
Unum opus et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.
Non equidem hoc dubites, amborum fœdere certo
Consentire dies, et ab uno sidere duci."—PERSIUS.
"Qualis in aerii pellucens vertice montis
Rivus muscoso prosilit e lapide,
Qui cum de prona præceps est valle volutus;
Per medium densi transit iter populi."—CATULLUS.
"They stood aloof, the scars remaining
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary scene now flows between,
That neither heat nor frost nor thunder
Shall wholly do away I ween
The marks of that which once hath been."—COLERIDGE.
"Ἡ μὲν γὰρ θ'ὕδατι λιαρῷ ῥέει, αμφι δε καπνος
Γίνεται εξ αὐτῆς, ωσεν πῦρος ἀιθόμενοιο·
Ἡ δ'ἑτέρη θερει προρέει, εἴκυια χαλάζῃ
Ἢ χίονι ψυχρῇ, ἢ ἐξ ὕδατος κρυστάλλῳ."—HOMER.
"Nomen amicitia est; nomen inane Fides."—OVID.

You and I started in our boyhood's prime
With more than brother's love and harmony:
We studied the same books, and secretly
Our rival Muses tried their earliest rhyme:
We feigned kind letters from far foreign clime—
How soon we broke our troth; how faithlessly
Parted, and pass'd each other strangers by:—
Oh! for one hour of that dear olden time!
So on some hill-top, from a single source
Well up two streamlets; for a while they glide
In the bright sunshine sparkling side by side:
Too soon they leap to a divided course:
Each seeks, one East one West, its Ocean shore;
Ever diverging, and to meet no more.

CLVII.

Sympathy.

" Si quis in cœlum ascendisset, naturamque mundi et pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, insuavem illam admirationem ei fore, quæ jucundissima fuisset, nisi aliquem, cui narraret, habuisset."—CICERO.

" Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris."

" ἀγάθη δε παράιφασις ἔστιν ἑτάιρου."

" Secundas res splendidiores facit amicitia et adversas partiens communicansque leviores."—CICERO.

" Semper habe Pyladen qui consoletur Oresten,
Hic quoque amicitiæ non levis usus erit."—OVID.

" τὸ γὰρ εἰσλεύσσειν οἰκεῖα πάθη,
μηδενὸς ἄλλου παραπράξαντος,
μεγάλας ὀδύνας ὑποτείνει."—SOPHOCLES.

" Quod mihi des uni, cœlum, partire duobus,
Dimidium toto munere majus erit."—OVID.

" Naufragus ejectâ nudus rate, quærit eodem
Percussum telo, cui sua fata legat,
Grandine qui segetes et totum perdidit annum
In simili deflet tristia fata sinu;
Funera conciliant miseros, orbique parentes
Conjungunt gemitus, et facit hora pares."—PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Still with a friend life's fickle voyage share,
Whether thy silk sails be by zephyrs fann'd,
Or thou dost strain the oar with horny hand:
Thus, if the sea be calm, and clear the air,
Each beauty round thee shall appear more fair:
Thus, if the tempest threat 'mid rocks to strand
Thy pinnace, dauntless on the deck shall stand
Thy foot, and mutual aid protect the pair.
Our souls were wing'd to mate, and their young loves
In golden couplets yok'd, like Venus' doves.
Life is no Crusoe's isle, lone 'mid the main;
But a full Empire's capital and mart:
And home, a nest, where heart press'd warm to heart,
Doubles each pleasure, and divides each pain.

[Phillip de Commines told Charles Duke of Burgundy, first to pray to God, and then to lay himself open to some faithful friend.]

CLVIII.

Christ Church Walk from College Windows—Wellington.

"Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderet urbi."—LUCAN.

"Et notum pueris, et qui nondum ære lavantur."—JUVENAL.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon his like again."—SHAKESPEARE.

I will not forth, but mark, myself unseen,
From my deep window seat, the glittering throng
Of rank and beauty as it sweeps along
Christ-Church' broad walk embower'd in leafy green,
With stately steps and many a pause between.
To grace the triumph of her warrior son,
Who on a hundred fields hath fought and won,
In brave array of robes and silken sheen,
England hath gather'd there each noblest name
And fairest daughter: their concentred eyes
Pay homage to the chief of deathless fame,
Who from half Europe's victor snatch'd the prize
Of victory; bade war through nations cease;
For freedom drew, and sheath'd his sword, in peace.

[At the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of Oxford, the long and broad walk of Christ Church Meadows was of an evening so thronged with the numerous visitors, that it was literally next to impossible to keep moving amid the mass.]

CLIX.

Christ Church Walk from College Windows—Wellington.

(Continued.)

"Nec judicis ira, nec ignis,
Nec ferrum poterit, nec edax abolere vetustas."—Ovid.

"Quem nemo potuit ferro superare, nec auro."—Cicero.

"Quando ullum invenient parem?"—Horace.

I look again; and lo! as at the spell
Of wizard, melt his summon'd forms in air,
The crowd has vanish'd, and the path lies bare:
But though my presence did not help to swell
The many, Wellington, who thronged to tell
By bows their admiration of thy worth,
Did I not give in calm reflection birth
To more heart-homage, when I let me dwell,
Not on the glories of thine eagle eye,
But much revolving on thy life, did find
How one man by the force of constancy
Of purpose, love of country, courage, truth,
High loyalty, simplicity of mind,
Can draw the reverence of age and youth?

CLX.

On the Vanity of Reputation.

"Reputation! Thou art a word, no more!"—MAID'S TRAGEDY.

I saw a tall ship in a silent bay,
A warrior ship; with thunder clothed, her side:
Like a Leviathan upon the tide
Rock'd by the billows to his sleep, she lay;
And still the rustics gather'd, day by day,
To stare in wonder at her might and pride,
Till the majestic vessel seem'd to ride
Essential to the scene, so long her stay.
One morn we miss'd her: for a while the void
Fill'd us with mute and sorrowful despair,
Startling, as though the stately ship had been
A necessary feature of the scene;
But soon that silent bay our sense enjoy'd,
As though no ship had ever anchor'd there.

CLXI.

On the Vanity of Reputation.

(Continued.)

" Sufficit huic tumulus, cui non suffecerat orbis,
Res brevis huic ampla est cui fuit ampla brevis."—EPIT. IN ALEXAND.

" We cannot soon enough convince ourselves how very simply we may be dispensed with in the world. What important personages we conceive ourselves to be! We think it is we alone who animate the circle we move in; that in our absence, life, nourishment, and health will make a general pause: and, alas! the void which occurs is scarcely remarked, so soon is it filled up again." —GOETHE's *Wilhelm Meister*.

" φεῦ· τοῦ θάνοντος ὡς ταχεῖά τις βροτοῖς
χάρις διαρρεῖ, καὶ προδοῦσ' ἁλίσκεται."—SOPHOCLES.

O Ship! to me, much thinking, thine doth seem
The type and counterpart of human fate.
Thus is the mortal whom the world calls great.
Be he the dreamer of the poet's dream,
Warrior, or statesman, all men's mark and theme,
Loadstar and cynosure: he fills the State—
Nations as handmaids on his honour wait;
Him almost part of Nature's self we deem;
Empires convuls'd with him shall fall! He dies.
Vague sense of void pervades the social frame,
That pen is still'd for aye; tongue mute; sword sheath'd:—
Some few awhile feel grief; most but surprise:
And then—and then—the World wags on the same,
As though its just-lost wonder ne'er had breath'd!

CLXII.

On the Vanity of Reputation.

(Continued.)

"Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Mummy hath become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsam. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory."—HYDRIOTAPHIA

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi.—HORACE.

"Ὅταν εἰδέναι θέλῃς σεαυτὸν ὅστις εἶ,
Ἔμβλεψον εἰς τὰ μνήμαθ᾽, ὡς ὁδοιπορεῖς·
Ἐνταῦθ᾽ ἔνεστιν ὀστέα καὶ κούφη κόνις
Ἀνδρῶν βασιλέων καὶ τυράννων καὶ σοφῶν,
Καὶ μέγα φρονούντων ἐπὶ γένει καὶ χρήμασιν,
Αὐτῶν τε δόξῃ, τῷ τε κάλλει σωμάτων·
Καὶ οὐδὲν αὐτῶν τῶνδ᾽ ἐπήρκεσεν χρόνον,
Κοινὸν τὸν ἅδην ἔσχον οἱ πάντες βροτοί.
Πρὸς ταῦθ᾽ ὁρῶν γίνωσκε σαυτὸν ὅστις εἶ."—MENANDER.

How vain man's longing for his name to last
Among the Nations! 'Tis a chance at best!
How many, pray, survive the Flood? Unguest,
The builders of the Pyramids sleep fast!*
The fame of Hannibal is nearly past!
Is half the world by Shakespeare's muse imprest?†
See Zoroaster, a mere word, possess'd
Of six bold owners, each a nation vast!
Lo! Gordian's five-tongu'd epitaph is mute!
What then? Should all life's noblest aims be spurn'd;
Praise cease to emulate, bright honour pall;
Man sink down to the level of the brute?
Nay, do thy duty where thy lot may fall;
Praise not the motive, though it may be earn'd.

* Livingstone relates that the Bechuanas, an African tribe, bury their chiefs in their cattle pens, and trail the cattle over the ground for hours, to stamp out all traces of the grave. Are they not wiser in their generation than the builders of the Pyramids? The Nicaraguans in South America used to break images over their burial places. On the Spanish asking them the reason of this custom, they replied "that our memory may remain for twenty or thirty days and after that it perishes in these parts."

† Petrarch in one of his letters says that in his time there were not ten persons in Italy who knew how to value Homer; five in Florence, one in Bologna, two in Verona, one in Mantua, one in Borgia, but none in Rome!

Illustrations to Sonnet CLXII.

" Ninus, the Assyrian, had an ocean of gold, and other riches more than the sand in the Caspian sea; he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it; he never stirred up the holy fire among the Magi, nor touched his god with the sacred rod according to the laws; he never offered sacrifice, nor worshipped the deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to his people, nor numbered them; but he was most valiant to eat and drink, and, having mingled his wines, he threw the rest upon the stones. This man is dead: behold his sepulchre; and now hear where Ninus is. Sometime I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man; but now am nothing but clay. I have nothing but what I did eat, and what I served to myself in lust, that was and is all my portion. The wealth with which I was esteemed blessed, my enemies, meeting together, shall bear away, as the mad Thyades carry a raw goat. I am gone to hell; and when I went thither, I neither carried gold, nor horse, nor silver chariot, I that wore a mitre, am now a little heap of dust."—Jeremy Taylor.

" Præterea meminimus quanto majore animo honestatis fructus in conscientiâ, quam in famâ, reponatur. Sequi enim gloria, non appeti, debet: nec, si casu aliquo non sequatur, idcirco, quod gloriam meruit, minus pulchrum est."—Pliny.

" Or if we do applaud, honour, and admire, *quota pars*, how small a part, in respect of the whole world, never so much as hear our names, how few take notice of us, how slender a tract, as slight as Alcibiades land in a map! And yet every man must and will be immortal, as he hopes, and extends his fame to our antipodes, whereas half, no not a quarter of his own province or city neither knows nor hears of him: but say they did, what's a city to a kingdom, a kingdom to Europe, Europe to the world, the world itself that must have an end, if compared to the least visible star in the firmament, eighteen times bigger than it? And then, if those stars be infinite, and every star there be a sun, as some will, and as this sun of ours, hath planets about him all inhabited, what proportion bear we to them and where's our glory?"—Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

" *τι δὲ καὶ ἔστιν ὅλως τὸ ἀείμνηστον; ὅλον κενόν.*"

" Nam neque Pyramidum sumtus ad sidera ducti,
 Nec Jovis Elei cælum imitata domus,
Nec mausolei dives fortuna sepulchri
 Mortis ab extrema conditione vacat.
Aut illis flamma, aut imber subducet honores,
 Annorum aut ictu pondera victa ruent."—Propertius.

" The world knows nothing of its greatest men."—Philip Von Artvelde.

" *τὶ δῆτα δόξης ἢ τι κλήδονος καλῆς*
ματὴν ῥεούσης ὠφέλημα γίγνεται."—Sophocles.

" I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
" My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away."—Shelley.

CLXIII.

On the Vanity of Reputation.

(Continued.)

" At my death I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph, not so much as the bare memory of my name be found anywhere but in the universal register of God."—Sir T. Brown.

" Post cineres gloria sera venit."—Martial.

" Cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex."—Seneca.

" Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world: nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all judging love,
As he pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much fame in Heaven expect the meed."—Milton.

In childhood I remember I did fear
Death as a spectre; then I long'd, a boy,
To bask for ever in the sun's warm joy;
To stroll o'er meads, and lie by streamlet clear,
Holding my being for mere being dear:
Next dreamt I love's delights could never cloy,
And clung to life for its most foolish toy:
Then did I grudge each quickly closing year,
Lest I should fall, or ere my name was known
Far as the poles, coëval with all time,
Deeming obscurity a curse or crime:
Now, fameless, could I die without a groan.
What should it profit me, in death, to be
The mightiest name in this world's history?

CLXIV.

On the Vanity of Reputation.

" Nec vixisse male qui natus moriensque fefellit."—Horace.
" Crede mihi bene qui latuit bene vixit."—Ovid.

" I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble living in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,
And wear a golden crown."—Shakespeare.

" Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum."—Horace

" O! vitæ tuta facultas,
Pauperies angustique lares! O! munera nondum
Intellecta dium."—Lucan.

" And some there be, which have no memorial; who are perished, as though they had never been; and are become as though they had never been born; and their children after them. But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten."—Ecclesiasticus, *chap.* xliv. *v.* 9, 10.

" Ἀνθρώπων δ'άψεκτος ἐπι χθόνι γείνεται ὄυδεις,
αλλ', ὅς λωίος, ὅς μὴ πλεόνεσσι μελει."—Theognis.

" ζηλῶ δ'ἄνδρων ὁς, ἀκίνδυνον
βίον ἐξεπαρασ' ἄγνως ἀκλεης,
Τοῦς δ'ἐν τιμαῖς ἧσσον ζηλῶ."—Euripides.

" δοκῶ δὲ τοῖς θανοῦσι διαφέρειν βραχὺ,
εἰ πλουσίων τις τεύξεται κτερισμάτων."—Euripides.

" Ah what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade
(All which secure and sweetly he enjoys),
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchéd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him."—Shakespeare.

Happy the Poor, who pass through life unknown,
In their free mountains, unfrequented dells,
Far from the crowded streets and studious cells—
Few wants are theirs, small lore, save to have sown
In seed-time, gather when their crops have grown;
Ambition haunts them not; Peace with them dwells,
Guest undisturbed, when War's worst tempest swells,
And topples down the altar and the throne.
Happy the Poor, who leave behind no name,
To after generations, of life spent
Questing for wealth, or on the giddy steep
Of exaltation chronicled by Fame;
Who need in death no brazen monument;
But side by side in elmy churchyards sleep.

CLXV.

The Theatre—Inauguration of the Duke of Wellington.

" Plausibus ex ipsis populi lætoque furore
Ingenium quodvis incaluisse potest."—Ovid.

How oft the glorious pageant floats across
My memory like some remembered dream;
The gay parterres of Youth and Beauty gleam
Radiant in colours as the summer gloss
Of flowery beds: what golden bars emboss
The robes of state: the scarlet-gown'd ones stream
Up to the Chancellor, who sits supreme,
Centre, and cynosure: the roaring *los*
Of the mad Gall'ries echoes to the roof.
Why was this man of Iron singled forth
To guard the halls of Learning, which in youth
He courted not? Brave Oxford, 'twas thy proof
Of homage, not for valour, rank, or birth,
But single-hearted honesty and truth.

CLXVI.

The Theatre—The Newdigate.

"Fregit subsellia versu."—JUVENAL.

I the grand pageant as a pageant viewed;
My cheers, if any, rang not from the heart:
I gazed down coldly on the crowd, apart,
Companionless amid the multitude,
Half cynical in my contemptuous mood;
But with strain'd eyes, and tell-tale blush, and start,
Breathlessly listened, when the Poet's art,
Hurl'd from the rostrum, every tongue subdued.
  Thrice I essayed to snatch the prize, and sung
How thou did'st scale Alps' peaks, Napoleon;
How first romantic Gipsies rov'd among
All nations; their strange manners, rites, and tongue:
And how the knightly banners of St. John
Waved over Malta, Rhodes, and Ascalon.

CLXVII.

Isis.

> " Lo, your loved Isis, from the bordering vale,
> With all a mother's fondness bids you hail."—Warton.

River, who with thy two soul-stirring names,
Speak'st, one of Rhedicyna's youthful dream,
And one of Commerce', Empire's mighty stream
At proud Augusta's foot; Isis, and Thames:
From Godstow, where the fairest of frail dames,
Ros'mund, with epitaph uncourteous lies,
Down to the reach where the tired skiffer ties
His boat for Newnham's summer feast and games,
These are the limits of *my* Isis: there,
Or up, or down, I cleft my swift-oared way
Nightly, alone, with little heed or care,
Through the full stream with racing cutters gay;
Oft laughing at the imperious steersman's shout,
As from his very bows I glided out!

[Fair Rosamund's most ungallant epitaph is too well known to require quotation. At Newnham, the seat of the Harcourt family, some six miles below Oxford, the kindness of the proprietor had appropriated a small lawn and cottage on the bank of the river to picnic parties, and many a curious scene has taken place there, some (an' I might tell tales out of school) to my own knowledge. The " rule of the river" compelled the smaller always to give way to the bigger boat; and very big gentlemen, indeed, the steersmen of the eight-oared racing boats thought themselves while shouting " Look ahead," to the poor, humble skiffer. It was not an unfrequent joke with the skilful skiffer, to wait until the boat was nearly upon him, and then, by a sudden and dexterous turn, get out from the very bows of the impending danger. I am, at the same time, free to confess, that the tables were frequently turned, the skiff being cut in two, and its late occupant left to sink or swim, according to his ability.]

CLXVIII.

The Silver Tassel.

" Caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tantum emetiris acervo?"—Horace.

The silver Tassel! Like the girls of old,
Who, when their town was sieged, its weapons spent,
Bar'd each her neck and arms of ornament,
To tip her brother's, lover's darts with gold,*
Thou, Merton,† when the monarch Charles unroll'd
O'er Oxford walls his banner to the sky,
And gather'd round him all his chivalry,
(Too weak a phalanx to beat down the bold
Fanátic blade of Liberty), didst bring
Thy treasures, massy salver, flask of price,
A loyal gift to the beleaguer'd king:—
Then did the grateful monarch bade be worn
The silver tassel on thy cap, device
In these all-levelling days no longer borne.

* I cannot recall to memory the siege at which this happened. When Sultan Mahmood was advancing from Ghiznee, A. D. 1008, to attack Anundpal, Rajah of Lahore, the Rajahs of Oojein, Gualior, Kalunjur, Kunowy, Delhi and Ajmeer advanced towards the Punjab to meet him with the greatest army that had yet taken the field. The Hindoo females on this occasion sold their jewels, and melted down their gold ornaments, to furnish resources for the war.

† When Charles I. was besieged in Oxford, Merton, Magdalene, and some other college whose name has escaped me, gave him all their plate, to defray the expenses of his army. In return, the monarch gave a silver tassel, to be worn as a memorial by the men of these colleges.

CLXIX.

The Porphyry Vase.

P. John. "And here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity."

"The word of peace is render'd. Hark! how they shout."—SHAKESPEARE.

I dreamt a dream—'Twas night—methought I stood
Within the Warden's Hall, while flambeaux round
Cast ruddy radiance on the walls and ground:
A porphyry vase, grass-green, but veined with blood,
Rose from the pavement in the full light's flood;
Wine from it spouted high with sparkling bound,
And fell back pattering with a rain-like sound;
The kings of Europe, linked in brotherhood,
Circled the spot, robed, jewelled, scepter'd, crown'd.
Each in the vase his golden goblet drown'd,
Then rais'd it beaded to the brim:—rang out
Trump, kettle-drum, and cannon; and this shout
Rose from the crowd, black-hooded, scarlet-gown'd:
"Good-will to men; and Peace all earth throughout."

[This is the vase alluded to in the note to the third Sonnet. I have taken the poetical licence of picturing an event which, of course, never really happened—the allied sovereigns pledging peace.]

CLXX.

The Garden.

" Nothing is constant, but in constant change,
What's done is still undone, and when undone,
Into some other fashion doth it range;
Thus goes this floating world beneath the sun."—DRUMMOND.

" Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum."—LUCRETIUS.

" Look at the earth, the streams, the clouds, the sky,
Lo! all is interchange and harmony."—ELLIOTT.

" Look Nature through, 'tis revolution all:
All change, no death: day follows night, and night
The dying day: stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers
Droops into pallid Autumn; Winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the Spring; soft Spring with breath
Favonian from warm chambers of the South
Recalls the first. All to reflourish fades,
As in a wheel all sinks to reascend;
Emblems of man who passes, not expires."—YOUNGE.

" See dying vegetables life sustain,
In life dissolving vegetate again,
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole:
One all extending all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least,
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown."—POPE.

" Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable sauces: two dishes but to one table. That's the end. A man may fish with a worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm."—SHAKESPEARE.

Garden! mid thee in my reflective hours
Did fancy follow oft her vagrant mood;
And chief, I do remember I pursued
This quaint thought once among thy lawns and flowers.
'Twas mid-day in mid June, and sultry showers
Fell fast on the dry sward: then did I trace
One essence varied through all Nature's face.
Dews rise from earth to clouds: they fall in dowers
Of beauty on her herbage; flocks and herds
Live on this pasturage—insects and birds:
They and their produce nourish Man; and Man,
Who walks this earth like a Divinity,
Becomes the soil from which the round began—
Strange union, interchange, and mystery!*

See Note 16.

CLXXI.

Reflection on the Foregoing.

" To preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities is as great a miracle as to create him. To preserve him from rushing to nothing, and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally the issues of an Almighty Power."—TAYLOR'S *Holy Living and Dying.*

" Those strange and mystical transmigrations that I have observed in silkworms, turned my philosophy into divinity. There is in their works of nature which seem to puzzle reason, something divine; and hath more in it than the eye of a common spectator doth discover."—SIR T. BROWN'S *Relig. Med.*

" Non v'accorgete voi, che noi siam vermi,
Nati a formar l'angelica farfalla?"—DANTE.

" *φύσις ὄυδενος ἔστιν ἅπαντων*
θνητῶν, ὄυδε τις ὀυλομενον θανατοιο τελέυτη,
ἀλλὰ μονὸν μίξις τε διαλλάξις τε μίγεντων
ἔστι, φύσις δε βροτοῖς ὀνομάζεται ἀνθρῶποισι."—
EMPEDOCLES.

" Can it be?
Matter immortal! And shall Spirit die?
Above the nobler shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man, be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain on which he feeds?"—YOUNGE.

Idle and earthly thought! yet not all vain,
If, while I mark how all things suffer change,
And at their dissolution do but range
Into some varied form, I learn to train
Upward my speculation, till I gain
Knowledge of His frugality, more strange
Perchance than power to make and first arrange.
Things once create, themselves produce again!
Wonderful dispensation! strong to turn
Bold scoffer, timid sceptic; symbolling
That souls not perish though the body die;
Hence let the Sadducee-at-heart discern
In death the chrysalis state, whence Man shall spring
Buoyant on wings of immortality.

See Note 17.

CLXXII.

Garden Thoughts—Insect Life.

> "Gradual from these what numerous kinds descend,
> Evading even the microscopic eye.
> Full nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
> Of animals or atoms organized."—THOMSON.

God dwells not only in the vast and grand,
Thunder and storms, and in the pathless sea,
The high sun riding in its majesty,
And stars as countless as the sea-shore sand;
But in the infinitely small His hand
Is ever present: His the honey bee
Probing the summer cowslip: His the free
Bold commonwealth of ants, a workman band:
His the lens-open'd world of insect life;
And doubtless tinier myriad forms that fill
Water and air; each with distinctive frame,
And organs all appropriate; fit for strife,
Labour, enjoyment.* All to being came,
And have their ends from one Almighty Will.

* See Note 18.

CLXXIII.

Garden Thoughts—Chance.

" Pulchritudo mundi, ordo rerum cœlestium, conversio solis siderumque omnium indicant satis aspectu ipso ea omnia non esse fortuita."—CICERO.

" Grant that the Sun had happened to prefer
A foot askant but one diameter,
Lost to the light by that unhappy space
This globe had lain a frozen lonesome mass."—BLACKMORE.

" All Nature is but art unknown to thee,
And Chance, direction which thou can'st not see."—POPE.

" Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best."—LONGFELLOW.

" Totam infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem."—VIRGIL.

" Vel capellus habet umbram suam."—PUBL. SYRIUS.

" Hanc igitur in stellis constantiam, hanc tantam tam variis curribus in omni œternitate convenientiam non possum intelligere sine mente, ratione, consilio."—CICERO.

" With Earth's first clay They did the last man knead,
And then of the last harvest sowed the seed:
Yea, the first morning of Creation wrote
What the last dawn of reckoning shall end."—OMAR KHAYOON.

" The Heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insistance, course, proportion, season form,
Office and custom in all line of order."—SHAKESPEARE.

" The lowest round on earth, the topmost on the sky."—DRYDEN.

" Un seul pas trouble souvent la marche du Tems."—CONDORCET.

" χωρὶς γὰρ ταύτης, οὔτε τῶν κατὰ λόγον, οὔτε τῶν παρὰ λόγον εἶναι δοκούντων οὐδὲν οἷόν τε συντελεσθῆναι."—
POLYBIUS.

Throughout the Universe is Chance unknown:
Less near or nearer to the Sun, this Earth
Were all unfitted for man's place of birth:
Suns and their systems, stars and comets own
One law; to each was its own orbit shown.
All seeming accidents of little worth,
All deeds, events; each thought of woe or mirth,
Springs from its sire, since Adam walk'd alone
In Paradise, as man succeeds to man,
In Time's complete though ravell'd pedigree.
There is but one *first* cause: more cannot be:
Such unity and harmony of plan
Are His, that e'en a pebble's shifting here
Is felt through all Creation's boundless sphere.

See Note 19.

CLXXIV.

Garden Thoughts—Free-will and Destiny.

" Man is free, like a bird in a cage; he can move within certain limits."—
LAVATER.

" It may be offensive to our pride, but it is none the less true, that, in his social progress, the free-will of which man so boasts himself in his individual capacity disappears as an active influence, and the domination of general and inflexible laws becomes manifest. The free-will of the individual is supplanted by instinct and automatism in the race. To each individual bee the career is open; he may taste of this flower, and avoid that; he may be industrious in the garden, or idle away his time in the air; but the history of one hive is the history of another hive; there will be a predestined organization—the queen, the drones, the workers. In the midst of a thousand unforeseen, uncalculated, variable acts, a definite result, with unerring certainty, emerges; the combs are built in a preordained way, and filled with honey at last. From bees, and wasps, and ants, and birds—from all that low animal life on which he looks with such supercilious contempt, man is destined one day to learn what in truth he really is."—DRAPER.

To men hath been vouchsafed Free-will; but Man,
Whate'er his age or race, works out by force
Of universal laws his destined course:
From Faith, through Doubt, to Reason, hath he ran,
And runneth—Infancy, Youth, Age—his span:—
Fate's puppet and automaton, his source
Of action lies beyond ken or remorse,
And ruined Empires monument God's plan.
Yet is the Individual fancy-free
To shape and round at will his little hour:—
Even so, the comb still swelleth in the hives,
Pattern'd by Order, though each honey-bee
Kisseth or scorneth at his choice each flower,
Murmurs on thyme, or in the fox-glove dives.

CLXXV.

Garden Thoughts—Swedenborg.

"Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark, what discord follows."—Shakespeare.

"From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike."—Pope.

"Jupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris."—Lucan.

"The man whose universal eye
Hath swept at once the unbounded scheme of things."—Thomson.

"It is to the praise and glory of God, and for the benefit of our brethren that we study the nature of created things. In all of them, not only in the harmonious formation of every single creature, but likewise in the beauty of different forms, we can and we ought to admire the majesty and the wisdom of God."—Albertus Magnus.

How just his view, the mystic Swede who saw
Nature in all her forms herself repeat;
And, dragging from its innermost retreat
Each faint resemblance, traced harmonious law
Run, like a single thread without a flaw,
Throughout creation; uniform, complete;
And so clomb, strand by strand, unto the seat
Of perfect Godhead, through all things that are.
All the material was to him unfurl'd,
The flag, type, symbol, of the viewless world.
He read in stones, plants, man, sun, moon, stars, climes,
The same face many-mask'd; Nature's own rhymes;
Close linking by form, series, degree,
The soul to Heav'n, in sweet philosophy.*

* The chain of Being is not by any means an accurate term. Creation cannot be traced link by link. It has been justly and beautifully likened to chain armour, where each link has, as it were, a certain connexion with all the others.

CLXXVI.

Garden Thoughts—The Telescope and Microscope.

" In the vast and the minute we see
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to the insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling world."—COWPER.

" See though this air, this Ocean and this Earth
All matter quick and bursting into birth :
Above, how high progressive life may go,
Around, how wide ; how deep extend below !
Vast chain of Being, which from God began,
Nature's etherial, human ; angel, man ;
Beast, bird, fish, insect, which no eye may see,
No glass can reach from Infinite to Thee,
From Thee to nothing."—POPE.

" Say not then I will hide myself from the Lord : shall any remember me from above? I shall not be remembered among so many people, for what is my soul among an infinite number of creatures?"—ECCL. *chap.* xvi. *v.* 17.

" Animalia sunt jam partim tantula, eorum
Tertia pars nulla est possit ratione videri
Horum intestinum quodvis quale esse putandum est?
Quid cordis globus aut oculi? quid membra, quid artus?
Quantula sunt? quid prœterea primordia quæque
Unde anima atque animi constet natura, necesse est."—LUCRETUS.

There are no limits to God's works : the bound
Is but man's ignorance : new lenses yield
New stars in myriads : pool, tree, flower, and field,
Search'd by the subtle Microscope around,
With life, invisible before, abound,
In radiant plumage cloth'd, or burnish'd shield.
The drop of water stands a World reveal'd,
Teeming with creatures like the Deep profound.
  Pilgrims of Science ! as ye forward press,
No frontier wall your progress on denies ;
The hazy distance clears ; the horizon flies :—
  Though 'mid Creation's widening circle, man
Feels his pride sink, and dwarfs to nothingness,
No atom is uncared for in Love's plan.

CLXXVII.

Garden Thoughts—Omne ab ovo.

" Ατε γὰρ τῆς φυσέως ἁπασῆς συγγενοῦς οὔσης, καὶ μεμαθήκυιας τῆς ψυχῆς ἅπαντα οὔδεν κωλύει ἓν μονὸν ἀναμνήσθεντα, ὅ δὴ μάθησιν κάλουσιν ἄνθρωποι, τάλλα πάντα αὔτον ἀνευρεῖν, εἀν τὶς ἄνδρειος ᾖ καὶ ἀποκάμνη ζήτων."—PLATO.

Upward or downward, whencesoe'er we start,
From thought or matter, from the dim star-dust,
Or from this planet's inorganic crust,
The mite unveil'd by microscopic art,
Or the emotions of the human heart,
Induction or analysis our trust,
To this conclusion come at last we must:
The universe one whole; man but a part:
Complex and various though its wonders be;
Antagonist its struggles; death with youth;
Sameness with change; with ceaseless motion rest:*
So uniform is its simplicity,
That though the riddle was not read nor guess'd,
The Orphic fragment hints perchance the truth.†

* See Note 20. † See Note 21.

CLXXVIII.

Garden Thoughts—God's Love.

"If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in Hell, behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day, the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."—cxxxv. PSALMS, *vs.* 8—12.

"God is eternal and infinite; that is, he endures from eternity to eternity, and is present from infinity to infinity. He is not eternity and infinity, but eternal and infinite. He is not duration and space, but he endures and is present. He endures always and is present everywhere, and by existing always and everywhere He constitutes duration and space."—SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

There is no measure for God's love: the height
Of Heaven, and all the stars the eye can trace
Thick cluster'd in the dreamy realms of space,
Gems on the brow of that dark beauty, Night;
The unbroken length of rapid-pencill'd light;
The Sea's unfathomable depth; the race
Endless of billows that each other chase
Athwart its surface: all the golden-bright
And wrinkled sands that on its carpet lie;
The autumnal leaves that in the forest fall;
These equal not half Love's immensity.
  Each dew-drop's crystal to the Sun above
Holds a full mirror; but more marvellous Love
Shines in each atom, and contains them all.

CLXXIX.

Garden Thoughts—Humboldt.

"Beginning with the depths of space and the regions of remotest nebulæ we will gradually descend through the starry zone to which our solar system belongs, to our own terrestrial spheroid, circled by air and ocean, there to direct our attention to its form, temperature, and magnetic tension, and to consider the fulness of organic life unfolding itself upon its surface beneath the vivifying influence of light."—COSMOS.

"ὁ κόσμος οὗτος μία πόλις ἐστι."—EPICTETUS.

Sage of the all-pervading glance, thy flight
Upward, to highest heav'n, then earthward, down,
Is as the aged eagle's, who, when frown
The thunder-clouds o'er Dawalghiri's height,
Bathes his bold plumage in the flashing light;
While, to the gazers but a speck of brown,
He sails high o'er the loftiest peaks that crown
The globe stretch'd map-like out beneath his sight.
Thence, scans the airy ocean, in whose deeps
The orb below him floats, to its far bound:
Then, all undizzied and majestic, sweeps
In ever-lowering circles, easy round,
Until he folds his wings, without a shock,
And lights in safety on the barren rock.

CLXXX.

Garden Thoughts—The Origin of Life.

"Da Fidei, quæ Fidei sunt."—BACON.

"And hardly dare guess aright at things that are upon Earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us: but the things that are in Heaven, who hath searched out."—WISDOM, *chap.* ix. *v.* 26.

"He garnished his works for ever; and in His hand are the chief of them with all generations: they neither labour nor are weary, nor cease from their works. None of them hindereth another, and they shall never disobey his word."—ECCL. *chap.* xvi. *v.* 27, 28.

"The mystery of mysteries, the first appearance of Life upon this planet."—HERSCHEL.

There are who hold that when the World was young,
Successive miracles by God were wrought
Whene'er new creatures into life were brought,
Till, to complete the scheme, Man last was flung,
A living Soul, instinctive brutes among:—
There are who say but once the omniscient Thought
O'er the void brooded. Then the spark was caught
Which vivified thenceforth all forms that sprung,
Scale over gradual scale: The Almighty saw
All things were good, and work'd thenceforth by Law,
Not special interference. Why should man
Dispute about the method of His plan?
Enough 'tis His. I stand with him who saith,
'Give unto Faith the things that are of Faith!'

CLXXXI.

Garden Thoughts—Inductive Philosophy.

"It is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained; which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-post to-morrow."—MACAULAY'S *Essay on Bacon.*

Search on: nor tremble lest presumption wake
Thy Maker's wrath: by His foot-prints to trace
The path back, till we meet Him face to face,
Was the hope whispered Adam, forc'd to take
His way from Eden: so the Angel spake.
  Interrogated Nature loves to chase
The clouds of mystery that veil its base,
And roll them up, till on man's vision break
Its summit glories, where dwells perfect Light.
  Who, if he found him crouching in a cave,
Girt round with solitude and shades of night,
Would sit the dull-eyed victim of despair,
While through a chink there gleam'd a ray to save
And lead, if follow'd, to the blessed air?

See Note 22.

Illustrations to Sonnet CLXXXI.

" Seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

" For now we see as through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face. Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known."—I CORINTHIANS, *chap*. xiii. *v*. 12.

" *τὸν δ᾽ἄνθρωπον θεάτην ἐισήγαγεν αυτο͂υ τε καὶ τῶν ἔργων τῶν ἀυτο͂υ· καὶ ὀυ μονον θεάτην, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐξηγήτην ἀυτῶν.*"—
EPICTETUS.

" *τέλος τῆς ὁδοῦ οὐκ ὅ οὐρανὸς, οὖδε τὰ ἐντῶ ὀυρανῶ σώματα καλὰ μὲν γὰρ ταῦτα καὶ θεσπέσια ἅτε εκεινου εγγονα ἀκριβη καὶ γνήσια, καὶ πρὸς τὸ καλλιστον ἡρμόσμενα, ἀλλὰ καὶ τόυτων ἐπέκεινα ἔλθειν δεῖ καὶ ὕπέρκρυψαι το͂υ ὀυρανο͂υ εἰς τὸν ἀληθῆ τόπον.*"—MAXIMUS TYRIUS.

" Man, though individually confined to a narrow spot of this globe, and limited in his existence to a few courses of the Sun, has nevertheless an imagination which no despotism can controul, and which unceasingly seeks for the author of his destiny through the immensity of space and the ever rolling current of ages."—COLTON.

" There are limits to the progress of man's animal frame; it is stationary, it declines, and is dissolved: but to this progress of intelligence in ascending the scale of knowledge and of wisdom there are not any physical limits short of the Universe itself, which the happy mind aspires to know, and to the order of which he would conform his will. The animals are qualified by their organization and their instincts for the particular element and the circumstance in which they are placed, and they are not fit for any other. But man by his intelligent powers is qualified for any scene of which the circumstances may be observed; and in which the proprieties of conduct may be understood."—
ABRAHAM TUCKER.

" In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God."—MILTON.

" *Ἡ φύσις οὐ ταπεινὸν ἡμᾶς ζῶον, οὐδ᾽ ἀγενὲς ἔκρινε τὸν ἄνθρωπον, ἀλλ᾽ ὡς εἰς μεγάλην τινὰ πανήγυριν, εἰς τὸν βίον καὶ εἰς τὸν σύμπαντα κόσμον ἐπάγουσα, θεατάς τινας τῶν ὅλων αὐτῆς ἐσομένους καὶ φιλοτιμωτάτους ἀγωνιστὰς, ἐυθὺς ἄμαχον ἔρωτα ἐνέφυσεν ἡμιν ταῖς ψυχαῖς παντὸς ἀεὶ τοῦ μεγάλου καὶ ὡς πρὸς ἡμᾶς δαιμονιωτέρου.*"—LONGINUS.

" The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on His workes to looke,
Which He hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To read enregistred in every nooke
His goodnesse, which His Beautie doth declare;
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.
Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blynd
And, like the native brood of eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities."—SPENSER.

CLXXXII.

Garden Thoughts—Cosmos.

" The laws of Nature are the thoughts of Nature, and those are the thoughts of God."—ŒRSTED, *Soul in Nature.*

" For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead."—ROMANS, *chap.* i. *v.* 20.

" Praise ye the Lord ye Heavenly harmonies, and ye that understand the new harmonies, praise the Lord. Praise God, O my soul, as long as I live. From Him, through Him and in Him is all—the material as well as the spiritual—all that we know, and all that we know not yet—for there is much to do that is yet undone."—KEPLER'S *Harmony of the World.*

" *ὧν νόμοι προκεῖνται*
ὑψίποδες, ὀυράνιαν
δι' αιθερα τεκνῶθεντες, ὧν ̓Ολυμπος
πάτηρ μόνος, οὔδε νὶν
θνᾶτα φύσις ἀνέρων
ἔτίκτο οὐδε μὶν πότε λάθα κατακοῖμασεις
μεγας ἐν τουτοῖς Θεος, οὐδε γεράσκει."—SOPHOCLES.

" Sic philosophi debuerunt, si forte eos primus aspectus mundi conturbaverat, postea cum inscissent motus ejus finitos et œquabiles, omniaque ratis ordinibus moderata, immutabilique constantiâ, intelligere aliquem non solum habitatorem in hâc cœlesti ac divinâ domo, sed etiam rectorem et moderatorem, et tanquam architectum tanti operis, tantique muneris."—CICERO.

" The forces of nature appear to operate magically, shrouded as it were in the gloom of a mysterious power only when their workings lie beyond the bounds of generally ascertained natural condition."—HUMBOLDT.

From fact to law; from laws to higher laws,
The prudent spirit of inquiry climbs:
What seem'd miraculous in older times
Startles not now we know its natural cause;
Or not yet reach'd, but gives us patient pause.
Where ignorance saw judgment hurled at crimes,
We read how sequence with set order chimes,
While closer Heaven each wise induction draws.
What tho' the scatter'd laws yet learnt, and seen
Darkly, as through a glass, appear to men
Kaliedoscopic fragments; one and all
Into eternal harmony shall fall,
Soon as their common bond is trac'd, and when
God from His Cosmos draws aside the screen.

CLXXXIII.

Garden Thoughts—Physical Law.

" Eleusis reserves some things for the second visit of the worshipper. So too Nature does not at once disclose all her mysteries. We think ourselves initiated; we are but in the vestibule. The arcana are not thrown open without distinction and without reserve. This age will see some things: that which comes after us, others."—Seneca.

" Nec medius tenues conchas pictosve lapillos
  Pontus habet: bibuli littoris illa mora est.
Littora marmorei pedibus signanda, puella,
  Hactenus est tutum: cætera cæca via est."—Ovid.

The Chaldee Shepherd's nightly star-watch first
Inspired the thought that law and order reign
Superior o'er all matter, and constrain
Its motions, forces; Science since hath nurst
The timid truth, till proof on proof hath burst
O'er dwindling doubt, like morning rays that gain
On darkness gradual, till sky and plain
Quaff the full sunlight with a quenchless thirst.
  And though we of these latter days but find
Stray gems of knowledge, like the child that stoops
To gather pebbles on the Ocean shore,
Yet each discovery shows us, more and more,
That various Nature's many-sided groups
Exist obedient to Almighty mind.

CLXXXIV.

Garden Thoughts—Spiritual Law.

> "Temploque tacente
> Nil facimus non sponte dei: nec vocibus ullis
> Numen eget: dixitque semel nascentibus auctor,
> Quicquid scire licet."—Lucan.
> "Est deus in nobis: agitante calescimus illo.
> Impetus hic sacræ semina mentis habet."—Ovid.

And in our inner consciousness we feel
God immanent, in spirit, as in space:
Prophet and priest may perish from Earth's face,
And every scripture claiming to reveal
His nature, His commandments to unseal
To His peculiar people, or the race
Of outer men, die out, and leave no trace:
Old faiths may stagger, and old teachings reel;
Symbol and ceremonial rite decay,
Type and its antitype be swept away;
The Fall and Birth-Sin be no longer taught;
Christ but the Godliest man beneath the sky;
We by his life, not death's redemption bought:
Still of one God shall conscience testify.

CLXXXV.

Garden Thoughts—The Progress of Philosophy.

" *μαλὰ γὰρ φιλοσόφου τοῦτο τὸ πάθος, τὸ θαυμαζεῖν· ὀυ γὰρ ἄλλη ἄρχη φιλοσόφιᾶς ἡ ἄυτη.*"—Plato.

" Socrates primus philosophiam devocavit e cœlo, et in urbibus collocavit, et in domos etiam introduxit, et coëgit de vitâ, et moribus, rebusque bonis et malis quærere."—Cicero.

As Fancy reigns in youth, till years enthrone
The monarch Judgment o'er the realms of Mind,
So in the World's rude age the Bard entwin'd
Imagination's crown with flow'rs earth-grown,
Ere startled Thought, by Wonder's finger shown,
Saw Wisdom starry-homed, and half-divined
Darkly and diversely Creation's kind,
When Chaos stirr'd with motion not her own.
From Nature Man next turn'd an inward eye
On the mysterious workings of the Soul,
And from high Heaven wooed down Philosophy,
To dwell with mortal men, and be their love.
Now, flung forth from the Ark, an Angel Dove,
She fluttereth once more homeward to the Pole.

See Note 23.

CLXXXVI.

Garden Thoughts—Man's Ministers.

"πόλλα τὰ δεινὰ, κ᾽οὔδεν ἀν-
θρώπου δεινότερον πέλει."—ANTIGONE.

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of."—GEORGE HERBERT.

"Terrenorum item commodorum omnis est in homine dominatus. Nos campis, nos montibus fruimur: nostri sunt amnes, nostri lacus: nos fruges serimus, nos arbores: nos aquarum inductionibus terris fœcunditatem damus; nos flumina arcemus, dirigimus, avertimus: nostris denique manibus in rerum naturâ quasi alteram naturam efficere conamur."—CICERO.

Self-satisfied, complacent, deaf, blind, mute,
Man marcheth selfish on from birth to death,
Unconscious how each atom minist'reth
Unto his wants or pleasures. Lo! the brute
Feeds him, or clothes: the medicinal root
Offers him health: air gives him vital breath;
Mellows his light; or, trembling, whispereth
The melodies of fountain, or of flute:
His thirst is quench'd by streams, or luscious fruit:
Sun, moon, and stars, his servants are: his steed
Old Ocean: ever-varying seasons suit
His crops with fire and frost alternating:
E'en insects toil for his delight or need:—
No creature but doth some time own him king.

CLXXXVII.

Garden Thoughts—Life in Death.

"The dust we tread upon was once alive."—BYRON.

"Omnia functa,
Aut moritura vides: obeunt noctesque diesque,
Astraque: nec solidis prodest sua machina terris."—STATIUS.

"The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying place that is her womb."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Is there an object presented to us which does not bear the mark of ephemeral duration? As respects the tribes of life, they are scarcely worth a moment's thought, for the term of the great majority of them is so brief that we may say they are born and die before our eyes. If we examine them, not as individuals, but as races, the same conclusion holds good, only the scale is enlarged from a few days to a few centuries. If from living we turn to lifeless nature, we encounter again the evidence of brief continuance. The sea is unceasingly remoulding its shores; hard as they are, the mountains are constantly yielding to frost and to rain; here an extensive tract of country is elevated, there it is depressed. We fail to find anything that is not undergoing change."—DRAPER.

"The dust we tread upon was once alive!"
Ay, truer than the Poet dream'd, his verse.
Earth's surface is mortality's full hearse,
As surely as the living's busy hive;
For by death chiefly doth it grow and thrive,
A sepulchre and cradle, grave and nurse;
The spectre-bride, for better or for worse!
Whatever heights we climb, where'er we dive,
To oozy bottom, or sharp mountain face,
All once was life: in chalk and flinty cast
Oft are the forms of million ages past
Saved and enshrin'd, old Nature's cabinet;
And e'en in "primal" granite we but trace
A fire-fused mass of being earlier yet.*

* See Note 24.

CLXXXVIII.

Garden Thoughts—Plurality of Worlds.

" But do these Worlds display their beams, or guide
Their orbs to serve thy use, to please thy pride;
Thyself but dust; thy stature but a span;
A moment thy duration, foolish man?
As well may the minutest emmet say
That Caucasus was raised to pave his way;
The snail that Lebanon's extended wood
Was destined only for his walk and food;
The vilest cockle gaping on the coast
That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast
The craggy rock projects above the sky,
That he in safety at its foot may lie,
And the whole Ocean's confluent waters swell
Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his shell."—Prior.

" Ask for what ends the Heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, 'tis for thine;
Seas roll to waft me; suns to light me rise,
My footstool Earth, my canopy the skies."—Pope.

" Fatendum est
Terramque et solem, lunam, mare, cœtera quæ sunt,
Non esse unica, sed numero magis cnumerati."—Lucretius.

" The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand;
The Sun is peopled; and with spirits blest;
Say can the gentle moon be unpossest?"—Wordsworth.

It must be so: there are more worlds than one.
'Tis pride suggests this Earth we call our own
Is habited of all the Stars alone;
Declares the Heavenly host, the Moon, and Sun,
Mere lamps that burn with quenchless light for none
Save men, who, to vicariously atone
For sin, whose Death-birth sent the primal moan
Through Eden, crucified God's only Son!
Who shall set limits to the boundless plan
That framed the Universe, and breath'd the breath
Of Life into the nostrils of this Man?
Who say, all other Worlds are full of death?
Creation, rank o'er rank, through space ascends,
And only in thy source, Creator, ends!

CLXXXIX.

Garden Thoughts—Plurality of Worlds.

(Continued.)

"In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell
Pure from their God created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures unrevealed below
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know."—CAMPBELL.

"καὶ ὅι μεν εὐ τὸν πρόσηκοντα βίος χρόνον παλὶν ἐις τὴν ξύννομου πορέυθεις οἴκησιν ἄστρου βίον ἐνδαίμονα καὶ ξυνή-θη ἕξοι."—PLATO.

"Singula nonnulli credunt quoque sidera posse
Dici orbis, terramque appellant sidus opacum
Cui minimus Diviûm præsit."—PALINGENIUS.

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."—1 Cor. *chap.* xv. *v.* 42—44.

"For the whole world before thee is as a little grain in the balance, yea as a drop of the morning dew that falleth down upon the earth."—WISDOM, *chap.* xi. *v.* 22.

How other stars are peopled, who may tell?
Whether by man, self-conscious, drawing breath,
Fall'n, curs'd, and subject to the law and death,
Atonement, Revelation, Gospel, Hell;
Or by Angelic hosts who never fell;
Or creatures whom no fancy pictureth:
Or, when the Grave our new Life openeth,
If there our own spiritual bodies dwell:
Or if, unripe for Intellect or Soul,
As erst this globe, some are as yet the seat
Of animals; or plants scarce rais'd above
The slimy Ocean: or uncool'd their heat:
If God's scheme be one vast progressive whole,
How can Man be the focus of His love?

CXC.

Garden Thoughts—Day and Night.

"Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him! or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!"—PSALMS, cxliv. *v.* 3.

"Man, if he compare himself with all that he can see is at the zenith of power: but if he compare himself with all that he can concieve, is at the nadir of weakness.."—LACON.

Man gazeth round him in the pomp of day,
And cries, 'Lo I, Creation's crown and flower:
'In God's own image I am cast; my power
'Ruleth all creatures: mine the vivid ray
'Of yon bright Sun, to light me on my way:
'Mine reason: mine a Soul's immortal dower;
'Mine only: mine Salvation: in death's hour
'Assured, my future life without decay.'
But in the presence of the solemn night,
At his own piteous insignificance,
Before the countless stars his spirit shrinks:
His petty planet with its system sinks
To a dim point, while to his awe-struck glance,
Suns crowd on Suns in order infinite.

CXCI.

Garden Thoughts—A Sigh.

"It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it."—SHAKESPEARE.

"God never form'd a soul,
Without its own peculiar mate to meet
Its wandering half."—MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE.

"Durior at scopulis mea Cœlia, marmore, ferro,
Robore, rupe, antro, cornu, adamante, gelu."—ANGERIANUS EROTOPÆGNION.

"Vivunt in Venerem frondes; etiam nemus omne per altum
Felix arbor amat: nutant ad mutua palmæ
Fœdera; populeis suspirat populus ictu
Et platani platanis, alnoque assibilat alnus."—CLAUDIAN.

All things do mate. Go, watch the loneliest cloud
That ever sail'd across the summer sky,
And thou shalt mark it to its fellow fly.
There's not a fire mid all the starry crowd,
But fancy finds its mate-flame; streams endow'd
By streams, commingle; love-sick flowers do lie
Each folded in the other's arms, or sigh
Until some busy go-between hath vow'd,
Or bee, or moth, their intercourse to crown;—
In pairs the sea-birds o'er the billows sweep;—
The silver moon hath wedded sable night;—
Rusheth each day the giant sun to drown
His hot love in the chambers of the deep:—
I only ne'er shall clasp my heart's delight.

CXCII.

Garden Thoughts—The Three Days.

" Ὡς κάρτα σοῦ νῦν μνείαν ἔχω."—Euripides.

" Summer! delicious Summer! thou dost fling
Thy unbought treasures o'er the glowing earth!
Music is in thy step, and in thine eye
A flood of sunshine! on thy brow is wreathed
Garlands that wither not, and in thy breath
Are all the perfumes of Arabia.
Thou wilt not frown though I have pluck'd unseen
One little blossom from thy golden hair."—G. H. Bell.

Three days, like sister Graces, hand in hand,
And never one without the others, rise
Before me, oh! how oft, with haunting eyes
Of sad unearthly beauty—such a band
The painter conjures up in his dream-land,
And o'er his art, which cannot chain them, sighs.
One shall I sing amid these " memories,"
When Helen's eye my college garden scann'd ;*
The second has no mark of note, unless
It be its luxury of idleness:
When on the grass, with mind o'erwrought, I lay
Vacantly gazing on the summer sky
From morn till eve, the elm-shade chequer'dly
Shifting athwart my face, the livelong day.

* See Sonnet, " The Lime Tree Avenue."

CXCIII.

Garden Thoughts—The Third Day.

"It seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out),
One of those heavenly days which cannot die."—Wordsworth.

"The immortal spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that rill, in vision clear."—Wordsworth.

"κάλλιστον τὸ δικαιότατον' λῷστον δ' ὑγιαίνειν·
πρῆγμα δὲ τερπνότατον, τοῦ τις ἐρᾷ, τὸ τυχεῖν."—

Theognis.

"Even to be happy is a dangerous thing."—Stirling.

"Una dies aperit, conficit una dies."—Ausonius.

"Vulnus alit venis, et cæco carpitur igni."—Virgil.

"Tempore ducetur longo fortasse cicatrix;
Horrent admotas vulnera cruda manus."—Ovid.

"Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove,
They love indeed who quake to say they love."—Sir Philip Sidney.

The Third excels its fellows, as a Queen
Thron'd mid her peers; among the stars, the Moon;
Or, as, when Paris gave the golden boon,
Venus outshone, on Ida's summit green,
Her Goddess rivals whom she stood between.
Ah! happy day, yet sad; begun too soon,
And too soon o'er; when by the swans in June,
Sailing on Thames,—only by them—was seen,
Shelter'd behind their cygnet-brooded isle,
My lingering boat near Hampton's stately pile,
When she, my heart's hope, by me sate serene,
Unguessing my long passion, nor let sink
Her pure eyes from my gaze—O God! to think
On what I am, and what I might have been!

CXCIV.

Garden Thoughts—A Portrait from Memory.

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."—WORDSWORTH.

"She was a phantom of delight."—WORDSWORTH.

"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye
In every gesture dignity and love."—MILTON.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor."—TIBULLUS.

"She was a form of life and light,
That soon became a part of sight;
And rose, whene'er I turn'd my eye,
The morning star of memory."—BYRON.

"πασάων δ' ὕπερ ἥγε κάρη ἔχει ἠδὲ μέτωπα
Ῥεῖα δ' ἀριγνώ τη πέλεται, καλαῖ δε τε πᾶσαν."—HOMER.

"Her face was like the milkway i' the sky
A meeting of gentle light without a name."—SUCKLING.

"οἷα πὲρ ἐν Χαρίτεσσι δ'ιέπρεπεν 'Αφρογένεια."—MOSCHUS.

Her face pure Grecian: the vermilion lips,
Half open'd by a kind smile's wave-like curl,
Disclosed two lucid rows of tempting pearl:
Her cheek, like fresh Aurora's finger-tips,
Or summer pinks whereat the wild bee sips:
Her black locks, wavier than the woodbine's whirl,
And glossier than the silk threads that enfurl
The chrysalis, ere on her wings she slips:
Her eyes, wells of affection fathomless,
Fring'd with the drooping lash of modesty:
Her polish'd brow, the very cage of thought,
Behind the temples blue-vein'd network caught:
Blue-vein'd her neck and hand; and floatingly
In every motion grace and gentleness.

CXCV.

The Crown of Sorrow.

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarse del tempo felice
Nella miseria."—DANTE.

"This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."—
TENNYSON.

By conjuring up the light of other days
The captive thickeneth his prison's gloom :
The wand'rer, sinking 'neath the wild simoom,
Sees vision'd home amid the sandy haze :
The sailor, drowning in the breaker, prays
With last sigh for his mother : as the tomb
Closeth upon the slave, he scents the bloom
Of flowers in childhood pluckt on Afric's maze.*
'Tis ever thus :—a "Sorrow's crown of sorrow"
Is the remembrance, in our dire distress,
Of the dead halcyon days of happiness :
To-day is still avenged by To-morrow :
The memory of Heaven whence he fell
Barbs the lost Angel's fiercest pangs in Hell !†

* The discoveries and writings of Livingstone, and Speke and Grant have entirely changed our notions of the interior of Africa, no longer one vast stretch of sandy desert, but a country covered with the most luxurious herbage.

† Magnificently illustrated in the debate in the two first books of Paradise Lost, where to regain Heaven is the counsel of all the speakers, however they may differ as to the means.

CXCVI.

Garden Thoughts—Love's Antidote.

"Ερως γὰρ ἄργον κ'απι τοῖς ἀργοῖς ἔφυ.
φιλεῖ κάτοπτρα, καὶ κομῆς ξανθίσματα,
φεύγει δε μόχθους.—EURIP.

"Love is the passion of an indolent mind."—THEOPHRASTUS.

"Otia si tollas, perierc Cupidinis arcus,
Contemptæque jacent et sine luce faces."—OVID.

"E pero leva su, vinci l'ambrascia,
Con l'animo che vinci ogni battaglia,
Il col suo grave corpo non s'accascia."—DANTE.

"Adfluit incautis insidiosus amor;
Desidiam puer ille sequi solet; odit agentes;
Da vacuæ menti quo teneatur opus:
Sunt fora sunt leges, sunt quos tuearis, amici,
Vade per urbanæ candida castra togæ."—OVID.

Quam platanus vino gandet, quam popnlus undâ,
Et quam limosâ cama palustris humo,
Tam Venus otia amat: qui finem quœris amoris,
(Cedit amor rebus) res age, tutus eris.—OVID.

Vidi ego quod primo fuerat sanabile vulus
Dilatum longæ damna tulisse moræ.—OVID.

Tu loca quæ nimium grata fuere, cave.—OVID.

Unhappy lovers, slaves of vain regret,
Behold the talisman for your distress
In toil; for Love was born of Idleness;
Upon a summer bank, with dewdrops wet,
With starry oxlip sprent, and violet
Blue-gleaming: in a mirror he doth dress
His glowing locks to order'd loveliness:
On sport and play his very heart is set;
His labour, luxury and dalliance:
'Tis in unguarded moments he doth pass,
Still foe, into the bosom's citadel.
Beware his stratagems and snares; the dance,
The vacant mind, the wine-cup, and the glass;
And in its fortress safe the heart shall dwell.

CXCVII.

Garden Thoughts—Love's Shrine.

"Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all."—BARBAULD.

"Rouse thyself, and the weak, wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous hold,
And like a dewdrop from the lion's mane
Be shook to air."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Optimus ille fuit vindex lædentia pectus
Vincula qui rupit dedoluitque semel."—OVID.

Not while he builds his nest, the imperial bird
Feels his breast glow with fierce instinctive fire;
The soldier starts from languishing desire,
When the first cannon's distant boom is heard,
By other lust than love's, the merchant stirr'd,
Cheapens the tapestries of purple Tyre;
Far other visionary dreams inspire
The cell of student poring o'er the word
Of the primeval sages :—therefore shun
Leisure : for Love will make himself no shrine
In minds that temple other Deities.
The whole heart's worship he demands, or none;
And like the "wandering voice," Spring's earliest sign,
Haunts but unpeopled shades, and in them sighs!

CXCVIII.

Garden Thoughts—Fidelity.

" ὀυκ ἐστ' ἐραστὴς ὅστις οὐκ ἄεν φιλεῖ."

EURIPIDES.

" Tu mihi curarum requies, in nocte vel atrâ
Lumen."—TIBULLUS.

" Difficile est subito longum deponere amorem."—CATULLUS.

" Nou mihi mille placent; non sum desultor amoris."—OVID.

" Certa e ben quella in un pudico cuor
Che per cangiar di scorza non fiera,
Ne langue e qui caparra il paradiso."MICHAEL ANGELO.

I know a flower that opes but when the Moon
Smiles on it from her silvery chariot way
Along the path of night : not brilliant day,
Fresh morn, nor dewy eve, nor burning noon,
Not timid April, nor hot passionate June,
Luscious July, nor rosy blushing May,
Can tempt it from its constancy to stray.
I know a heart that hath such priceless boon
Of faithfulness in love : nor glance, nor smile,
Nor kiss, nor sigh, when far its bosom's Queen,
Can witch it from its loyal fealty ;
But even day itself seems dark the while :
To other love ne'er hath it open'd been :
And if its Moon return not, closed shall die.

CXCIX.

Garden Thoughts—The Indian Cupid.

"We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis"—OVID.

"E q'uindi uscimini rivederi le stelli."—DANTE.

I see him now, a fair and lovely boy,
The God to whom the Hindu maidens sigh,
When with the lamp-lit lotus-boat they try
Their lover's truth, their freight of woe or joy.
  Not blind, like Venus' son, he doth destroy
His victims, laughing with unbandaged eye:
Upon a green-wing'd parrot he doth fly;
With whose neck, purple-ring'd, he loves to toy.
Of tender sugar-cane his bended bow,
From which the juice hath not yet ceas'd to flow
Over his fingers, clammily; the string
Of bees, whose waxen thighs together cling;
Tipp'd all with different flowers, his stingless darts
Wound, without venom, when he pierceth hearts.

CC.

Garden Thoughts—Jealous Love.

"For there can be no death for our true love."—Körner.

"In his stead let love for ever dwell!
Sweet love, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed nectar and pure pleasure's well,
Untroubled of vile fear or bitter fell."—Spenser.

"Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerat hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu."—Tibullus.

"Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But braves it out even to the crack of doom."

Shakespeare.

"Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Supremâ citius solvet amor die."—Horace.

"Uxor, vivamus quod vivimus, et moriamur,
Servantes nomen sumpsimus in thalamo:
Nec ferat ulla dies ut commutemur in ævo,
Quin tibi sim juvenis, tuque puella mihi."

Ausonius.

Mine be a jealous love, not the mean fear,
The pitiful distrust of thoughts, words, deeds,
Which on its own gross emanation feeds;*
An insult to the being it calls dear;
No; be it from such base suspicion clear:
Yet mine be jealous love; the love that heeds
The noxious dews that rise or fall o'er meads;
The chilly breezes of the earlier year;
The fierce sun blazing in meridian pride;
Storm-brooding clouds; and household cares, that bend
The fair young brow, and break the heart of mirth;
Jealous of absence from the love'd one's side;
Jealous of Time, which all too soon must end
Our soul's communion, at least here on earth.

* "The green-eyed monster,
Which makes the meat it feeds on."—Shakespeare.

CCI.

Garden Thoughts—Woman's Love.

"When pain and sorrow wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."—Scott.

Even as a water-lily, whose pale head
Floats still above the rising water's flow,
Even such is Woman's Love! Grief's streams may know
To wash, but never drown it: what a spread
Of broad, bold, faithful, leaves the flower imbed,
Still coronetting the salt waves of woe:
How bashfully, yet firmly, doth it grow
Emergent from the bitter floods of dread.
Beside the smitten Puritan* his mate
Mounted the scaffold, and before the crowd
Sooth'd his stern anguish with her loyal kiss:
And Russell's noble wife beneath him sate,
Calm mid their peril now, as erst in bliss;
In her lord's service undismay'd and proud.

* John Bastwick, whose wife, when he had his ears cut off, mounted the scaffold and kissed him before the populace.—Carlyle's *Cromwell.*

CCII.

The Two Loves.

"One love was born in the sea, which is as various and raging in young men's breasts as the sea itself, and causeth burning heat. The other is that golden chain which was let down from heaven: and with a divine fury ravisheth our souls, made to the image of God, and stirs us up to comprehend the innate and incorruptible beauty to which we were once created."—
BURTON'S ANATOMY MELANCHOLY.

"Two cities make two loves, Jerusalem and Babylon. The love of God the one; the love of the world, the other. Of these two cities we all are citizens, as by examination of ourselves we may soon find, and of which."
ST. AUSTIN.

"*Πάντες γὰρ ἰόμεν ὅτι οὐκ εστιν ἄνευ Ἐρώτος Αφροδίτη. μίας μεν οὔσης ἒις ἀν ῆν Ἔρως, ἐπει δε δη δύο ἐστον, δύο ἀνάγκη και Ἔρωτε ἐῖναι. πῶς δ ὀυ δυο τὼ θέα; ἡμεν γὲ πο̃υ πρεσβυτερα και ἀμήτωρ Ὀυρανο̃υ ζυγάτηρ, ἡν δὴ κὰι ὀυράνιαν ἐπονομάζομεν ἥδε νιεώτερα Δίος κᾶι Διώνησι ἣν δη̃ πάν δημον καλο̃υμεν.*"—PLATO.

There are two Loves[1]: the one is of the Sea,[2]
Venus, all dewy with the gleaming foam,[3]
More fickle, raging, than her Ocean home:
Her chariot drawn by brooding doves, while she,
Zoned by the Cupids and the Graces three,
Smiles, sighs, laughs, blushes, burns, with eyes that roam
Piercing all creatures 'neath the sunlit dome;
Great Babylon her seat of revelrie.
The other holds in Heav'n the golden chain,[4]
That links this pendulous orb unto the sky;
Urania, crown'd with starry diadem,
Eternal, unbegotten, without stain;[5]
Her Handmaids, Humbleness and Charity,
Her earthly capital, Jerusalem.

1 Spenser makes a threefold division, love of kindred, of friends, of woman.—See Fairy Queen, l. 5, c. 9, St. 1, 2.

2 Venus Anadyomene, whose picture Appelles painted rising from the waves, and wringing her hair upon her shoulder. Augustus bought it, and placed it in the temple of Julius Cæsar. No one in Rome could repair it. She is figured to have arisen from the Sea because of her fickleness. Ritter attributes this origin to the worship of Venus as the principle of universal love, her rising from the Sea being typical of an ancient tradition of the world rising from the Ocean.

3 Sic madidos siccat digitis Venus uda capillos,
Et modo maternis tecta videtur aquis," says OVID.
And see his description of Venus, Fasti, 4, 9. For her *cestus*, See Homer's Iliad. xiv. l. 214.

4 Cf Homer's Iliad. L. viii. l. 18—26.

5 See this Love spoken of 1 Cor. xiii. 13. Mark xii. 31. Matt. xix. 19. 1 Cor. xiii. 4, 5, 6, 7. Prov. x. 12. 1 Pet. iv. 8. Luke vii. 47. Isai. i. 17. Lev. xix. 8. Deut. xxii. 1. Matt. v. Gal. vi. 7. Rom. xii. Eph. iv. 32. Phill. ii. 2. Col. iii. et xii. 13, 23. 1 Pet. iii. John iii. 18. v. i.

CCIII.

Garden Thoughts—Friendship.

Ποτερὸν ἀδέλφω μήτρος ἔστον ἐκ μίας;
φιλοτητι γ' ἔσμεν δ' οὐ κασιγνήτω, γύναι.

Iphig. in Taur.

" Love cools, friendships fall off,
Brothers divide.—Shakespeare.

Κρίνει φίλους ὁ καίρος, ὡς χρυσὸν τὸ πῦρ.—Menander.

" Præstat amicitia propinquitati."—Cicero.

" There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. Ch. xviii 4-24.

" τοῦτ ἐκεῖνο κτᾶσθ' ἑταίρους μη τὸ σύγγενες μόνον.
ως ἀνηρ ὅστις τρόποισι συντακῇ θυρᾶιος ὢν
μυρίων κρείσσων ὁμάιμων κεκτῆσθαι φίλος."—Euripides.

" οὐκ ἔστιν ὄυδεν κρεῖσσων ἢ φίλος σόφης,
ὀυ πλôυτος, ὀυ τυραννις, ἀλλογιστον δε τὶ
τô πλῆθος ἀντέλλαγμα γεννάιου φιλοῦ."—Euripides.

Friendship, than ties of blood more firm and sure,
Oft loves to cast itself about the heart:
Brothers, who ne'er in youth have liv'd apart,
Shrink from each other, shy, and insecure,
When manhood holds to one the dazzling lure
Of pleasure; to the other, fame or wealth;
But Friendship, with more vigorous strength and health,
With years grows closer, hardier to endure.
So marked I yon twin ashen saplings shoot
With equal promise from one parent root,
Till this declin'd, drawn sideward by fierce wind,
Or fiercer sun, and left its fellow's side:
Unnatural void, after a time supplied
By the fond creeper round its trunk entwin'd.

CCIV.

Garden Thoughts—Friendship—A Thought Ten Years Later.

" Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,
 Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.—Ovid.

" Der Freundschaft stolzes Siegel tragen viele,
Die in der Prüfung's stunde treulos fliehen.
Oft sehen wir das Bild, das unsere Träume mahlen,
Aus Menschen augen uns entgegen strahlen:
Der, rufen wir, der muss es seyn!
Wir hoffen es—und es ist—schein."—Körner.

" And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 And leaves the wretch to weep?"—Goldsmith.

Limner, your lines a youthful hand betray:
Friendship is rather like a graceful reed;
It takes root, and shoots sudden up indeed;
'Tis fair to look on in the tender play
Of its spring leaves; it bows it to the sway
Of the warm breezes, which in wanton speed
Shake the tall grass athwart the summer mead,
Or wave the corn-stems on an autumn day.
But 'tis a weed by nature; it is dried
By age, and every hour more brittle grows;
'Twill shiver and be snapp'd in twain when blows
The first keen winter wind: hollow and frail,
It cannot combat with the stormy gale:
Lean on it *now*, and it will pierce your side.

CCV.

Garden Thoughts—Town and Country.

"God made the country and man made the town."—POPE.

"Nec mirum quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes."—VARRO.

"O! rus quando te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ."—HORACE.

"When man wishes to draw near to God, he goes, not to the city—there conscious men obstruct him with their works—but to the meadow spangled all over with flowers, and sung to by every bird; to the mountains "visited all night by troops of stars;" to the Ocean, the undying type of shifting phenomena and unchanging law; to the forest stretching out motherly arms with its mighty growth and awful shade; and there, in the obedience these things pay, in their order, strength, beauty, he is encountered front to front with the awful presence of Almighty power."—THEODORE PARKER.

"Who can paint
Like nature? can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation hues like hers,
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?—THOMPSON.

Not in the City is true Beauty found,
Tho' very splendid are the works of men,
Whether by chisel, graver, pencil, pen,
The living thought is snatch'd at, seized, and bound:
But in the Country, if we look around
On rock or river, mountain-peak or glen,
The perfect line of Beauty greets us when
We gaze upon the water, sky, or ground.
What cunning hand can carve the billowy gloom
Of clouds, or petrify the breakers spray;
Vie with the rose's blush, the peach's bloom;
Ravel the net-work of the grass, or stay
The torrent's gleam; the evening stock's perfume
Rival; or simulate Light's arrowy ray?

See Note 25.

CCVI.

Garden Thoughts—A Wish.

"Hoc erat in votis; modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret."—Horace.

"Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano."—Juvenal.

όυ μôι τά Γυγέω τôυ πολυχρύσου μελêι.

"Vivitur huic bene cui paternum
Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum."—Horace.

"Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius."—Virgil.

"Sit bona librorum et provisæ frugis in annum
Copia."—Horace.

'Fortunatus et ille Deos qui novit agrestes."—Virgil.

Mine be a cottage where the mountain breeze
Blows pure: the eye throughout the year may wend
O'er plains that with the far horizon blend:
A babbling spring near which to graft my trees,
Water my flowers, watch my busy bees:
A humble store: but just enough to spend
On self; to spare the poor, or cheer a friend:
A cask of wine not quite upon the lees;
Logs for the winter-hearth, a brittle pile:
A faithful dog that still obeys my looks;
A shelf or two of my most favorite books;
With healthful exercise a body strong;
A hopeful spirit; conscience clear of guile;
Sound sleep: sane mind: and ready gush of song.

Illustrations to Sonnet CCVI.

Si ventri bene, si lateri est pedibusque tuis, nil
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus,
Si forte in medio positorum abstemius herbis
Vivis et urticâ, sic vives protinus, ut te
Confestim liquidus Fortunæ rivus inauret:
Vel quia naturam mutare pecunia nescit,
Vel quid cuncta putas unâ virtute minora.—HORACE.

" Me pascant olivæ
Me cichorea, levesque malvæ:
Frui paratis, et valido mihi,
Latoe, dones, et, precor, integrâ
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem."—HORACE.

" Ἰσόν τοι πλουτοῦσιν, ὅτῳ πόλυς ἄργυρος ἔστιν
και χρυσος κάι γῆς περοφόρου πέδια,
" Ιπποι θ' ἡμιόνοιτε, κὰι ὧ τὰ δέοντα πάρεστιν
γάστρα τε και πλευραῖς και πόσιν ἄβρα ποθεῖν."

THEOGNIS.

" Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines;
Or in the gelid caverns, wood-bine wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses at noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice enflamed."—THOMSON.

" Venio nunc ad voluptates agricolarum, quibus ego incredibiliter delector: quæ nec ullâ impediuntur senectute, et mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere."—CICERO.

" ἆρ' οὐκ ἀγνοήσαντες τὸν Ἡσίοδον ὀρθότατα λέγοντα ὡς τὸ ἥμισυ τοῦ παντὸς πολλάκις ἐστὶ πλέον; [ὁπόταν ᾖ τὸ μὲν ὅλον λαμβάνειν ζημιῶδες, τὸ δ' ἥμισυ μέτριον, τότε τὸ μέτριον τοῦ ἀμέτρου πλέον ἡγήσατο, ἄμεινον ὂν χείρονος.]

PLATO.

" Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro,
Et teneat culti jugera multa soli,
Quem labor assiduus vicino terreat hoste,
Martia cui somnos classica pulsa fugent:
Me mea paupertas vitæ traducat inerti,
Dum meus assiduo luceat igne focus."—TIBULLUS.

" That tree shall long time keep a steady foot,
Whose branches spread no wider than the root."—WEBSTER.

CCVII.

The Wish Fulfilled.—The Shevaroys.

" Auctius atque
Di melius fecere : Bene est : nihil amplius oro."—Horace.

" Health and good estate of body are above all gold : and a strong body above infinite wealth."—Eccl. Ch. xxx. v. 15.

" The principal things for the whole use of man's life are water, fire, iron, and salt, flour of wheat, honey, milk, and the blood of the grape, and oil, and clothing. All these things are for good to the godly : so to the sinners they are turned into evil.."—Eccl. Ch. xxxix v. 26, 27.

" μὴδ' ἄλλου παρὰ δαιvος ἔδοις σκυβάλισμα τραπέζης,
ἀλλ' ἀπο τῶν ἰδίων βίοτον διάγοις ἀνυβρίστως."

Pseudo-Phocillydea.

" ἔνθα δὲ δὲνδρεα μακρὰ πεφύκει τηλεθόωντα,
ὄγχναι, καὶ ῥοιαὶ, καὶ μηλέαι ἀγλαόκαρποι,
συκαῖ τε γλυκεραὶ, καὶ ἐλαῖαι τηλεθόωσαι.
τάων οὔποτε καρπὸς ἀπόλλυται, οὐδ' ἐπιλείπει
χείματος, οὐδὲ θέρευς, ἐπετήσιος· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰεὶ
Ζεφυρὶη πνείουσα τὰ μὲν φύει, ἄλλα δὲ πὲσσει.
ὄγχνη ἐπ' ὄγχνῃ γηράσκει, μῆλον δ' ἐπὶ, μήλω,
αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ σταφυλῇ σταφυλὴ, σῦκον δ' ἐπὶ σύκω."—Homer.

I have my wish : my cottage perch'd on high
Looks down on plain, and mount on mountain roll'd,
Which the Sun bathes each eve in floods of gold :
Majestic forests close beneath me lie,
From whose ravines the clouds at morning fly,
Like fleecy flocks forth issuing from the fold,
Loos'd one by one, their tale by shepherd told ;
And travel even o'er the fields of sky.
Dam-pent, my tiny stream supplies my flowers,
My trees, my bees : kind Heaven hath given me more
Than I dared ask or wish, or know to use ;
Content, friends, health and wealth : I lot my hours
Of exercise, sleep, study : yon World's roar
Reacheth not me and my still vocal Muse.

Note 26.

CCVIII.

Honours.

" εν δε δικαιοσυνῇ συλλήβδην πᾶσ 'ἄρέτη 'στιν."

PHOCYLLDES.

Honours at last are mine; and, as I think,
Bestowed with sanction of the public vote:
A score of years have men now had to note
My course; nor from their scrutiny I shrink.
  I have passed through a tempest which would sink
Most voyages of life: my little boat
With cheerful courage did I keep afloat
When ruin suck'd it to its Maelstrom brink.
  I know, none else, how I have fought and won
Through the black midnight of adversity:
Now, harder is the task to brave thy Sun,
Prosperity—Yea, let me ask my heart,
If I may justly, kindly, play my part,
And ever do my duty modestly?

CCIX.

Health.

"Ὑγίεια, πρέσβιστα μακάρων,
μετὰ σεῦ ναίοιμι
τὸ λειπόμενον βιοτᾶς.
σῦ δέ μοι πρόφρων σύνοικος εἴης.
εἰ γᾶρ τις ἢ πλούτου χάρις, ἢ τεκέων,
ἢ τᾶς ἰσο δαίμονος ἀνθρώποις
βασιληΐδός ἀρχᾶς, ἢ ποθων,
οὓς κρυφίοις Ἀφροδίτας ἄρκυσιν θηρεύομεν,
ἢ εἴ τις ἄλλα θέοθεν ἀνθρώποισι τέρψις
ἢ πόνων ἄμπονα πέφανται,
μετὰ σεῖο, μάκαιρ' Ὑγίεια,
τέθαλε πάντα καὶ λάμπει χαρίτων ἔαρι,
σέθεν δὲ χωρὶς οὔτις εὐδαίμων ἔφυ."—ARIPHRON.

"Ὑγιαίνειν μεν ἄριστον ἀνδρὶ θνατῷ."—SIMONIDES.

"Health and good estate of body are above all gold, and a strong body above infinite wealth. There is no riches above a sound body, and no joy above the joy of the heart. Death is better than a bitter life or continual sickness."—ECCL. xxx. v. 15, 16, 17.

"Non est vivere, sed valere, vita."—MARTIAL.

Eldest and best of blessings! with Life's boon
Coeval, thou in Paradise didst flush
The cheek of Adam, when with mantling blush
He woke to being; all things 'neath the moon
That men prize chiefliest, pall and weary soon,
Thou being absent: glass-bright founts that gush
From hollow rocks: and streams that brawl and rush
O'er golden pebbles, mid the woods, in June:
The gorgeous palace with its marble dome;
Marvels of sculpture and the painter's art;
Fame; e'en the unobtrusive joys of home,
Knee-climbing, kissing son, wife of the heart;
Love, labour, learning, leisure, music, wealth:—
Thou art the flower and crown of blessings, Health.

Illustrations to Sonnet CCIX.

" Health is the soul that animates all the enjoyments of life which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables; makes faces, at the noblest and most delicate wines; is old and impotent in seraglios of the most sparkling beauties; poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes: with common diseases strength grows decrepid, youth loses all vigour, and beauty all charms. Music grows harsh and conversation disagreeable. Palaces are prisons or of equal confinement. Riches are careless: honour and attendance are cumbersome; and crowns themselves are a burthen; but if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life; make no difference between a prince and a beggar: and a fit of stone or the colic puts a king to the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and most criminal of his subjects."—Sir W. Temple.

" There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health." —Lacon.

" O blessed health! thou art above all Gold and Treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the Soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish Virtue.—He that has thee has little more to wish for! and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants every thing with thee."—Sterne.

" Health is certainly more valuable than Money, because it is by Health that Money is procured; but thousands and millions are of small avail to alleviate the protracted tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of sense, or resuscitate the powers of digestion. Poverty is, indeed, an evil from which we naturally fly: but let us not run from one enemy to another, nor take shelter in the arms of sickness."—Johnson.

CCX.

Munificence.

"Give and it shall be given unto you."—SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

"So he arose and went to Zarephath. And when he came to the gate of the city, behold, the widow woman was there gathering of sticks: and he called to her, and said, Fetch me, pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink. And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her, and said, bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand. And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat, and die. And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth. And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah: and she, and he, and her house, did eat many days. And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah."—1st KINGS, Ch. xvii. vs. 10—16.

Thrice blest the bounteous heart and open hand
That never drave the needy from the door;
But from the treasure of a Heaven-lent store
Supplied with love more free than the demand;
As a full fountain in the Desert's sand,
Which bubbles ever from its golden floor,
Whose quenchless waters unexhausted pour
For every passing pilgrim, band by band.
So some deep well, undrawn of man, lies dead,
Weed-mantled, stagnant, worthless, 'neath the sod:
By use, its plenteousness, replenished,
Up leapeth, living, to the surface soil,
Yea, overflows perennial; bless'd by God
With increase, like the Widow's cruise of oil.

CCXI.

Gold.

" As for any inducements which the Spanish religion held out to the Indians, we may judge how far these were understood or estimated, by the story of Batucy, Cacique of a part of Cuba, who had spies at Hispaniola to keep him informed of the proceedings of the Spaniards there. He was in apprehension that they would come, as they afterwards did, to his territory. So calling his people together, and recounting the cruelties of the Spaniards, he said they did all these things for a great lord whom they loved much, which lord he would now show them. Accordingly, he produced a small basket filled with gold. " Here is the lord whom they serve and after whom they go; and as you have heard already, they are longing to pass over to this place: not pretending more than to seek this lord: wherefore let us make to him here a festival and dances so that when they come, he may tell them to do us no harm." The Indians approved this counsel, and danced round the gold till they were exhausted; when the Cacique turned to them and said that they should not keep the god of the Christians anywhere, for were it even in their entrails, it would be torn out: but that they should throw it in the river, that the Christians might not know where it was. " And so," says the account, " they threw it."—HELPS' SPANISH CONQUEST OF AMERICA.

" For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto Hell himself for money sold."—SPENCER.

" Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?"—VIRGIL.

" οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν οἷον ἄργυρος
κακὸν νόμισμ' ἔβλαστε. τοῦτο καὶ πόλεις
πορθεῖ, τόδ' ἄνδρας ἐξανίστησιν δομῶν.
τόδ' ἐκδιδάσκει καὶ παραλλάσσει φρένας
χρηστὰς πρὸς αἰσχρὰ πράγμαθ' ἵστασθαι βροτῶν.
πανουργίας δ' ἔδειξεν ἀνθρώποις ἔχειν
καὶ παντὸς ἔργου δυσσέβειαν εἰδέναι."—SOPHOCLES.

" They come, my people, those dread sons of Spain,"
The Cuban Cacique cried, " whose bands have roll'd
" Our happy isles in fire and blood—Behold
" Their Lord, their God, for whom across the main
" They sail'd; for whom, with sword and blood-hound, slain
" Mother and child; and into bondage sold
" Our race:"—He bared a basket full of Gold—
The Indians danc'd around the ore, to gain
The Spirit's favour; when the Chief: " My sons,
" Though ye should swallow all this yellow dust,
" The foe would from your entrails tear his prey,
" So fell his purpose, and so foul his lust;—
" Swift let your river bear the pest away."—
He said: and o'er their gold the river runs.

CCXII.

The Spell of the Hills.

"Hear ye great mountains! do ye raise our hearts
With our dull bodies nearer to our God?
Or does your purer air make pure our thoughts?
For never stood I on your silent peaks,
To see large rivers glist'ning like small snakes
Mid banks of forests, and a world mapp'd out,
Beneath, or felt damp white mists wreathing round,
Hiding the earth and all but heaven from sight,
Till I seemed rising from the less'ning world,
A later Enoch swept away to God.
And I return'd, self-humbled, purified,
And dower'd with larger, better views of life!"—Robert Glover.

Go up, ye toil-worn, up into the Hills,
And ye, whose hearts with care droop nigh to death;
There lift your fronts in the grey morning's breath,
And bathe your spirits in the calm that fills
The sky, when, couch'd on golden daffodils
And roses, drowsy evening slumbereth,
While Sunset's kiss her cheek still crimsoneth.
Hark to the merry music of the rills;
Watch the stars diadem the solemn peaks,
While far below, congenial silence broods
On wings of darkness o'er the primal woods;
And find in Nature's solitude the voice
That of glad rest unto the weary speaks,
And bids the broken-hearted one rejoice.

CCXIII.

The Hollow in the Hills.

"The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The World can boast, and her chief favourites share."—COWPER.

"O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of Morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of Even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"—BEATTIE.

I know a hollow in the Hills, whereo'er
Still Heaven its deep blue curtain hangs on high,
More gorgeous than the silken canopy
Flung, in the pride of Roman Emperor,
Athwart his amphi-theatre: the floor
Echoes no tread, so thickly doth it lie
In verdure carpetted: the wind's soft sigh,
Bird's, bee's, stream's song, the only sounds: the roar
Of Church, Court, Senate, Forum, Camp, or Mart,
Boometh not here: here, were the World in arms,
We should not catch War's thundering alarms;
But might muse life away in one long dream
Of peace; the only sounds to touch the heart,
The song of bird and bee; of wind, and stream.

CCXIV.

Garden Thoughts—Flowers.—Palingenesis.

"Αἲ, αἲ, ταὶ μάλαχαι μὲν ἔπαν κατὰ κᾶπον ὀλῶνται
ἠ τὰ χλῶρα σέλινα τὸ τ' εὔθαλες οὖλον ἄνηθον,
ὕστερον ἂν ζώονται, καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἀλλὸ φύονται,
ἇμεις δ' οἱ μέγαλοι καὶ κάρτεροι ἠ σόφοι ἄνδρες,
ὅπποτε πρᾶτα θανῶμεν ἀνήκοοι ἐν χθόνι χοιλῇ,
εὔδομες εὖ μαλὰ μάκρον ἀτέρμονα νήγρετον ὕπνον."

MOSCHUS.

How many sweet thoughts and reflections wise
Have ye called forth from meditative mind,
Fair flowers; what influence of the gentlest kind
Held o'er the soul, since first your dewy eyes
Ye opened in your native paradise.
Ne'er to the lap of luxury confin'd,
Since have ye blossom'd: most untutor'd hind,
Savage most rude, the fragrant chaplet ties.
The pastoral Greek, half envious, could but weep,
Viewing your buds revive, kindled by Spring,
That man, once dead, no more may see the sun.
The Christian laughs at his "eternal sleep,"
Of endless life secure, thus arguing:
'Ye suffer many deaths, I only one.'

NOTE.—Omar Khayam, the Astronomer Poet of Persia in the 12th Century, has many epigrammatic reflexions of this kind: he says quaintly,

"And those who husbanded the golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds again,
Alike, to no such aureate earth are turn'd,
As, buried once, men want dug up again!"

Illustrations to Sonnet CCXIV.

" For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground ; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away ; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?"—Job, xiv. 7—10.

" 'ηβῇ τερπόμενος πάιζω· δηρον γαρ ἔνερθεν
γῆς ὀλέσας ψυχης κείσομαι ὥστε λίθος
ἄφθογγος, λείψω δ' ἔρατον φάος ἠελίοιο,
'ἔμπης δ' ἔσθλος ἐων ὄψομαι ὀυδὲν ἔτι."—Theognis.

" The same condition is of men and beasts ; as the one dieth, so dieth the other."—Eccl. iii. 19.

" For the ungodly said, reasoning with themselves, but not aright, our life is short and tedious, and in the death of a man there is no remedy : neither was there any man known to have returned from the grave. For we are born at all adventure : and we shall be hereafter as though we had never been : for the breath in our nostrils is as smoke, and a little spark in the moving of our heart : which being extinguished, our body shall be turned into ashes, and our spirit shall vanish as the soft air. And our name shall be forgotten in time, and no man shall have our works in remembrance, and our life shall pass away as the trace of a cloud, and shall be dispersed as a mist, that is driven away with the beams of the sun, and overcome with the heat thereof. For our time is a very shadow that passeth away ; and after our end there is no returning : for it is fast sealed, so that no man cometh again. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present : and let us speedily use the creatures like as in youth. Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments : and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered : Let none of us go without his part of our voluptuousness : let us leave tokens of our joyfulness in every place : for this is our portion, and our lot is this. Let us oppress the poor righteous man, let us not spare the widow, nor reverence the ancient gray hairs of the aged. Let our strength be the law of justice : for that which is feeble is found to be nothing worth. Therefore let us lie in wait for the righteous ; because he is not for our turn, and he is clean contrary to our doings : he upbraideth us with our offending the law, and objecteth to our infamy the transgressings of our education. He professeth to have the knowledge of God : and he calleth himself the child of the Lord. He was made to reprove our thoughts. He was grievous unto us even to behold : for his life is not like other men's, his ways are of another fashion. We are esteemed of him as counterfeits : he abstaineth from our ways as from filthiness : he pronounceth the end of the just to be blessed, and maketh his boast that God is his father. Let us see if his words be true : and let us prove what shall happen in the end of him. For if the just man be the son of God, he will help him, and deliver him from the hand of his enemies. Let us examine him with despitefulness and torture, that we may know his meekness, and prove his patience. Let us condemn him with a shameful death : for by his own saying he shall be respected."—Wisdom, ii. vs. 20—S.

" βιότης μὲν γὰρ
χρόνος ἔστι βραχυς, κρυφθεις δ' ὕπο γῆς
κειται θνῆτος τον ἅπαντα χρονον."—Simonides.

" Soles occidere et redire possunt,
Nobis cum semel brevis occidit lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda."—Catullus.

CCXV.

ἘΓΕΡΣΙΜΟΣ ὝΠΝΟΣ.

" 'ευδετ', ἐμα βρέφεα, γλυκερον και ἐγέρσιμον ὕπνον."

THEOCRITUS.

" οὐκ ἔθανες, Πρώτη, μετέβης ἐς ἀμείνονα χῶρον,
καὶ ναίεις μακάρων νήσους θαλίῃ ἐνὶ πολλῇ,
ἔνθα κατ' Ηλυσίων πεδίων σκιρτῶσα γέγηθας
ἄνθεσιν ἐν μαλακοῖσι, κακῶν ἔκτοσθεν ἁπάντων.
οὐ χειμὼν λυπεῖ σ', οὐ καῦμ', οὐ νοῦσος ἐνοχλεῖ,
οὐ πείνη σ' οὐ δίψος ἔχει σ' . ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ποθεινὸς
ἀνθρώπων ἔτι σοι βίοτος. ζώεις γὰρ ἀμέμπτως
αὐγαῖς ἐν καθαραῖσιν Ολύμπου πλησίον ὄντος."—ANON.

I saw a widow watch her first-born boy,
Sleeping the untroubled sleep of infancy;
The violet-vein'd lids drooped o'er the eye;
The baby smil'd;—for Angels love to toy
With slumbering babes in whispers, nothing coy—
The mother rock'd the cradle laughingly;
And still the burthen of her lullaby
Was—' Sleep my darling, and awake to joy.'
  Again I saw her by a wintry grave:
She stood, black-garb'd, amid the frosty snow:
The trees were bare: the streams had ceas'd to flow:
The little Life was gone to Him who gave;
She wept; but still amid her weeping, smil'd,
And sigh'd, ' Sleep on, but wake to joy, my child.'

CCXVI.

Early Death.

"ὃν ὁι θέοι φιλοῦσι θνήσκει νέος."—MENANDER.

"Optima prima fere manibus rapiuntur avaris,
Implentur numeris deteriora suis."—OVID.

"ἔχρην γὰρ ἥμας σύλλογον ποιουμένους
τὸν φύντα θρηνεῖν, εις ὃν ἔρχεται κάκον
τον δ' αν θάνοντα καὶ πονῶν πεπάυμενον
χαιρόντας ευφημοῦντας ἐκπεμπεῖν δ' ὅμως."—EURIPIDES.

"A child is man in a small letter; yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the Apple: and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God. He is the Christian's example and the old man's relapse. The one imitates his pureness and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one Heaven for another."—BP. EARLE.

"Θρήικας αἰνέτω τις, ὅτι στονάκευσι μὲν ὗιας
μάτερος ἔκ κολπῶν πρὸς φάος ἐρχομένους·
ἔμπαλι δ' ολβαζόυσιν ὅσους αἰώνα λίπόντας
ἀπρόιδὴς Κηρῶν λατρις ἔμαρψε Μόρος.
ὅι μεν γὰρ ζωοντες ἀεὶ παντοῖα περῶσιν
'εσ κάκα· τοῖ δε κακῶν ἕυρον ἄκος φθίμενοι."

ARCHIAS OF MITYLENE.

Methinks I hear a guardian spirit plead,
At every birth, that the unspotted soul
May, ere the clouds of sin and sorrow roll
Over its earthly path, by death be freed;
And when the jasper-throned One hath decreed
Release, pole shouteth unto echoing pole
Hosannah, while the Angels to its goal
Their little burden bear with joyous speed.
When an old man is carried forth, the Immortals
And Men may have but too deep cause for weeping:
But when an Infant dies, it sinks to sleeping,
As incense, burnt before the Temple portals,
Yields up its subtle perfume to the sky,
Swung from a silver censer, soaringly.

CCXVII.

Garden Thoughts—Flowers.

"In the bosom of your purity,
A voice he set, as in a temple shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine."—MRS. HEMANS.

"Though Sin and Sathan have plunged mankind into an Ocean of infirmities, yet the mercy of God which is over all his workes, maketh grass to grow upon the Mountaines, and Herbes for the use of men, and have not only stamped upon them a distinct forme, but also given them particular signatures, whereby a man may note even in legible characters, the use of them."

WILLIAM COLD,
(*Art of Simpling*).

"Go, mark the matchless working of the Power,
That shuts within the seed the future flower,
Bids these in elegance of form excell,
In colour these, and those delight the smell;
Sends Nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes."—COWPER.

"There is a lesson in each flower
A story in each stream and bower,
On every herb on which we tread,
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Bright flowers! that like a golden fringe depend,
Edging the many-coloured garb of Spring;
Ye richest gems in Beauty's mystic ring;
Ye pearls on Nature's brow, ye tints that blend
In fanciful profusion without end
Through Summer's Iris-woven carpeting;
Wherefore your fair forms? Why on Zephyr's wing
Your sweet scents to the Morning do ye send?
Whence come your winking eyes, Sun-stolen stains;
Your velvet bells, your buds like beads of foam;
Your saffron petals, streaks, and specks of light?
Wherefore?—Unless to deck Man's toilsome home
With marks of love to cheer him in his pains,
And keep his Maker constant in his sight?

CCXVIII.

Botany.

> "Ferte Deæ flores, gaudet florentibus herbis
> Hæc Dea; de tenero cingite flore caput."—OVID.

> "Not Iris in her pride and bravery
> Adorns her arch with such variety;
> Nor doth the milk-white Way in frosty night
> Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
> As donè these fields, and groves, and sweetest bowers,
> Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-colour'd flowers."—ROBERT YARRINGTON.

> "Forsitan in teneris tantum mea regna coronis
> Esse putes. Tangunt numen et arva meum;
> Mella meum munus. Volucres ego mella daturas
> Ad violam et cytisos et thyma cana voco."—OVID.

Of all the many-vista'd glades that tend
To the same sunlit opening, long woo'd
By sister Sciences in pensive mood,
None lovelier than that where thou dost wend,
Fair Flora, while the tangled branches bend
In beauty o'er thy head in the wild wood,
And thy foot crusheth out the flowers blood,
As wine-pressed grapes the vintage-tramplers rend:
Thy home a hollow oak, by Time ring'd round
A hundred seasons, as the Summers flew:
The Bee thy dainty spirit; honey-dew
Thy drink; thy garb cell'd tissue, such as looms
Ne'er wove a Queen: thy staff, that buds and blooms,
With petals, stamina, and pistil crown'd.

CCXIX.

The Lime Tree Avenue.—Helen.

" Let's step into the shadow of these trees."—SHAKESPEARE.

" These ancient limes oft musical with bees.
Such tents the Patriarchs loved."—COLERIDGE.

" γράμματα δ' ἐν φλοιῷ γεγράψεται, ὥς παριών τις
ἀννέιμῃ Δώριστι· Σεβού μ'· Ἕλενας φύτον εἶμι."—THEOCRITUS.

Down to the sward, ye honied lime-trees sweep,
Waving your graceful branches in the wind;
High over head your arching fretwork bind;
Yet let at intervals the sunshine steep
In light the golden gravel: swell the deep
Murmur of busy bees your leaves among:
Faint be the fragrance from your foliage flung;
Through the cool vista let there sometimes peep
A tiny patch of Summer's bright blue sky;
A single fleecy cloud float casual by;
Chirrup the viewless birds, while over head
Swings the green worm upon his silken thread:—
Such was the scene that happy day, when I
Through your green alley my lov'd sister led.

CCXX.

Poetical Aspiration.

"Phœbus volentem prœlia me loqui
Victas et urbes increpuit lyrâ;
Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor
Vela darem."—HORACE.

"Visus eram molli recubans Heliconis in umbrâ
Bellerophontei qua fluit humor equi,
Parvaque tam magnis admoram fontibus ora,
Unde pater sitiens Ennius ante bibit,
Cum me Castaliâ speculans ex arbore Phœbus
Sic ait auratâ nixus ad antra lyrâ;
Quid tibi cum tali, demens, est flumine? quis te
Carminis heroi tangere jussit opus?
Non hinc ulla tibi speranda est fama, Properti,
Mollia sunt parvis prata terenda rotis.
Dixerat, et plectro sedem mihi monstrat eburno,
Qua nova muscoso semita facta solo est;
Hic erat affixis viridis spelunca lapillis,
Pendebantque cavis tympana pumicibus."—PROPERTIUS.

"Defluit incerto lapidosus murmure rivus;
Sæpe sed exiguis haustibus inde bibes."—OVID.

As the hart panteth for the water-brook,
My spirit thirsteth for the fount of song,
Which, welling from the day-spring, flows along
With Heav'n-made music:—whence blind Homer took,
And Milton blind, those draughts inspir'd, that look
Like diamond molten by the Seraph throng.
A far off dweller from the land, I long,
Nay, sometime strove to enter, when there shook
Before my dazzled eyes a flaming sword:
Yet oft in the night season, in my dream,
There babbles toward me, o'er the lustrous sward,
From out the primal source, a tiny rill,
Where, kneeling, I my fancy's chalice fill;
Then, waking, sigh for the swift-vanish'd stream.

CCXXI.

The Sonnet.

"Scorn not the Sonnet, critic; you have erred
Mindless of its just honours."—Wordsworth.

"In truth, the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is; and hence to me,
In sundry moods, t'was pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground."—Wordsworth.

'I sing but as the Linnet sings
That on the green bough dwelleth:
A rich reward his music brings
As from his throat it swelleth."—Goethe.

"Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."—Coleridge.

"Nil equidem feci (tu scis non ipse) theatris;
Musa nec in plausus ambitiosa mihi est."

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."—Keates.

"There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which like Angels can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receive into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers."—Jean Paul.

No Epic thunder, nor Pindaric fire,
Flashing in lyrics, boasts the Sonnetteer,
Title oft scoff'd at; but a vision clear
For Beauty; and a longing to inquire
Into minute similitudes; a lyre
Attuned to music by the nicest ear;
A love of finish; of constraint no fear—
Ah! place him, mid the lesser Poets quire.
The Sonnet is a cage for some pure thought,
Which, a stray'd stranger from it's heavenly home,
Comes fluttering down to the Soul's window-sill:—
So some bright-feather'd and sweet songster, caught
In at the lattice, never more to roam,
Warbleth for ever, though imprison'd still.

CCXXII.

Poetical Composition.

"Scribentem juvat ipse favor, minuitque laborem,
Cumque suo crescens pectore fervet opus."—Ovid.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know."—Wordsworth.

"Compressis agito labris; si quid datur oti,
Illudo chartis."—Horace.

"The Poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."—Shakespeare.

"None but an Author knows an Author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears."—Cowper.

"Ergo, quod vivo, durisque laboribus obsto,
Nec me sollicitæ tædia lucis habent,
Gratia, Musa, tibi: nam tu solatia præbes
Tu curæ requies, tu medicina mali:
Tu dux, tu comes es: tu nos abducis ab Istro,
In medioque mihi das Helicone locum."—Ovid.

He who a sixth sense sighed for, did not know
The Poet's restlessness, when unasked rhymes
Ring round as sweet and true as village chimes:
When visions rise, and thoughts that shoot and grow
Like germinating seeds, and words that glow
With fire, like morning suns in orient climes,
Flashing forth opals: and the spirit sublimes
Itself to Heaven, all grossness left below;
Fancy to fancy links like chosen pearls
Dropp'd one by one upon a golden string,
Or kissing crystals, that together cling
In the act of birth. The fountain-shaft that curls
Its head in rain-bow drops which fall among
Fair flow'rs, less sparkles than his jet of song.

See Note 27.

CCXXIII.

Poetical Correction.

" Ego nec sine divite venâ
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium, alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amice."—HORACE.

" Corrigere at res est tanti magis ardua quanti
Magnus Aristarcho major Homerus erat."—OVID.

" Sœpe stylum vertas iterum quœ digna legi sunt,
Scripturus."—HORACE.

" Cum relego scripsisse pudet, quia plurima curro
Me quioque quæ fuerant judice digna lini."—OVID.

" The last and greatest art, the art to blot·"—POPE.

" Carmen reprehendite quid non
Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atque
Præsectum decies non castigavit ad unguem."—HORACE.

" Ἡ γὰρ ἐν τῷ ποιεῖν εὐχέρεια καὶ ταχύτης οὐκ ἐντίθησι βάρος ἔργῳ μόνιμον, οὐδὲ κάλλους ἀκρίβειαν· ὁ δ' εἰς τὴν γένεσιν τῷ πόνῳ προδανεισθεὶς χρόνος, ἐν τῇ σωτηρίᾳ τοῦ γενομένου τὴν ἰσχὺν ἀποδίδωσιν."—PLUTARCH.

" καλῶς μοι δοκουσιν, ὦ Φουνδᾶνε, ποιεῖν οἱ ζωγράφοι, διὰ χρόνου τὰ ἔργα πρὶν ἢ συντελεῖν, ἐπισκοπουντες· ὅτι τὴν ὄψιν αὐτῶν ἀφιςάντες, τῇ πολλάκις κρίσει ποιουσι καινὴν, κὰι μᾶλλον ἁπτομένην τῆς παρὰ μικρὸν διαφορᾶς, ἣν ἀποκρύπτει τὸ συνεχὲς καὶ τὸ σύνηθες."—PLUTARCH.

The Painter toucheth and retoucheth still
His canvass to bring out the ideal tone :
The Sculptor travels o'er and o'er the stone
With ceaseless and untiring chisel, till
With life there breathes, obeyant to his will,
The type of Beauty that his mind hath thrown
Into the marble. Shall the Bard alone
With the first words that from his pen distil
Rest pleas'd?
Oh ! when his ecstacy is o'er,
A second and a calmer joy is found,
In the artistic polish of each line :—
New thoughts rub down each blemish in the score,
Till brightly lustrous all the verses shine :—
So diamonds are with diamond powder ground.

CCXXIV.

Shakespeare.

"Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit et omnes
Præstinxit stellas exortus uti aerius sol."—LUCRETIUS.

"Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes."—HORACE.

"All the poets are indebted more or less to those who have gone before them; even Homer's originality has been questioned, and Virgil owes almost as much to Theocritus, in his Pastorals, as to Homer, in his Heroics; and if our own countryman, Milton, has soared above both Homer and Virgil, it is because he has stolen some feathers from their wings. But Shakespeare stands alone. His want of erudition was a most happy and productive ignorance; it forced him back upon his own resources, which were exhaustless; if his literary qualifications made it impossible for him to borrow from the ancients, he was more than repaid by the powers of his invention, which made borrowing unnecessary. In all the ebbings and the flowings of his genius, in his storms, no less than in his calms, he is as completely separated from all other poets, as the Caspian from all other seas. But he abounds with so many axioms applicable to all the circumstances, situations, and varieties of life, that they are no longer the property of the poet, but of the world; all apply, but none dare appropriate them; and, like anchors, they are secure from thieves, by reason of their weight."—LACON.

The critic with nice judgment may assign
Distinctive genius to each Bard, save one:
But Shakespeare, like the universal Sun,
Enriches, gilds, where'er he knows to shine.
To him all hearts were open: Music fine,
As of the spheres, attuned his verse: his fun
Ran riot; Power and Pathos sat upon
His lips: all Nature was his boundless mine.
Be statues placed to all the Sons of verse,
Within Fame's temple: there let Homer stand
Central, with Dante, Milton, on each hand;
But Shakespeare's pedestal be blank, like hers,
The peerless Princess, in the Arabian hall:*—
More perfect and diviner he than all.

* See the story of Prince *Zeyn* and the Elephant-headed Boatman; *Arabian Nights*.

CCXXV.

Fame, the Poet's Gift.

"Præcipuum munus annalium reor, ne virtutes sileantur; utque pravis dictis factisque ex posteritate et infamiâ metus sit." —TACITUS.

"Carmine purpurea est Nisi coma; carmina ni sint,
Ex humero Pelopis non nituisset ebur;
Quem referent Musæ, vivet, dum robora tellus,
Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas."—TIBULLUS.

"Nam quis equo pulsas abiegno nosceret arces?
Fluminaque Æmonio comminus isse viro?
Idæum Simoënta, Jovis cunabula parvi?
Hectora ter campos, ter maculasse rotas?
Deiphobumque, Helenumque, et Polydamanta sine armis?
Qualemcunque Parin vix sua nosset humus.
Exiguo sermone fores nunc, Ilion, et tu
Troja, bis Œtæi numine capta dei.
Nec non ille tui casus memorator Homerus
Posteritate suum crescere sentit opus."—PROPERTIUS.

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."—HORACE.

Fame gave her trumpet to the Poet's hand,
And bade him wake its echoes at his will:
Not his alone the weird enchanter's skill
To summon Ariel, and Titania's band;
Set silver-slippered Thetis on the strand;
People Olympus: stream, and wood, and hill,
With Naiad, Dryad, Fawn, and Oread, fill:—
The tyrant trembles at his first command;
He crowns the hero, brands the undying crime.
Antigone, the serpent-brood of Lear
Are his; Achilles' rage, Prometheus' scorn:
Orestes; his the Fontarabian horn;
His Saladin, and Arthur without peer;
His Ugolino; his Man's fatal prime.

Illustrations to Sonnet CCXXV.

"Nam neque Pyramidum sumtus ad sidera ducti,
Nec Jovis Elei cœlum imitata domus,
Nec Mausolei dives fortuna sepulcri,
Mortis ab extremâ conditione vacat.
Aut illis flamma, aut imber subducet honores,
Annorum aut ictu pondera victa ruent.
At non ingenio quæsitum nomen ab ævo
Excidet: ingenio stat sine morte decus."—PROPERTIUS.

"Ψήχει καὶ πέτρην ὁ πολὺς χρόνος, οὐδὲ σιδήρου
φείδεται, ἀλλὰ μιῇ πάντ' ὀλέσει δρεπάνῃ·
ὣς καὶ Λαέρταο τόδ' ἠρίον, ὃ σχεδὸν ἀκτᾶ
βαιὸν ἄπο, ψυχρῶν λείβεται ἐξ ὑετῶν.
οὔνομα μὴν ἥρωος ἀεὶ νέον. οὐ γὰρ ἀοιδὰς
ἀμβλύνειν αἰών, κἢν ἐθέλῃ, δύναται."—ANON.

"Ergo, cum silices, cum dens patientis aratri,
Depereant ævo, carmina morte carent.
Cedant carminibus reges, regumque triumphi,
Cedat et auriferi ripa beata Tagi."—OVID.

"σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ πτέρ' ἔδωκα, σὺν οἷς ἐπ' ἀπείρονα πόντον
πωτήσῃ καὶ γῆν πᾶσαν ἀειράμενος
ῥηϊδίως· θοίνῃς δὲ καὶ εἰλαπίνῃσι παρέσσῃ
ἐν πάσαις, πολλῶν κείμενος ἐν στόμασιν·
καί σε σύν αὐλίσκοισι λιγυφθόγγοις νέοι ἄνδρες
εὐκόσμως ἐρατοὶ καλά τε καὶ λιγέα
ᾄσονται· καὶ ὅταν δνοφερῆς ὑπὸ κεύθεσι γαίης
βῇς πολυκωκυτους εἰς Ἀΐδαο δόμους,
οὐδὲ τότ' οὐδὲ θανὼν ἀπολεῖς κλέος, ἀλλὰ μελήσεις
ἄφθιτον ἀνθρώποις αἰὲν ἔχων ὄνομα,
Κύρνε, καθ' Ἑλλάδα γῆν στρωφώμενος ἠδ' ἀνὰ νήσους,
ἰχθυόεντα περῶν πόντον ἐπ' ἀτρύγετον,
οὐχ ἵππων νώτοισιν ἐφήμενος· ἀλλά σε πέμψει
ἀγλαὰ Μουσάων δῶρα ἰοστεφάνων·
πᾶσί γάρ, οἷσι μέμηλε, καὶ ἐσσομένοισιν ἀοιδή
ἔσσῃ ὁμῶς, ὄφρ' ἂν ᾖ γῆ τε καὶ ἠέλιος."—THEOGNIS.

"Tabida consumit ferrum lapidemque vetustas,
Nullaque res majus tempore robur habet.
Scripta ferunt annos: scriptis Agamemnona nosti,
Et quisquis contra, vel simul arma tulit.
Quis Thebas septemque duces sine carmine nosset,
Et quicquid post hæc, quicquid et ante fuit?
Di quoque carminibus, si fas est dicere, fiunt:
Tantaque majestas ore canentis eget.
Sic Chaos ex illâ naturæ mole prioris
Digestum partes scimus habere suas:
Sic affectantes cœlestia regna Gigantas
Ad Styga nimbifero vindicis igne datos,
Sic victor laudem superatis Liber ab Indis,
Alcides captâ traxit ab Œchaliâ."—OVID.

Illustrations to Sonnet CCXXV.

" Sages and chief long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was or Newton named;
Those raised new Empires o'er the Earth;
And these new Heavens and systems framed;
Vain was the Chief's the Sage's pride,
They had no Poet, and thy died:
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled,
They had no Poet, and are dead."

" ὄλβιοι ὧν μνήμη πινυτῶν ἐνὶ τεύχεσι βίβλων,
ἀλλ' ὀυκ ἐς κενεὰς ἐικόνας ἐνδίαει."—Agathias.

" πᾶσι γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐπιχθονίοισιν ἀοιδοὶ
τιμῆς ἔμμοροί εἰσι καὶ αἰδοῦς, οὕνεκ' ἄρα σφέας
οἴμας Μοῦσ' ἐδίδαξε· φίλησε δὲ φῦλον ἀοιδῶν."—Homer.

" Pindar was refused the price he had set upon an Ode in celebration of one who had been crowned at the Olympic games, because the victor had calculated that a much less sum would purchase a statue of brass. But on the following day, he determined to employ the poet rather than the sculptor, under the conviction that an Ode of Pindar would outlive a statue of far more indestructible materials than marble or brass."—Lacon.

" How many great ones may remembered be,
Which in their days most famously did flourish,
Of whom no Word we hear, nor Sign now see,
But as things wip'd out with a spunge do perish,
Because the living cared not to cherish
No gentle Wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize."—Spenser.

" O sacer et magnus vatum labor, omnia fato
Eripis, et populis donas mortalibus ævum."—Lucan.

" Jam cinis est; et de tam magno restat Achille
Nescio quid, parvam quod non bene compleat urnam;
At vivit, totum quæ gloria compleat orbem."—Ovid.

" Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,
Cœlo Musa beat."—Horace.

" Dum mea Cæcilio formatur imago Secundo,
Spirat et argutâ picta tabella manu,
I, liber, ad Geticam Peucen Istrumque tacentem.
Hæc loca perdomitis gentibus ille tenet.
Parva dabis caro, sed dulcia dona sodali:
Certior in nostro carmine vultus erit.
Casibus hic nullis, nullis delebilis annis
Vivet, Apelleum cum morietur opus."—Martial.

" O sacer et magnus vatum labor, omnia, fato
Eripis, et populis donas mortalibus ævum.
Invidia sacræ, Cæsar, ne tangere famæ:
Nam, si quid Latiis fas est promittere Musis,
Quantum Smyrnæi durabunt vatis honores,
Venturi me teque legent: Pharsalia nostra
Vivet, et a nullo tenebris damnabitur ævo."—Lucan.

" Deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong,
On whom the Muses smile."—Wordsworth.

CCXXVI.

The Garden Seat.

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dim,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names,"—MILTON.

"In him the pure well-head of Poesy did dwell."—SPENSER.

On the stone seat reclined, with half-closed eyes,
Let me, O wizard Fancy ! wave awhile
Thy magic wand : Lo ! what a shadowy file
Of forms re-people these thick shades : the wise,
The noble, and the beautiful, arise,
Each in his different age's garb and style:
Shorn crown, plum'd hat, cowl'd frown, mustachio'd
smile ;
Ruffler, and priest, and knight, in motley guise ;
Names known in British story : sages nurst
In these gray college-halls—far, from the throng
Stands one in meditative mood sublime,
Chaucer,* the morning star of English song,
Dreaming some tale or allegoric burst,
("The Flower and Leaf" perchance) of early rhyme.

* Those who favour the supposition that Chaucer was educated at Oxford, in preference to Cambridge, fix Merton as his college, probably because his friends Occleve and Strove were there.

CCXXVII.

The Sun Dial.

"Non numero horas nisi serenas."

"What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelment of lead and brass; its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spake of moderate pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the old world. Adam could scarce have missed it in paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet flowers and plants to spring by; for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by; for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd 'carved it out quaintly in the sun,' and turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tombstones."—CHARLES LAMB.

What was the magic, gray and time-worn stone,
Drew me so often to reflect on thee,
With gaze half vacant, dream-like reverie;
While the long shadow, on thy surface thrown,
Crept on unmark'd? was it thy golden zone
Graven with figures mystical: thy face
Mingling deep shade and sunshine: thy green base
With mosses stain'd, and lichens overgrown?
Or did I see in thee Time's shrine, whereon
The mighty Moments priest-like offering cast,
Daily to the irrevocable Gone;
The Present sacrificing to the Past?
Or was it that thou told'st me to repent?
Say, of the buried Hours still monument!

CCXXVIII.

Wycliffe.*

"The ashes of Wycliffe were thrown into the river Swift, which conveyed them into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow Seas, they into the main Ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over."†—FULLER.

"Of the book that had been a sealed up book
He tore the clasps, that the nation,
With eyes unbandaged, might thereon look
And learn the true salvation."—Δ

O! Wycliffe, when Rome's malice from the grave
Dug up thy bones, and their burnt ashes hurl'd
Into the water of the Swift, they swirl'd
From river on to river, till the wave
Of Ocean, wheresoe'er it knows to lave
The confines of the kingdoms of the world,
The relics bore:—even so hath Time unfurl'd,
Where'er Intolerance seeketh to enslave
Free judgment, free opinion, and free thought,
The banner of thy bold and faithful life,
Reform's first English champion; thou who fought
Ere Luther won; thou, whose long battle-strife
The priest-set seal tore from the Bible page,
To all men oped the Word; to every age.

* Wycliffe, though at first a Commoner of Queen's College, subsequently became a Postmaster, (Portionista) and Fellow of Merton.

† There is nothing new under the Sun! Wordsworth, in his Sonnet on Wycliffe, puts into the mouth of "that ancient voice which streams can hear," (without acknowledgment) the words of old Fuller, thus—

"As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
"Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
"Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
"Into main Oceans they, this deed accurst
"An emblem yields to friends and enemies
"How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctioned
"By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed."

Is this plagiarism? Is Byron's Shipwreck in Don Juan, beginning

'At half-past ten o'clock, booms, hencops, spars, &c.?'

or may the Poet say with the audacity of old *Montaigne*, 'je re-prend mon bien ou je le trouve?'

CCXXIX.

Shadows of Pre-Existence.

"Κὰτ' ἔκεινον γε τὸν λόγον, ὦ Σώκρατες, εἰ ἀλήθης ἔστιν ὂν σὺ εἴωθας θαμὰ λεγεῖν, ὅτι μάθησις οὐκ ἀλλὸ τι ἢ ἀνάμνησις τυγχάνει οὖσα, καὶ κατὰ τοῦτον ἀνάγκη πού ἥμας ἐν προτερῷ τίνι χρονῷ μεμαθήκεναι ἅ νῦν ἀναμιμνησκόμεθα, τοῦτο δε ἀδύνατον εἰ μὴ ἦν ποῦ ἥμων ἢ ψύχη πρὶν ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἀνθρωπινῷ εἴδει γένεσθαι."—PLATO.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."—WORDSWORTH.

"Like a thought
A dream remembered in a dream."—COLERIDGE.

"The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the Sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, see this is new? It hath been already of old time which was before us."—ECCL. Ch. 1-9.

Say, have you never felt a conscious start
At some chance passing act, or trivial speech;
And question'd memory in vain, to teach
The when, and where, we took the selfsame part
In word or deed; on us it seems to dart
So all familiar; yet, when we would reach
Forward, or to conjure it, or beseech,
It fades like ghost of necromantic art?
Such passage comes and goeth like the wind,
We know not whence or whither: leaving the mind
Full of sweet doubt and strange perplexity—
Is it a glimpse of the Soul's former plight,
Seen faint but fair, as patch of moonlit sky,
Caught through the driving rack on gusty night?

CCXXX.

The Rookery.

" Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood."—SHAKESPEARE.

Dark plumag'd commonwealth! for ages past,
Without a fear of ruthless boy to spoil
The callow brood, pledge of joint love and toil,
Or of the silent bolt from cross-bow cast,
High on ancestral trees secure and fast
Hath rock'd thy city free ; contented they
Who from these halls and groves have pass'd away,
To hear thy citizens above the blast
In winter; and to watch in busy Spring
Thy noisy workmen their old seats repair
With plastic labour wonderful; to trace
Thy home-bound columns cluster thick in air;
And at the close of day, with circling grace,
Wheel round the chapel tower on easy wing

CCXXXI.

The Grassplot.

"Round his bald head the brown leaves drift amain."

Vain, aged gard'ner, is thy toil to clear
The lawn, which while its hue and smoothness vied
With bright green velvet, 'twas thy simple pride
To keep unsullied through the earlier year;
But now, fast fall the leaves, wither'd and sere;—
Hark! how they crackle in the autumnal breeze,
That strips them countless from their parent trees:—
Still on the grass they lie; then sudden rear
Their shrivell'd forms, and whirl in witch-like dance!
  Mocking thy threat'ning broom and tardy pace,
Two truant children* seek, with merry glance,
The laden barrow hid in shelter'd place.
Alas! old man, for all thy morning's care;
The loosen'd leaves fly spinning in the air.

* The children of the Warden of Merton.

CCXXXII.

Merton Meadows from the Terrace Walk.

> "'Tis raging noon, and vertical the sun
> Darts on the head direct his forceful rays."
>
> THOMSON.

Gay with June's livery of liveliest green,
By daisies crimson-edg'd, and cowslip-dyed,
Smile Merton meadows in their summer pride,
While far off Isis glints back steely sheen
Yon stately avenue's tall trees between,
Like flash of casque and spear when warriors ride.
Sweet Cherwell-waters edge the nearer side.
The sleepy cattle seek a shady screen;
For 'tis still sultry noon; the martin wheels,
Like a black spirit of night haunting the day,
His phantom circles high in the upper blue:
Shrill grasshopper clacks loud his whirring peals;
Proud dragon-flies glance by in armour new;
And the bee hums her homeward roundelay.

CCXXXIII.

The Terrace Wall.—The Cavalier's Death.

"Poor Windebank was shot by sudden Court Martial, so enraged were they at Oxford; for Cromwell had not even foot-soldiers, still less a battering gun. It was his poor young wife, they said, she and other ladies on a visit there,* that confounded poor Windebank. He set his back to the wall of Merton College, and received his death-volley with a soldier's stoicism." CARLYLE'S CROMWELL.

Sure Man's heart-anguish ne'er hath broken here
This smiling air of natural repose,
Which over Merton's meadowed landscape glows?
Yes, on this spot where the grey stone walls rear
Their hoary height, fell that poor Cavalier
Who gave his post up to his Monarch's foes,
At iron Cromwell's summons, without blows,
Through gentle courtey, not coward fear.
  Perchance beneath where now I stand, he stood:
Setting his back against the College-wall,
Baring his breast, not dabbled yet with blood,
A bold unflinching mark for many a ball,
His young wife's name borne on his latest breath:—
Short trial his, brief shrift, and soldier's death.

* Bletchington House.

CCXXXIV.

The University Volunteers.

"Si vis pacem, para bellum."
"Bella suscipienda sunt ob eam causam, ut sine injuriâ in pace vivitur."
CICERO.

"Felix civitas quæ tempore pacis de bello cogitat."
"το ξίφος αμφιβαλὸν μὴ πρὸς φόνον ἀλλ' ἐς ἄμυνον."
PSEUDO PHOCILLYDEA.

"Dum desint hostes desit quoque causa triumphi,
Tu, ducibus bello gloria major eris.
Sola gerat miles quibus arma coerceat arma,
Cantetur que ferâ nil nisi pompa tubâ."—OVID.

"ὑμάς δὲ χρὴ νῦν, καὶ τὸν ἐλλείποντ' ἔτι
ἥβης ἀκμαίας, καὶ τὸν ἔξηβον χρόνῳ
βλάστημον ἀλδαίνοντα σώματος πολὺν,
ὥραν τ' ἔχονθ' ἕκαστον, ὥστε συμπρεπὲς,
πόλει τ' ἀρήγειν καὶ θεῶν ἐγχωρίων
βωμοῖσι, τιμὰς μὴ 'ξαλειφθῆναί ποτε·
τέκνοις τε, γῇ τε μητρὶ, φιλτάτῃ τροφῷ·
ἡ γὰρ νέους ἕρποντας εὐμενεῖ πέδῳ,
ἅπαντα πανδοκοῦσα παιδείας ὄτλον,
ἐθρέψατ' οἰκισιῆρας ἀσπιδηφόρους
πιστοὺς ὅπως γένοισθε πρὸς χρέος τόδε."—ÆSCHYLUS.

Never again may Civil Strife lay waste
This England, where fair Peace hath made her nest:
And yet the martial spirit in each breast
Glow warmer: so shall Britain never taste
War's horrors; so repress the Invader's haste.
  Let every free-born youth acquire, unprest,
The use of arms, and safe this land shall rest,
Her elders tranquil, and her daughters chaste.
  Defence, not conquest, each just soldier's aim,
Duty his watchword, and its full discharge
His sole ambition, who shall dare attack
This island, girt with belts of rifle-flame?
  The foe may land from his night-favoured barge,
But who to tell the tale shall e'er get back?

See Note 27.

CCXXXV.

The Rifle.

" This England never did and never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Our country yet remains;
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live, with her to die."—CAMPBELL.

" Come the four quarters of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself remain but true."—SHAKESPEARE.

" σὺ δ' ὥστε ναὸς κεδνὸς οἰακοστρόφος,
φράξαι πόλισμα, πρὶν καταιγίσαι πνοὰς
Ἄρεος· βοᾶ γὰρ κῦμα χερσαῖον στρατοῦ·
καὶ τῶνδε καιρὸν ὅστις ὤκιστος λαβέ·"—ÆSCHYLUS.

" In our halls are hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."—WORDSWORTH.

'Twas merry in the days when Robin Hood,
The bugle-baldrick'd, and his outlaw crew,
With cloth-yard shaft and bow of toughest yew,
Slaying the king's deer, rang'd the thick green-wood.
An English yeoman's eye was ever good
In fight or forest, as his heart was true.
But since our Youth the Queen of Weapons knew,
One hand is worth a hundred, by the rood.
England, her Shakespeare sang, shall never bow,
Humbled before a foreign tyrant's pride:—
'Twere better far than bear the name of slave,
This land should be her children's common grave:—
Time was, when one and all we might have died
For hearth and altar: we must conquer now.

CCXXXVI.

England and France.

" κεῖνο κάλλιον, τέκνον,
ισοτήτα τιμᾶν, ἥ φίλους ἀει φίλοις
ξύνδει· το γαρ ἴσον νόμιμον ἀνθρωποῖς ἔφυ,
νύκτος τ'ἄφεγγες βλέφαρον, ἥλιου τε φῶς
ἴσον βαδιζει τὸν ἐνιάυσιον κύκλον,
κ'ου δ'ἑτερον ἀυτῶν φθόνον ἔχεν νικώμενον."—EURIPIDES.

" Infestisque obvia signis.
Signa, pares aquilas, et pila minantia pilis."—LUCAN.

" ἴτε νῦν καθ' ὅδον, τὴν καλλίστην
θέων, 'Ειρήνὴν, τιμῶντες."—EURIPIDES.

" That sweet enemy, France."—*Sir* PHILIP SIDNEY.

" Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep."—CAMPBELL.

" Whatsoever nation should get the start of the other in making the proposal to reduce and fix the amount of its armed force would crown itself with everlasting honour."—JEREMY BENTHAM.

" I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start."—SHAKESPEARE.

" That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other—God speak to this Amen.—SHAKESPEARE.

How long, O! France and England, will ye stand
Watching each other o'er the narrow seas,
With hearts full of suspicion and unease;
On either coast your camp-fires midnight brand
Redd'ning the white cliffs of the opposéd land?
How long, like leash'd-up war-dogs, strain to seize
Each other's throats, ye "natural" enemies,
Self-styled; for "natural" friends by Nature plann'd?
Why waste ye half your substance to increase
War's iron panoply 'gainst false alarms,
Making Earth groan with armaments; with fleets
Burd'ning the Ocean? O! let Peace be Peace:
Or, if ye must be rivals, let the feats
That crown the victor be of arts, not arms.

CCXXXVII.

The Chrystal Palace (1851.)

"When the war drums beat no louger, and the battle flags are furl'd,
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World,
Then the common-sense of men shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."—TENNYSON.

"Trade is the golden girdle of the world."—COWPER.

"Respice vindicibus pacatam viribus orbem
Qua latam Nereus cærulus ambit humum,
Se tibi pax terræ, tibi se tuta æquora debent,
Implecti meritis orbis utramque domum."—OVID.

O! blessed Thought that arch'd the chrystal hall!
O! great World-teacher, telling how the Mind
May labour best to benefit mankind!
O! princely herald of good-will for all
Earth's corners, sent, as with a trumpet-call,
To bid the nations throw down arms behind
God's Truce',* as in the days of old, and bind
Peace captive in a golden girdle's thrall!
O! living Thought! lo! as a seed dropp'd down
By Ocean-crossing bird, from the pure sky,
On rocky isle, grows, rooting its firm hold,
A mighty tree,† though weak its infancy;
So Thou, though war's storms on thy promise frown,
Shalt burgeon, and bear fruit a thousand-fold.

* 'Trenga Dei': one of the benefits conferred by the Church on society in the dark ages. It was extended from the Advent Sunday to the octave of Epiphany, and from Septuagesima Sunday to the octave of Easter.

† Looking to the happy effect upon England and France, may we not apply to this 'tree' the words of Shakespeare:

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely *eagle*,
Under whose shade the ramping *lion* slept.—*Henry* VI, *pt.* 3, *Act* V, *Sc.* 2.

CCXXXVIII.

The Chrystal Palace.

Palace of glass! In thought alone and dream
Did I behold thee; for a hemisphere
Swell'd 'twixt us; but to me thou wast most dear,
Not for thy fairy grace or crystal gleam,
Thy novel boldness, a world's wonder-theme:
But for that thy good builders did uprear
Thine honest fabric without sigh or tear;
From base to dome thou cost nor sob nor scream.
  Not like the Pyramids, whose scourge-raised stones
Save not the record of their founder's name,
But echo still a whole slav'd Nation's groans:
Not like Toledo's fortress-palace, built
With hecatombs of Indian life, and gilt
With new-world gold, wrung forth by blood and flame.

See Note 28.

CCXXXIX.

Albert 'the Good.'

"A prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter thro' all times, Albert the Good."
TENNYSON.

Albert! I name thee not for thy high state
In England's realm, thou Consort of our Queen:
My very soul abhors what erst hath been
Our poets shame, their flattery of the great:
And hadst thou been but First, no Laureate
Could save in Ode thy memory from the keen
Cold tooth of Time: no mausoleum green
With malachite, engraved with golden date;
No statue cut in marble, run in brass;
Nor e'en thy fairy Palace of bright glass.
Man must himself achieve his deathless fame:
And thou hast earn'd, not on war's field of blood,
But in thy peaceful life, the proudest name
Boasted by monarch or by prince, 'The Good.'

CCXL.

Merton Meadows.

"Ut nubeis facile interdum concrescere in alto
Cernimus, et mundi speciem violare serenam,
Aëra mulcenteis motu: nam sæpe Gigantum
Ora volare videntur, et umbram ducere late:
Interdum magni montes, avolsaque saxa
Montibus anteire, et solem succedere præter;
Inde alios trahere, atque inducere bellua nimbos."—LUCRETIUS.

"Ἤδη πὸτ' ἀνάβλεψας εἶδες νεφέλην κενταυρῳ ὁμοιαν
ἢ παρδάλει, ἢ λυκῳ, ἢ ταυρῳ;"—ARISTOPHANES.

"Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A fork'd mountain or blue promontory,
With trees upon it, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Pleasant at noon, beside the vocal brook,
To lie one down, and watch the floating cloud,
And shape to fancy's wild imaginings
Their ever-varying forms."—SOUTHEY.

Ay! there they rush in strange fantastic race,
The Sunshine and the Shadow, o'er the mead;
Swift as Camilla in their airy speed;
One following close the other in the chase;
Sure as the smile and tear on human face.
  Oft when a child, not without dread indeed,
Perch'd on some breezy hill, I loved to heed
The same wild rushings o'er the meadowy space;
And dream'd them fiery horses yoked with black;
Or gold and ebon chains of giant size;
Or happy angels driving shapes of sin.
  Would I might view again the scudding rack
Checker the silent earth, with child-like eyes,
And read no sign of human pain therein!

CCXLI.

Another Thought on the Same.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."—*Psalm* xix. 1.

"Who sees the dark is dark; but turn towards the light,
And thou becomest quick like that which fills thy sight."—Anon.

The Sceptic bends his sullen eyes on earth,
Bow'd down, like one beneath a load of years,
With hosts of philosophic doubts and fears,
Of his perverted reason the strange birth.
To him the things of Heav'n are nothing worth,
Not judg'd by finite rules: for his dull ears
There sings indeed no music in the spheres.
He will not turn to God, in reason's dearth,
There find a cause for all things; like the child
Who gazes awestruck on the shades that move,
He knows not why, or whence, athwart the field,
A troop of spectral ghosts, fearful and wild:—
Yet would he see, with one quick glance above,
Did he but lift his eyes, the cause reveal'd.

CCXLII.

The Walk of the Two Towers.

"Te cernere, finis,
Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus, idem."—BOETHIUS.

Surely this walk, straight, simple in its line,
Was fashion'd by some holy-hearted man,
That at each limit turning, he might scan
Thy tower, dear Merton, or, fair Magdalene, thine,
Point skyward with solemnity divine:
So, while he walk'd, were his reflections given
In ceaseless meditation to the Heav'n,
Of which his eyes beheld the earthly sign:—
Thus, while slow-pacing, often pausing, there,
I loved, perchance erroneously, to dream;
And oh! methought, with an unutter'd pray'r,
May my life's pathway, level, straight, and true,
Like this, with cause for holy breathings teem,
Begin and end with God, Him alway view.

[There was in Merton Gardens a broad, straight walk, where a beautifully picturesque effect was produced by introducing at either end of the vista the chapel towers of Magdalene and Merton.]

CCXLIII.

A Doubt of Identity.

"Let me be nothing, if within the compass of myself I do not find the battle of separate passion against reason, reason against faith, faith against the devil, and my conscience against all. There is another man within me that's angry with me, rebukes, commands, and dastards me."—*Sir* THOMAS BROWN.

Surely I am twice self—but which is *I*,
I know not; whether he who thinks and writes
These sonnets; in all pure and good delights:
Loves contemplation and sweet charity,
And upward trains his spirit to the sky:
Or he who outflies Folly's wildest flights;
The sower of the bitter jest that bites;
Who clings to life's gross sensuality;
This shame; this double-face;—this fiend that mocks
His own faith and conviction wilfully;
This low mean plodder after worldly pelf;
This doubt; this devil-angel-paradox,—
O God! which is and which is not myself?
Which is the truth, and which hypocrisy?

NOTE.—Machiavelli says of Cosmo de Medici, that he had two distinct persons in him.

Illustrations to Sonnet CCXLIII.

" For we know that the law is spiritual : but I am carnal, sold under sin.

" For that which I do I allow not : for what I would, that do I not ; but what I hate, that do I.

" If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good.

" Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.

" For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing : for to will is present with me ; but how to perform that which is good I find not.

" For the good that I would I do not : but the evil which I would not, that I do.

" Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.

" I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me.

" For I delight in the law of God after the inward man :

" But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members.—ROMANS, *ch.* vii. *vs.* 14—23.

" Sirenum voces et Circe pocula nosti."—HORACE.

" Nequeo tamen esse sine illis,
Vulneribusque meis tela cruenta sequor."—OVID.

" τὰ χρήστ᾽ ἐπιστάμεσθα καὶ γιγνώσκομεν,
οὐκ ἐκπονοῦμεν δ᾽, οἱ μὲν ἀργίας ὕπο,
οἱ δ᾽ ἡδονὴν προθέντες ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ
ἄλλην τιν᾽."—EURIPIDES.

" If man was made in the image of God, he was also made in the image of an ape. The frame-work of the body of him who has weighed the stars, and made the lightning his slave, approaches to that of a speechless brute who wanders in the forests of Sumatra. Thus standing on the frontier land between animal and angelic natures, what wonder that he should partake of both ?"—HALLAM.

" He breathes
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will."—BYRON.

" By me perchance some good hath been
Perform'd in public show :
But what corruptions are within,
Ashamed I am to show."—WITHER.

" Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor."—OVID.

" θυμὸς δὲ κρείττων τῶν ἔμων βουλευμάτων."—EURIPIDES.

" The heart knoweth its own wickedness."—PROVERBS.

CCXLIV.

Carpe Diem.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—MATTHEW, vi. 34.

Not as the Fool unto his heart hath said,
'To-day eat; for to-morrow thou shalt die,'
Enjoy, my Soul, present prosperity;
But as a guest, who hath his call obeyed,
Beholds, with thanks, a bounteous table laid,
Nor dreads a phantom sword hung up on high.
Though in the womb of the big Future lie
Trouble and danger, be not Thou dismayed;
Trust Him who clothes the lilies of the field;
Quail not at shadows ere their substance rise;
Nor blot the bright To-day with black To-morrow:—
What if no griefs in ambush lie conceal'd?
Mar not sweet life with unavailing sighs;
But let each day be lord of its own sorrow.

Illustrations to Sonnet CCXLIV.

"Why should we
Anticipate our sorrows? 'Tis like those
Who die for fear of death."—Denham.

"Enjoy the present whatsoever it be, and be not solicitous for the future, for if you take your foot from the present standing and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you shall want drink next day. If it be well to-day, it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing it may be ill to-morrow. When your belly is full of to-day's dinner, to fear you shall want the next day's supper. For it may be you shall not; and then to what purpose was this day's affliction? But if to morrow you shall want, your sorrow will come time enough tho' you do not hasten it. Let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day if God send them: and the evils bear sweetly; for this day is only ours. We are dead to yesterday and not yet born to the morrow. He therefore that enjoys the present, if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible. Sufficient to the day, said Christ, is the evil thereof. Sufficient but not intolerable. But if ye look abroad and bring into one day's thought the evil of many, cautious and uncertain, what will be and what will not be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable."—Jeremy Taylor.

"Be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion."—Milton.

"The bliss e'en of a moment still is bliss:
Thou wouldst not of her dew-drops spoil the thorn,
Because her glory will not last till noon,
Nor still the lightsome gambols of the colt
Whose neck to morrow's yoke will gall."—Joanna Baillie.

"The present we fling from us as the rind
Of some sweet future, which we after find
Bitter to taste, or bind that in with fears,
And water it before-hand with our tears;
Vain tears for that which never may arrive.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whatever of good, tho' small the present brings,
Kind greeting sunshine, song of birds and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things,
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure."—Trench.

CCXLV.

Self—The Past.

"Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live."—*Psalm* xxxix. 5.

"Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be."—SHAKESPEARE.

Upon the summit of the bridge, whose span
Archeth from birth to death, awhile I rest;
And what vague shadowy terrors shake my breast,
While the descending half I seek to scan
Of the threescore and ten years meted man!
So few misfortunes round my feet have press't,
With such continuous good have I been blest,
Ills only sure must frown upon my van—
Quick, let me cast away some cherish'd vice,
Like Polycrate of Samos, when he threw
Into the deep his jewel beyond price,
To dash his o'erswoll'n fortunes; or the Jew,
That brake at wedding feast the precious bowl,
Lest too much joy should fill the reveller's soul.*

* This story is told by Bayle.

NOTE.—Seneca tells us that Demetrius esteemed it a great infliction, that in life he had experienced no misfortune: "miserum mei nihil unquam accidisset adversi."

Illustrations to Sonnet CCXLV.

"The shades of former and of future years,
Foreboding fancies and prophetic tears,
Quelling a fancy that was once elate."—Hood.

"Hic locus est partes ubi se via findit in ambas."—Virgil.

"Ὦ μοι ἐγὼν ἥβης καὶ γήραος ὀυλομένοιο,
τοῦ μὲν ἐπερχομένου, τῆς δ'ἀπονισομένης."—Theognis.

"As doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright,
Of what's yet left thee of Life's wasting day:
Thy sun points onward; passèd is thy morn."—Drummond.

"Omnes cum secundæ res sunt maxime, tum maxime
Meditari secum oportet, quo pacto adversam ærumnam ferant."—Terence.

"Our sins, like to our shadows,
When our day's in its glory, scarce appear,
Towards our evening, how great and monstrous!"—Suckling.

"Quis me uno vivit felicior? aut magis hâc est
Optandum vitâ elicere quis potuit?"—Catullus.

"καί κως βούλομαι καὶ αὐτὸς καὶ τῶν ἂν κήδωμαι τὸ μέν τι εὐτυχέειν τῶν πρηγμάτων, τὸ δὲ προσπταίειν· καὶ οὕτω διαφέρειν τὸν αἰῶνα ἐναλλὰξ πρήσσων ἢ εὐτυχέειν τὰ πάντα. οὐδένα γάρ κω λόγῳ οἶδα ἀκούσας, ὅστις ἐς τέλος οὐ κακῶς ἐτελεύτησε πρόῤῥιζος εὐτυχέων τὰ πάντα. Σὺ ὦν νῦν ἐμοὶ πειθόμενος ποίησον πρὸς τὰς εὐτυχίας τοιάδε· φροντίσας τὸ ἂν εὕρῃς ἐόν τοι πλείστον ἄξιον καὶ ἐπ' ᾧ οὐ ἀπολομένῳ μάλιστα τὴν ψυχὴν ἀλγήσίς, τοῦτο ἀπόβαλε οὕτω, ὅκως μη ἔτι ἥξει ἐς ἀνθρώπους. ἤν τε μὴ ἐναλλάξ ἤδη τὠπὸ τούτου αἱ εὐτυχίαι τοι αὐταῖσι πάθαισι προσπίπτωσι, τρόπῳ τῳ ἐξ ἐμεῦ ὑποκειμένῳ ἀκέο."—Herodotus.

"Vel nos in mare proximum
Gemmas, et lapides, aurum et inutile,
Summi materiem mali,
Mittamus, scelerum si bene pœnitet."—Horace.

"All this while,
From the extremest verge of my remembrance,
Ev'n from my weaning hour unto this minute,
Did never taste what was calamity.
I know not yet what grief is, yet have sought
A hundred ways for its acquaintance: with me
Prosperity hath kept so close a watch,
That ev'n those things that I have meant a cross,
Have that way turn'd a blessing. Is it not strange?"—Rowley.

CCXLVI.

Self—The Future.

> "Back, thou complainer; loathe thy life no more,
> Nor deem thyself upon a desert shore,
> Because the rocks the nearer prospect close."—KEBLE.
>
> "Nec fera tempestas toto tamen horret in anno,
> Et tibi, crede mihi, tempora veris erunt."—OVID.
>
> "Multa ferenta anni venientes commoda secum"—HORACE.

Oh! FAINT not, weary spirit, nor despair,
If Life's half-travell'd way, which seem'd in youth
Joyous as merriment, open as truth,
Warm as affection, and as pleasure fair,
Be dark'ning over now with storms of care,
The path no longer easy, straight, and smooth,
But rugged, and beset by forms uncouth,
That lower upon thee through the shadowy air.
You are not left alone, dear heart, to die;
A thousand beamy hopes shall rise to cheer
The dark; and Heavenly pity weeps for you:
'Tis when the glaring Sun hath left the sky,
That stars, Eve's many-twinkling lamps, appear:
The cold night saturates the Earth with dew.

CCXLVII.

Despondency.

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.
The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."—Wordsworth.

"These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air,
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant ended,
Leave not a rack behind: we are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."—Shakespeare.

All that once seem'd so real, fresh, and true,
Fades from me like a vision's pageantry:
The men and women flit like shadows by;
Spring's fairest flowers pale to a fainter hue;
Volcano passion's burnt-out cinders strew
My path, where shrivell'd aims like dead leaves lie:
This globe its old substantiality
Puts off: e'en Heaven dissolveth to my view.
I feel me glide, like some lone bird that flings
Itself from off a cliff, mist-dimm'd and bleak,
To swoop, with motionless and silent wings,
Across a moonlit chasm that sleeps beneath,
Fathomless, to a twin cloud-shrouded peak;
A phantom 'twixt the crags of Birth and Death.

Illustrations to Sonnet CCXLVII.

" Nos quoque floruimus : sed flos erat ille caducus,
Flammaque de stipulâ nostra brevisque fuit."—Ovid.

" ὀυκ ἀμῖν τὰ καλὰ πράτοις καλὰ φάινεται ἦμες,
ὅι θνάτοι πελόμεσθα, τὸ δ'ἀύριον οὐκ ἐσορῶμες."
Theocritus.

" 'The life of man,' said he, "on this earth, in comparison to that space of time which is unknown to us, is like to that which may happen when you with your nobles and attendants are seated at supper, in the winter season, and when a fire is lighted in the midst, and the room is filled with the genial heat, whilst the whirlwind rages, the rain beats, and the snow falls outside, and a sparrow flutters quickly in at one door, and flies hastily out at the other. During the brief period that it is within the room, the chill of winter does not touch it; but in an instant the serenity it has enjoyed in its flight has disappeared—and as you look upon it, it has flashed from the darkness of winter at one door, into the darkness of winter in which it disappears at the other—such, too, is the brief measure of human existence. We know not what went before, and we are utterly ignorant as to what shall follow."—Beda.

" All those things are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that hasted by ;

" And as a ship that passeth over the waves of the water, which when it is gone by, the trace thereof cannot be found, neither the pathway of the keel in the waves;

" Or as when a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found, but the light air being beaten with the stroke of her wings, and parted with the violent noise and motion of them, is passed through, and therein afterwards no sign where she went is to be found;

" Or like as when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through :

" Even so we in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end, and had no sign of virtue to shew; but were consumed in our own wickedness.

" For the hope of the ungodly is like dust that is blown away with the wind ; like a thin froth that is driven away with the storm ; like as the smoke which is dispersed here and there with a tempest, and passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day."—Wisdom, *ch.* v. *vs.* 9—14.

" Quam cito purpureos deperdit terra colores."—Tibullus.

" You rolling Heavens at which we gaze bewildered
Are but the image of a magic lanthorn ;
The sun is the candle, the world the shade
And we the images that flit therein*."—Omar Khayyam.

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* These magic lanthorns are common enough in the East. They are made of a talc cylinder with figures of men and animals cut out and pasted on it. The cylinder is suspended on an axis, round which from its lightness it easily turns. A hole is cut near the bottom, and the part cut out fixed at an angle, so as to form a vane. When a candle is placed under, a current of air is produced, which keeps the cylinder revolving.

Illustrations to Sonnet CCXLVII.

" ὀυ τᾶυτον εἶδος φάινεται τῶν πραγμάτων
πρόσωθεν ὄντων, ἔγγυθεν δ' ὀρωμένων."—EURIPIDES.

" The story of the world and this whole life of ours
Is a dream and a vision, an illusion and a breath."—OMAR KHAYYAM.

" ὅρω γὰρ ἥμας ὄυδεν ὄντας ἄλλο πλὴν
ἔιδωλ, ὅσοιπερ ζῶμεν, ἢ κοῦφην σκίαν."—SOPHOCLES.

" There's nothing in this world can give me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."—SHAKESPEARE.

" τὰς γὰρ ἡδονὰς
ὅταν προδῶσιν ἄνδρες, ὀυ τίθημ' ἐγὼ
ζῆν τοῦτον, ἀλλ' ἔμφυχον ἡγοῦμαι νεκρόν·
πλόυτει τὲ γὰρ κατ' οἶκον, ἐι βόυλει, μεγά,
κὰι ζῆ τυρ̕αννον σχῆμ' ἔχων· ἐαν δ' ἀπῃ̑
τούτων τὸ χάιρειν, τἄλλ ἐγώ καπνου σκιᾶς
οὐκ ἀν πριάιμήν ἀνδρὶ πρὸς τὴν ἡδόνην."—SOPHOCLES.

" Nec violæ semper nec hiantia lilia florent,
Et riget amissâ spina relicta rosa."—OVID.

" πῶς τις ἀνεὺ θανάτου σε φύγοι, βίε; μύρια γὰρ σοῦ
λύγρα· κὰι οὖτε φυγεῖν εὔμαρες, ὄυτε φέρειν·
ἥδεα μὲν γαρ σὸυ τα φύσει κάλα, γάια, θάλασσα,
ἄστρα, σεληνάιης κύκλα κὰι ἡελιοῦ,
τἄλλαδε πάντα φόβοι τε και ἄλγεα· κ'ην τι πάθῃ τὶς
ἔσθλον, ἀμοιβάιην ἐνδέχεται Νέμεσιν."—ÆSOP.

" My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismayed,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield,
My knowledge represents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid;
So plaintful is life's course which I have run
That I do wish it never had begun."—DRUMMOND.

" There still are many rainbows in your sky;
But mine have vanished. All, when life is new,
Commence with feelings warm and prospects high,
But Time strips our illusions of their hue,
And, one by one, in turn, some grand mistake
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake."—BYRON.

" τὸ ῥόδον ἀκμάζεν βάιὸν χ̓ρονον ἠνδε παρέλθῃ,
ζητῶν ἐυρήσεις ὀυ ρόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτον."—UNCERTAIN.

" Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"—WORDSWORTH.

CCXLVIII.

Lost Aims.

' Vestigia nulla retrorsum."—VIRGIL.

" Oublier ala maniere de la nature, qui ne se connait point de passé, qui recommence a toute heure les mysteres de ses infatigables enfantiments."—

I will not conjure up each erring aim,
Contrasting mournfully, without avail,
What is with that which might have been ; a tale
Of selfish wilfulness, sighs, sin, and shame,
Heart-branded, sear'd in characters of flame.
Let the Dead bury their Dead—I will not quail
At Memory's haggard ghosts, sad-eyed, and pale,
Nor look back, jibe they, beckon, shout my name ! [1]
Shoot o'er again, if thy first arrow stray
And so find both,—quoth our old forest-craft,—
By watching well the second's tell-tale flight :— [2]
But I have shot my quiver-full away,
Bolt after bolt, nor found a single shaft,
Searching, tear-blinded, till my hair is white.

1. See the tale of The Singing Bird and the Golden Water, in the Arabian Nights.

2. In my schooldays when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow in the same self same flight,
The self same way, with more advized watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both !—SHAKESPEARE.

CCXLIX.

Compensations.

"'Tis light translateth night; 'tis inspiration
Expounds experience; 'tis the west explains
The east; 'tis time unfolds eternity."—Festus.

"Tanto es lo de mas, como lo de menos."—Spanish Proverb.

"πάν πράγμα δύας ἔχει λάβας."—Epictetus.

"Had we no winter, summer would be thought
Not half so pleasing, and if tempests were not,
Such comforts from a calm would not be brought,
For things save by their opposites appear not."—Wither.

"οὐκ ἀν γενοῖτο χωρὶς ἔσθλα κὰι κάκα,
ἀλλ' ἔστι τις σύγχρασις ὥστ' ἔχειν καλῶς."—Euripides.

"αλλ' ἐστάτω μοῖ κὰι δέος τι κάιριον,
κὰι μὴ δοκῶμεν δρῶντες ἄν ἥδωμεθα,
ὀυκ ἀντιτίσειν ἀυθις ἄν λυπώμεθα,
ἕρπει παράλλαξ ταῦτα."—Sophocles.

For every joy, a sorrow: for each bane,
Its antidote: good, evil: darkness, light:
For labour, rest: troubles, for wealth and might:
For each excess, defect: for loss, its gain:
For every sin, remorse: for pleasure, pain:
For folly, wit: for bitter, sweet: wrong, right:
Heat, cold: for matter, spirit: day for night:
For motion, rest: ebbing, for flowing main:
Attraction, for repulsion: for the male,
The female: strength, for weakness: peace, for war:
For crime, its retribution: its reward,
For abstinence: for plenty, dearth: for sale,
Purchase: for Time, Eternity:—what more?—
For Devils, the Archangel's flaming sword!

CCL.

Self—The Future.

> "Due fontane
> Che de diverso effetto hanno liquore."—Ariosto.

Birds fill the forests, silent else, with song:
Stars touch with flame the sooty vault of Night:
Trees lift a tent-shade against heat and light:
Vales wind each stony mountain-foot along:
And flowers upon their rocky summits throng.
Thus side by side hath God vouchsafed to write
In chequer'd characters the dark and bright,
The barren and the fruitful, weak and strong.
'Tis ever thus—The founts of human joy
Rise up beside the bitter waves of woe:
So leaping from his boat, the fisher-boy
Scoops with his hollow-palm the shallow sand
By the salt breakers on the Ocean strand,
And drinks the fresh sweet waters as they flow.

Illustrations to Sonnet CCL.

" There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Terra salutiferas herbas, eademque nocentes,
Nutrit, et urticæ proxima sæpe rosa est." – OVID.

" The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the junipeer, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his braunches rough;
Sweet is the cypresse but his rynd is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet soure enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with soure is tempered still."—SPENSER.

" δοιοὶ γάρ τε πίθοι κατακείαται ἐν Διὸς οὔδει
δώρων οἷα δίδωσι, κακῶν, ἕτερος δὲ ἐάων·
ᾧ μέν κ' ἀμμίξας δοίη Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος,
ἄλλοτε μέν τε κακῷ ὅγε κύρεται, ἄλλοτε δ' ἐσθλῷ·
ᾧ δέ κε τῶν λυγρῶν δοίη, λωβητὸν ἔθηκεν·
καί ἑ κακὴ βούβρωστις ἐπὶ χθόνα δῖαν ἐλαύνει,
φοιτᾷ δ' οὔτε θεοῖσι τετιμένος οὔτε βροτοῖσιν."—HOMER.

" Nulla dies adeo est Australibus humida nimbis,
Non intermissis ut fluat imber aquis;
Nec sterilis locus ullus ita est, ut non sit in illo
Mista fere duris utilis herba rubris.
Nil adeo fortuna gravis miserabile fecit,
Ut minuant nullâ gaudia parte malum."—OVID.

" οὐκ ἔστιν ἀγαθὸν τῷ βίῳ
Φυόμενον ὥσπερ δένδρον ἐκ ῥίζης μιᾶς.
'Αλλ' ἐγγὺς ἀγαθοῦ παραπέφυκε καὶ κακόν,
'Εκ τοῦ κακοῦ τ' ἤνεγκεν ἀγαθὸν ἡ φύσις."—MENANDER.

" φάμι γὰρ οὐκ ἀποτρύειν
ἔλπιδα τὰν ἄγαθαν
χρῆναι σ' ἀνάλγητα γὰρ ὁ πάντα κράινων βασίλευς
ἐπέβαλε θνᾶτοις κρόνιδας· ἀλλ ἐπὶ πῆμα κὰι χάρα
πᾶσι κυκλοῦσιν ὅιον ἀρκτοῦ στρόφαδες κέλευθοι·
μένει γὰρ ὀυτ' ἄιολα
νύξ βροτοῖσιν ὄυτε χήρες ὄυτε πλόυτος
αλλ' ἄφαρ βέβακ', τῷ δ' ἐπέρχεται χαιρεῖν τε κὰι στέρεσθαι."
SOPHOCLES.

CCLI.

Self—The Present.

"He who ascends the mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow."
"Let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in their presence reassure
My feeble virtue."—BRYANT.

"Aloof with hermit eye I scan
The present works of present man:
A wild and dream-like tale of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile."—COLERIDGE.

"Vitavi culpam, non laudem merui."—HORACE.

"Esse bonum facile est ubi quod vetat esse remotum est.—OVID.

"Quanto plura recentium seu veterum revolvo, tanto ludibrium rerum mortalium cunctis in rebus observantur."—TACITUS.

"μόρφη μὲν οὐκ ἐύωπος ἀνδρεῖος δ'ἄνηρ
ὀλιγακῶς ἄστυ κ'ἄγορας χράινων κύκλον
αὔτουργος, ὅιπερ κὰι μόνοι σώζουσι γήν
ξύνετος δε χωρεῖν, ὅμοσε τοῖς λογοῖς θέλων
ἀκέραιος, ἀνεπίληπτον ἠσκηκὼς βίον."—EURIPIDES.

Better perchance, as 'tis, that I should pass
Tranquil and even days in solitude,
Nursing apart my quaint poetic mood,
And, as 'twere, in phantasmagoric glass,
To conjure up each phase of what I was,
To ruminate some sweet, much bitter food,
And rather only missing to be good,
Than to be bad, worse tempted!—
Let thy mass
Fume on, old Europe; crush, be crush'd by thrones;
Burn with sectarian hate; cringe; flatter; sneer;
Throw the false die of party-politics;
And wade for wealth through filth blacker than Styx—*
'Tis a kind fate which rolleth half a sphere
Betwixt me and your laughter or your groans.

* Charon's account, according to the witty fable in Lucian, (Dial Contem. Tom 2) of what he saw when Mercury took him to a place whence he could discern all the world at once, is o'er true a tale. He said he saw "a vast multitude and a promiscuous, their habitations like mole hills, the men as emmets; could discern cities like so many lines of bees, wherein every bee had a sting, and they did nought else but sting one another, some domineering like hornets bigger than the rest: some like filching wasps, others as drones. Over their heads were hovering a confused company of perturbations, hopes, fear, anger, avarice, ignorance &c., and a multitude of diseases hanging which they still pulled on their peates. Some were crawling, some fighting, riding, running *sollicite ambientes calide litigantes* for toys and trifles and such momentary things. Their towns and provinces were factions rich against poor, poor against rich, nobles against artificers, they against nobles, and so the rest. He condemned them all for madmen, fools, idiots, asses. "O stulte quænam hæc est dementia? Insana studia, insani labores." If the stars be inhabited by Intellingences who look down upon this pigmy Earth, surely they must laugh like Democritus—or weep like Heraclitus, at the scene below them.

CCLII.

The Present—Coromandel.

"Tis most true
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell."—MILTON.

Dive thro' the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath."—WORDSWORTH.

"Nec nos ambitio, nec amor nos urget habendi,
Contempto hic colitur lectus et umbra foro."—OVID.

"'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.
To hear the roar she sends thro' all her gates,
At a safe distance, when the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear."—COWPER.

Here on this isle, where none beside me dwells,
Let me, the while my lonely leisure flies,
Fathom all past and present histories;
Reading the World's tale from the sea-worn shells,
Time's medals, on whose face he marks and tells
Creation-dates through countless centuries:
And be it mine, with calm, clear, piercing eyes,
Here, where no bias turns, no passion swells,
Or head or heart, the present acts of Man
To view; as from some promontoried steep
The peerer through the glassy-surfac'd wave,
Which on a summer noon no breezes fan,
A thousand fathom downward in their grave,
Surveys the buried cities of the deep.*

* The legend of buried cities which can be seen under the waters, appears to be common enough. Thus Ovid says:

"Si quæras Helicon et Burin, Achaidas urbes,
Invenies sub aquis; et adhuc ostendere nautæ
Inclinata solent cum mœnibus oppida mersis."

And Moore writes:

"On Loch Neagh's banks,
As the fisherman strays
In the calm cool eve's declining,
He sees the towns of former days
In the waves beneath him shining."

The same story is told of Glendenburgh in Wicklow; and, if I recollect aright, similar belief exists as to the remains of the city of Maha Balipooram, at the Seven Pagodas, on the Coromandel Coast.

CCLIII.

Geology.

"Vidi ego quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus
Esse fretum; vidi fractas ex æquore terras:
Et procul a pelăgo conchæ jacuere marinæ;
Et vetus inventa est in montibus anchora summis
Quodque fuit campus vallem decursus aquarum
Fecit, et eluvie mons est deductus in æquor,
Eque paludosâ siccis humus aret arenas;
Hic fontes Natura novos emisit, at illa
Clausit."—Ovid.

Last-born of all the Sciences, whose gaze
Is fixed on Earth; who measurest Sea and Land;
Gauging their depths, yet walking hand-in-hand
With her, whose contemplation never strays
From Heaven's unfathomable starry maze,
Cælestia, fairest of the sister band;
And Flora, tripping with her budding wand,
Rose-cheek'd, among the flowers with which she plays:—
Thy brows, O Nymph, are wreath'd with coral, torn
From the curl'd summit of the Ocean wave;
Thy sandles are of primal slabs, that pave
Earth's sure foundations; river-streams adorn
Thy girdle; and thy magic rod divines
Where sleep the virgin metals in their mines.

CCLIV.

Geology.

(Continued.)

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree!
Oh! earth what changes hast thou seen,
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.
The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands,
They melt like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go."—TENNYSON.

"ὄψε θἐων ἀλεοῦσι μύλοι, ἀλεοῦσι δε λέπτα."—PROVERB.

Patient Philosophy hath loved to trace
Up to creation this world's history;
Reading Time's records which all open lie,
By myriad Ages seamed upon its face:
Assigning every change appropriate place;
Whether the Sea hath swallowed mountains high,
Or gradual land emerged from Ocean dry,
Before this Earth was ready for our race.
May there not wait it yet another change,
Mighty as all fore-runners, nor less strange;
Its shrivell'd crust a new formation find;
More genial climes, spontaneous herbage-suit,
Fitted for creatures far above Mankind,
As Man is o'er the self-unconscious Brute?

CCLV.

Coromandel—Quiet.

" Wisdom's self
Oft seeks for sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings."—MILTON.

" Reflected on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless in the wave below."—HEBER.

" Da requiem : requietus ager bene credita reddit,
Terraque cœlestes arida sorbet aquas."—OVID.

" Satis est requiescere lecto,
Scilicet et solito membra levari toro."—TIBULLUS.

" Οὔρανος ἀθρόιζων ἀστρ' ἐν αἰθερος κύκλῳ
ἵππους μὲν ἤλαυν' ἐς τελευτᾶιον φλόγα
Ἥλιος, ἐφέλκων λάμπρον Ἑσπέρου φάος·
μελάμπελος δε Νύξ ἀσέιρωτον ζυγοῖς
ὄχημα' ἔπαλλεν· ἄστρα δ' ὡμάρτει θεᾷ·
Πλέιας μὲν ἤεν μεσοπόρου δι' ἄιθερος
ὅτε ξίφηρος Ὠρίων· ὕπερθε δε
Ἄρατος στρεφουσ' ὀυραῖα χρυσήρει πόλῳ·
κύκλος δε πανσέληνος ἠκόντιζ' ἀνὼ
μηνος δικήρης, ὕαδες τε ναυτιλοῖς
σαφέστατον σημεῖον, ἤτε φῶσφορος
Ἕως διώκουσ' ἄστρα."—EURIPIDES.

Here be it mine, when India's flame-breathed day
Hath parch'd the bones, and fever'd all the blood,
To push forth in my shallop on the flood,
Supine on deck, while the sea-breezes play
Cool on the brow, what time the Sun's last ray
Shoots up long lines of green* and gold that stud
The western sky, all crimson else as blood.
Then, as the gorgeous vision fades away,
Mid the sole sounds, the paddle's tuneful plash,
And the far surf-roll of the waves that dash
Lazily on the Coromandel shore,
To watch the white Moon don her silver dress,
While, one by one, the shy stars evermore
Come sparkling forth, like fireflies numberless.

* Coleridge in his ode to Dejection has noticed this peculiar colour in the evening sky :

" All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow-green."

Drummond in his 37th Sonnet has also noticed this green colour in the sky at sunset, though he alludes to the clouds not to the sky itself.

" Fair is Thaumantias in her silver gown,
When clouds engemmed show azure green and red
To western worlds, when wearied day goes down."

It is far more perceptible in India, where it can scarcely escape the eye of the most careless observers.

CCLVI.

Bells.

"Bid the merry bells ring to thine ear."—SHAKESPEARE.

Ring it out bravely, o'er the sacred pile,
Ye merry Merton bells! throughout the vale
With momentary changes tell the tale;—
The Queen of all broad England's sea-girt isle
Within the chapel transept stands the while—
The rower on the waters pauseth still;
The lonely wanderer on the distant hill
Hears the chimes rise, and turns him with a smile—
The workman drops his labour at the peal;
His wife and children don their best array;
And the whole City in its loyal zeal
Hastes at the tidings to take holiday—
Still with mad mirth the signal swells and swells;—
Ring it out bravely, merry Merton bells.

[This was on the occasion of the visit of the Queen Dowager Adelaide to Oxford.]

CCLVII.

Bells.

(*Continued.*)

" I love the bells that call the poor to pray."—SOUTHEY.

" Dear bells! How sweet the sound of village bells,
When on the undulating air they swim;
Now loud as welcomes, faint, now, as farewells,
And trembling all about the breezy dells,
As flutter'd by the wings of cherubim."—T. HOOD.

" The cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one who from the far off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: Chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall sudden on the ear
Of the contemplant solitary man."—CHARLES LAMBE.

" 'Tis sweet to hear a brook; tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell."—COLERIDGE.

" How much of human life these sounds comprise,
Birth, wedded love, God's service, and the tomb."—BP. MANT.

" Laudo deum, plebem voco, congrego clerum;
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro."

" Bells! the music nighest unto Heaven"—CHARLES LAMBE.

Rather than this wild rioting of glee,
Pensive, I love, sweet Chapel-bells, to hear
Your Sabbath summons, melancholy, clear,
Distinct, and slow; yet let the music be
Mellow'd by distance, ere it reaches me.
Ye reverend tow'rs, time-stained with many a year,
For God, not Man, your solemn voices rear;
Better such tones, than those of revelry,
Befit your office and your hoary age—
So in some priest, in God's long service white,
After a life in holy worship spent,
Men love not sudden bursts of merriment;
But when their hearts for God he would engage,
Listen entranc'd in satisfied delight.

CCLVIII.

Cherwell from the Terrace.

"See the rivers how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave they go,
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep,"—DYER.

"Labitur occulte fallit que volubilis ætas,
Ut celer admissis labitur amnis aquis."—OVID,

'Tis Evening !—With a mind to which the shade
Somewhat of its own sombre hues hath lent,
On the old terrace-wall far forward bent,
I watch, while slowly the last sunbeams fade
Behind the trees of Christ-Church' lengthen'd glade,
Cherwell, thy tributary waters glide
Onward to Isis' breast, a silver tide,
Winding, 'mid willow-drooping banks embay'd—
Yes ! typical thine unambitious flow,
Of those brief years to lone seclusion given,
When studious days in modest current go,
Noiseless, unruffled, swift, unsullied, even,
Unrippled, foamless, eddyless, till hurl'd
Into the larger waters of the world !

CCLIX.

The River of Life.

"On ne jette point l'ancre dans le fleuve de la vie."

"We have passed Age's icy caves
And manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray:
Along the glassy gulfs we flee
Of shadowy-peopled infancy,
Through death and birth to a diviner day."—SHELLEY.

"For men may come, and men may go
But I flow on for ever."—TENNYSON.

"The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hinderèd,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean."—SHAKESPEARE.

In Childhood, without paddle, helm, we float
In sunshine down Life's flower-haunted stream,
With song and tale; or watch the wan Moon gleam
On old enchanted castle, in its moat
Deep-sleeping:—in our amorous Youth we doat,
Under Love's purple-lighted woods to dream,
Pensively drifting; till the battle-scream
Of Manhood wakes us, when we dash our boat
Forward, with racer speed, where cities span
The broad-bridg'd waters:—in Age, tired of strife,
We ship the oar, to loose the sail, and glide
On to Death's Ocean with the swift'ning tide;
Still without pause or stop: for son of Man
Ne'er yet cast anchor in the flood of Life.

NOTE.—The resemblance of life to a river is too striking not to have become a common-place in all languages. Moore's lines on the Mohawk, Scott's on the Teviot, and Denham's on the Thames, are well known. See also the mottoes to Sonnets 258—61.

CCLX.

The Cataract.

“ Ipsa quoque assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Nec secus as flumen neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur undâ,
Urgeturque prior veniente, urgetque priorem;
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur:
Et nova sunt semper: nam quod fuit ante, relictam est,
Fitque, quod haud fuerat, momentaque cuncta novantur.”—Ovid.

“ Ποταμῶ γὰρ ὀυκ ἔστιν ἐμβῆναι δὶς τῷ ἀυτῷ σκίνδησι καὶ πάλιν συνάγει, ″συνίσταται καὶ ἀπολέιπει, καὶ πρόσεισι καὶ ἄπεισι.”—Heraclitus of Ephesus.

Have you ne'er watched from far the Cataract's gleam
Hang in the air, fixed, like a silver thread,
Without or sound or motion; though it spread
Over its rocky basin in a stream
Swift as a falling star; and as a dream
Shifting and restless; its bright body fed
By drops for ever, many-myriaded:
Yet poised, a shaft of light, its waters seem?
As with the Torrent, with the River: boat
Down the same volume never twice may float:—
And such is Man: tho' seeming firm-compact,
He lives by fluxion: as with one, with all:—
The life of Nations is but as the fall
Of the continuous changeful cataract.

CCLXI.

Cherwell from the Terrace.

(*Continued.*)

> " Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
> Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
> Saxis, unde loquaces
> Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ."—HORACE.

Aristocratic stream ! Thou who dost brook
No trade upon thy waters ! never soil
Thy purity the barge and sons of toil !
For gentle lovers only dost thou look :
Ne'er hast thou been, ne'er shalt thou be, forsook
By Youth and Pleasure, who with dripping oar
Through the green meadows on thy banks explore
Each azure bend, and lily-bearing nook ;
The pool by bathers sought, glassy and still :
The shady reach where the dark willows bend :
Thine angler-haunted current by the mill :—
Beautiful river ! why should I rehearse
Faintly thy charms, when he who *was* my friend
Hath given thee sweeter and more burning verse ?*

* " The Cherwell Water Lily."

CCLXII.

A Thought on Past Friendship.

" In a word, but now worth this,
And now worth nothing."—SHAKESPEARE.

" Χείματος γὰρ ἀγρίου
τυχοῦσα, λίμενας ἦλθες ἐς εὐήνεμους."—EURIPIDES.

" Et mea cymba semel vastâ percussa procellâ,
Illum, quo læsa est horret adire locum."—OVID.

" ἐυδάιμων μὲν ὃς ἐκ θαλασσῆς
ἔφυγε κῦμα λίμενα δ' ἔπεχεν."—EURIPIDES.

" Socius fidelis anchora tuta est."

" Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris deo."—HORACE.

" Tam mea votivâ puppis redimita coronâ
Lenta tumescentes æquoris audit aquas."—OVID.

Nay, never speak to me again of love,
For I have ventured once upon Love's sea
My trustful spirit, like an argosie
Trick'd bravely out with flaunting flags above;
Its freight, the spices from some Eastern grove,
Or sunny isle, with gems of priceless cost—
Far o'er the faithless waters are they tost;
For vain with fickle winds my vessel strove,
When all my treasures (hopes and joys) were lost—
Why should the lonely-hearted mariner
From out his sheltered solitary cove,
A calm and quiet harbour, seek to stir,
Fearful of waves with bare life hardly crost?
Nay, never speak to me again of love!

CCLXIII.

Recantation.

"Mea culpa, mea culpa."

"Esse tibi veras credis amicitias?
Sunt veræ: sed quas juvenis, quas pauper habebas."—Martial.

Mine was the fault, dear friend, and only mine;
I will not wrong thy memory for a day:
Not thou, but I, threw our sweet love away:
Thou wast too spiritually divine,
I all too gross and earthy: so the line
That bound our boyhood snapt; yet thou didst pray
To me, and for me, when I fell away
From that high course where both had vowed to shine.
Thy love, had I been slower to o'ertask it,
Still had been treasured in this bosom's casket,
With talismanic blush to warn the bearer,
Each time to pleasure's deadly cup I flew;
Just as the faithful tourquoise saves its wearer
From poison'd chalice, by its changeful hue.

CCLXIV.

Evening Thoughts.

> "The twilight star to heav'n,
> And the summer dew to flowers,
> And rest to us is given
> In the cool soft evening hours."—Mrs. Hemans.

The mind, o'erwrought with the day's pleasing toils;
Hard mastery of old black-lettered law,
The gleaning of wise saying and quaint saw
From half-forgotten book; turning up soils
Of learning long left fallow; trophying spoils
Of conquer'd knowledge; stooping o'er to draw
From Poetry's deep wells; not without awe
Threading the maze that Plato's spirit coils;
Or, holier task, re-reading through The Book
First lisp'd in childhood at our Mother's knee;
The mind, now saturate with calm, doth rest
Awhile, till Fancy dons her silver vest;
And thoughts on thoughts forth singly flashing look,
Like stars, through the dark Heav'n of Memory.

CCLXV.

Memory.

"I am of those o'er whom a breath of air,
Just darkening in its course the lake's bright wave,
And sighing through the feathery leaves hath power
To call up shadows in the silent hour,
From the dim past, as from a wizard's cave."—Felicia Hemans.

"Ὡς δ᾽ ὅτ᾽ ἀναΐξῃ νόος ἀνέρος, ὅστ᾽ ἐπὶ πολλὴν
Γαιᾶν ἐληλουθὼς, φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι νοήσῃ,
Ἔνθ᾽ εἴην, ἢ ἔνθα, μενοινήσειέ τε πολλά·"—Homer.

Yea, fearful, very wonderful, our make:
Past scenes come back like friends long fancied dead:
Oft vague as dreams; oft clear as landscape spread
Beneath some clombe high hill-top, wood and lake.
A single sight, a sound, a touch, can wake
Old memories, faint and sweet as music shed
Through empty halls, where revel banquetted,
When the wierd wind-harp fitful breezes shake.
Thought slumbers like the lady in the trance,
Who starts at first touch of her true knight's lance;
And as the page, blank-seeming, to the flame
Reveals its lines, by magic ink en-tinted,
The mind, swift-kindling at a tone, a name,
Illumes its vanished pictures, memory-printed.

CCLXVI.

Recurring Fancies.

"The present still is echo of the past."—Younge.

They come! The phantoms of departed Thought,
All life-like in their beauty, tho' their gleam
Is of a fainter presence, and they seem
Like spectral images of roses wrought
By the old Alchymist, whose magic caught
The faded flower's fast-fleeting soul, a dream
As fair as harmless——
Hush! Their voices stream
Upon me with a lingering echo brought
Back from the Past with softer, sweeter, note!
Dim ghosts of vanish'd sunlight! sounds that throng
My spirit like the well-remember'd song
Of nightingales, that used at eve to float,
From her laburnum-blossom'd margin flung,
O'er Cherwell's lilied wave, when I was young.

CCLXVII.

Nightingales in the Botanical Gardens.

"Πυκνόπτεροι δ'
'Εσῶ κάτ' αὔτον εὔστομουσ' ἀήδονες."—SOPHOCLES.

"Most musical, most melancholy."—IL PENSEROSO.

"O nightingale, thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart:
Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce
Tumultuous harmony and fierce:
Thou sing'st as if the God of Wine
Had help'd thee to a Valentine."—WORDSWORTH.

Who said, sweet Nightingale, thy song was sad?
Hark! from the neighbouring grove's thick golden
bloom
Still faintly shining through the deep'ning gloom,
Bursts thy triumphant music, wildly glad!
So must have shouted the Bacchante, mad
With irrepressible joy; thou from the rout
In thine own Temple's vale did'st learn the shout:
Nor stops the strain, but swells; for thou hast bade
Thy mates mid the laburnum blossoms vie
With thee for mastery, and twenty throats
In tuneful quarrel wake for victory:—
Up with the joyous discord, as it floats
On the close air, my lagging spirits fly:—
Thanks, gentle warblers, for your mirthful notes.

See Note 29.

CCLXVIII.

"Tom" of Christchurch.

"A thought
"Of private recollection, sweet and still."—WORDSWORTH.

"How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear.
Whenever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes
That in a few short moments I retrace,
As in a map the voyager his course,
The windings of my way through many years."—COWPER.

One hundred and one times the mighty sound,
Such as when Vulcan forg'd the War God's shield,
Startled the Lemnian shepherd in his field,
Hath Christ Church giant bell swung out around,
And the night songster's voice melodious drown'd;
Yet on mine ear did the tone's volume fall
Not fearful, but sad, solemn, musical,
Tho' frighted air yet shakes with the rebound:—
Nor strange; for my note-stricken memory
Hath wander'd to the village where I spent
Some of youth's happiest days, where yet the proud
Old Norman law had not to fashion bent,
And Curfew nightly woke the silent sky,
With sounds as slow, as solemn, tho' less loud.

[The great bell of Christ Church, well known as Tom, nightly strikes 101 times, immediately after which the gates are all closed. The "village" (though, perhaps, it would scarcely like to hear its township, with its market-place, railway, and quarter-sessions house, so called) in which the curfew still tolls, is Sleaford, in Lincolnshire.]

CCLXIX.

Conclusion.

" Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Icarum,
Mercator metuens otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui, mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati."—HORACE.

" Solve senectentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum."—HORACE.

" Fletque Milon senior cum spectat inanes
Illos, qui fuerant solidorum mole tororum
Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos."—OVID.

" Saucius ejurat pugnam gladiator, et idem
Immemor antiqui vulneris arma capit.
Nil sibi cum pelagi dicit fore naufragus undis,
Et ducit remos quâ modo novit aquâ."—OVID.

Hard is the task—hopeless, perchance—to doff
A lifetime's habits, which long use hath made
Our second nature ; yet have kings* display'd
In age the Stoic, and, despite the scoff
Of multitudes, their regal robes put off.
But did the change, for that's the question, bring
Ease, or unease, to each unsceptred king ?
The batter'd sailor tries again the trough
Of angry seas—from his completed store
The merchant sighs to make one venture more.
Can worldly thoughts be cast aside at will,
As the tired traveller shakes his sandal loose ?
The troubled waters at command be still ?
The man of bustling toil turn staid recluse ?

* See note 30.

CCLXX.

Conclusion.

(Continued.)

" The most active or busy man that hath been or can be, hath, no question, many vacant times of leisure while he expecteth the tides and returns of business; and then the question is but how those spaces and times of leisure shall be filled and spent, whether in pleasure or in studies?"—Bacon's *Advancement of Learning.*

" He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise."—Milton.

" Quando mi vidi giunto in quella parte,
Di mia eta, dove ciasum dovrebbe
Calar le vele e raccoglier le sarte.
Cio che pria me piaceva allor m'increbbe."—Dante.

" Collige, non omni tempore messis erit."

" In general, the foundations of a happy old age must be laid in youth, and in particular he who has not cultivated his reason young, will be utterly unable to improve it old."—Ld. Bolingbroke.

" Gaudia tu differs: at non et stamina differt
Atropos, atque annis scribitur hora tibi."—Martial.

" Petite hinc juvenesque senesque
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis."—Persius.

" οὐκ ἀει θέρος εσσεῖται, ποιεῖσθε κάλιας."

" Fessus in acceptos miles deducitur agros;
Mittitur in saltus carcere liber equus,
Longaque subductam celant navalia pinum,
Tutaque deposito poscitur ense rudis."—Ovid.

" Emeritos Musis et Phœbo tradidit annos,
Proque suo celebrat nunc Helicona foro."—Martial.

" Dum vires animique sinunt, tolerate labores,
Jam veniet tacito curva senecta pede.
Aut mare remigiis, aut vomere findite terras,
Aut fera belligeras addite in arma manus."—Ovid.

Yes! there's a path not often spied by those
Jostling along Life's million-throng'd highway,
Which, when strength fails, and bustle's o'er, and day
Is sinking, leads to bowers of calm repose.
Mark Bacon, fall'n from power, gild o'er his close
With beaming Wisdom, like a sunset ray:
See Walpole's peace of mind pass with his sway,
And his old habits prove his strongest foes!
Steal sometimes, thou, from out life's glare and heat,
To philosophic shades, a cool retreat;
List to the Poet's bird-note, as he soars;
Pluck Meditation's ripe and mellow fruits;
Gather Art's flowers; delve for Science' roots;
And fill thy Summer scrip with Winter stores.

CCLXXI.

Conclusion.

(Continued.)

" Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo."—HORACE.

"Τὰ τόξα οἱ κεκτημένοι, ἐπεὰν μὲν δέωνται χρᾶσθαι, ἐντανύουσι· ἐπεὰν δὲ χρήσωνται, ἐκλύουσι. εἰ γὰρ δὴ τὸν πάντα χρόνον ἐντεταμένα εἴη, ἐκραγείη ἄν· ὥστε ἐς τὸ δέον οὐκ ἂν ἔχοιεν αὐτοῖσι χρῆσθαι. οὕτω δὴ καὶ ἀνθρώπον κατάστασις· εἰ ἐθέλοι κατεσπουδάσθαι αἰεὶ, μηδὲ ἐς παιγνίην τὸ μέρος ἑωυτὸν ἀνιέναι, λάθοι ἂν ἤτοι μανεὶς, ἢ ὅγε ἀπόπληκτος γενόμενος. τὰ ἐγὼ ἐπιστάμενος μέρος ἑκατέρῳ νέμω."
HERODOTUS.

" Publium Scipionem, Marce fili, eum, qui primus Africanus appellatus est, dicere solitum scripsit Cato, qui fuit fere ejus æqualis, *Numquam se minus otiosum esse, quam cum otiosus; nec minus solum, quam cum solus esset.* Magnifica vero vox, et magno viro, ac sapiente digna : quæ declarat, illum et in otio de negotiis cogitare, et in solitudine secum loqui solitum ; ut neque cessaret umquam, et interdum colloquio alterius non egeret. Itaque duæ res, quæ languorem afferunt ceteris, illum acuebant, otium, et solitudo."—CICERO.

" Otia corpus alunt ; animus quoque pascitur illis.
Immodicus contra carpit utrumque labor."—OVID.

Not alway doth Apollo bend his bow ;
At eve the flowers do fold their bells in sleep ;
By night alone the nightingale doth keep
His revel ; nesting swallows come and go
Alternate ; Ocean hath its ebb and flow ;
Of rest the procreant Earth hath season deep,
When Winter's icy fingers o'er her sweep,
And bind her, rill and glebe, in frost and snow.
O'ertasked, the body 'neath its labour droops :
The watchful eye doth close 'neath slumber's sway :—
O ! Student, give thy mind its holiday,
And sweet secession from its lamplit toils —
No bee for aye the nectar treasure spoils ;
No falcon on its prey for ever stoops.

CCLXXII.

Conclusion.

(Continued.)

"Vittas Vestamque potentem,
Æternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem."—Ovid.

"Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat
Flumina."—Horace.

"Velle licet; potiri non licet."

"Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctis
Ducit et immemores non sinit esse sui."—Ovid.

"Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arma."—Virgil.

"Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."—Virgil.

When the Greek colonist was forc'd to roam,
Compell'd by want, or love of liberty,
In search of happier fortunes o'er the sea,
Just ere he plung'd his trireme in the foam,
He snatch'd the fire from Vesta's temple dome,
On his new shrines to burn unquenchedly.
Merton, I bore such spark of love from thee,
And in my heart still flames the constant comb.
My longing still deludeth my belief;
For oft my fond imagination shows
Thy hoary gables, full of sweet repose,
Rising beyond the waves of toil and grief:
So heated Fancy saw from Teneriffe
The Western World, long ere Columbus rose.

See note 31.

CCLXXIII.

Conclusion.

" Enough to live in tempest, die in port."—YOUNGE.

"Ἀι δ' ἔλπιδες βόσκουσι φύγαδας ὡς λόγος.
καλῶς βλεπούσιν ὄμμασιν μελλôυσιν δε."—EURIPIDES.

" Vixi, et quem dederat cursum Fortuna, peregi."—VIRGIL.

" Sic mihi contingit vivere, sicque mori."

" Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete:
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios."—PRUDENTIUS.

I feel that it may never be, yet sweet
The hope on cheers me in my barren lot:
So the lone wand'rer in some desert spot
Toils forward, with fix'd eyes, through mid-day heat,
And finds at eve the fancied springs a cheat:
Such is my dream, when my declining age
The trammels of the world no more engage,
To find in thee, or near, a calm retreat,
Dear Merton; there to claim at last a home:
There with poetic Plato let me soar;
There in thy well-loved garden let me roam,
Unmark'd; there let me ponder silently
The chequer'd past; and, " life's brief pageant" o'er,
There, in thy churchyard let the old man lie.

Ἔγκλειετ', εἴρηται γαρ.—*Hecuba.*
Εἴρηκα, ἀκήκοατε, ἔχετε, κρίνατε.

Illustrations to Sonnet CCLXXIII.

" Ire tamen restat Numa quo devenit et Ancus."—HORACE.

" Jam mea cycneas imitantur tempora plumas,
Inficit et nigras alba senecta comas."—OVID.

" Credula vitam
Spes fovet et fore cras semper ait melius;
Spes etiam validâ solatur compede vinctum;
Crura sonant ferro : sed canit inter opus."—TIBULLUS.

" Sic animo quondam non divinante futura,
Optabam placide vivere posse senex."—OVID.

" οἶδ' ἐγω φεύγοντας ἄνδρας ἐλπιδας σιτούμενους."—SOPHOCLES.

" Hoc opus exegi; fessæ date serta carinæ;
Contigimus portum quo mihi cursus erat."—OVID.

" ἔοιγμεν ναυτιλôισιν ὅιτινες
χειμῶνος ἐκφύγοντες ἀγρίου μένος,
ἐς χέιρα γῆ συνῆψαν, εἶτα χέρσοθεν
πνοâισιν ἠλάθησαν ἐς πόντον παλὶν.—EURIPIDES.

" Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ."—HORACE.

" In cana ducuntur quassæ navalia puppes,
Ne temere in mediis dissoluantur aquis;
Ne cadat, et multas palmas inhonestet adeptas,
Languidus in pratis gramina carpit equus.
Miles ut emeritis non est satis utilis annis,
Ponit ad antiquos quæ tulit arma Lares;
Sic igitur tardâ vires minuente senectâ,
Me quoque donari jam rude tempus erat."—OVID.

" And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."—MILTON.

" Illic aut spatiis animum emendare Platonis
Incipiam, aut hortis, docte Epicure, tuis;
Persequar aut studium linguæ Demosthenis acris,
Librorumque tuos, munde Menandre, sales."—PROPERTIUS.

" Sed tamen huc omnes, huc primus et ultimus ordo,
Est mala, sed cunctis vita terenda via est.
Nirea non facies, non vis exemit Achillem,
Crœsum aut Pactoli quas parit humor opes."—PROPERTIUS.

NOTES.

(Note 1 to Sonnet 8.—Page 9.)

What language the Immortals speak, or that may be their medium of intercommunication, is one of those mysterious secrets which will probably never be revealed to man on this side the grave. But the world has heard several pleasant discussions as to which was the original language of mankind. Until the time of Leibintz it was generally believed that Hebrew claimed this honor. People become so accustomed to their own language, that it requires an effort of the understanding to doubt that it is not the original language of all mankind. Goropins, in 1580, maintained that Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise. Andie Kempe writes that God spoke to Adam in Swedish, Adam answered in Danish, and the serpent spoke to Eve in French. Two hundred years ago, a discussion upon the point took place in the Metropolitan Chapter of Pampeluna. Though the Chapter would not affirm that Basque was the original language of mankind, they held that it was impossible to bring forward any serious or rational objection against its having been the only language spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise.

In the present condition of the science of Language, which may be said to have sprung into existence within the last fifty years, we cannot prove that all tongues are derived from one and the same original. But our present researches seem to me to favor such theory, although certainly there are many deep scholars who hold that the great families of language must have sprung from different centres. We cannot as yet establish a common origin of the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian families of language, though there seems good ground for connecting the two first of these by a common link of paternity, different as are their structures and grammars. And the principles of induction warrant an *a priori* probability that further knowledge will continually result in wider classification. Who could have anticipated that the dialects of India and Iceland, the Sanskrit of the Vedas and modern English, would be resolved into the common parentage of the great Aryan family; who could have foretold a common bond among some 120 languages which compose the great Turanian family? Yet these triumphs have been already achieved, and if we look to the origin of language, we shall be still more justified in indulging the sanguine hope of hereafter solving satisfactorily much that is at present mysterious and confused.

Languages become fixed and permanent in their grammar, at different stages; they receive their permanent form by the art of writing, by religion, laws, and poetry. In the Chinese, which has been arrested, frozen, or petrified as it were, in the rudest stage, we find a language without inflections, without compounds, made up of monosyllabic roots, each root having an actual value and signification. This is the Radical or monosyllabic stage of language.

In the Turanian, we have a more advanced stage, the agglutinative, where words are formed of compound roots; where one only need retain its primitive signification, the other sinking into a mere conventional form. The most advanced condition was preserved when the Aryan language became permanent, and here, though the words used are formed of roots, the roots have so withered, that neither the one nor the other has preserved its radical independence. This is the Inflectional stage. Though here roots are ground down into mere inflexions, it is clear that it is by endeavouring to recover the roots, of which there has been a gradual decay ever since the process of compounding two or more roots commenced, that we must search for the original form of speech. Every inflectional language was once agglutinative, every agglutinative was once radical or monosyllabic.

It is precisely here that the study of Sanskrit has so wonderfully helped us in tracing to a common source the whole Aryan family of tongues.

But how or why these roots came originally to signify the meaning of which each is so prolific a parent, we may never now be able to discover. We may trace back the Latin *Aratrum* to the Sanskrit root *Ar*, but why *Ar* should signify to plough, why the act of ploughing should be expressed by the root *Ar*, why *Si* should represent to shake; *Ma*, to measure; *Re*, to run, and the like, is probably lost to us for ever, since we cannot enter into the feelings or re-occupy the position of those mortals who first assigned to acts and things these and other particular representatives. That roots did not arise from any resemblance between the sound and the object, as a general principle, is clear from the comparatively small numbers of roots in which any such working origin is found, and I must confess that to my own mind, no theory yet advanced carries with it conviction. The *onomatopœtic*, I have above alluded to. The *Interjectional*, is that which refers speech to the expression of joy, sorrow, pain, surprize, fear, indignation, contempt, &c., from which every other noun was elaborated. But language begins where interjections end, and as Horne Tooke remarks, "The dominion of speech is based on the downfall of Interjections. Voluntary exclamations are only employed when the suddenness and vehemence of some affection or passion returns men to their natural state, and makes them for a moment *forget the use of speech*."

That language is not due to any *conventional* source is, I think, clear. The very idea of men meeting to agree upon a common form of speech is refuted by the fact, that, in order to admit of the preliminary discussion, language must already have been in so advanced a stage as altogether to have superseded the necessity for any such clumsy intervention. That language is of *divine* origin, in the sense of the Theologians, that of being bestowed on man, if not in its perfection, yet by an inspiration, partakes of what has been justly called that "indolent philosophy which refers whatever we do not understand to miracle." It is further opposed by the account in Genesis; for though God called the beasts before Adam, it was *he* who named them. God is said to have called &c., to see how he would name them, a passage which appears to me to point to the belief that God gave the *faculty* of speech, and man taught himself the use of it.

Neither do I feel able to give my adhesion to the theory that roots are phonetic types, and that as every thing in Nature, when struck, has its distinctive sound, so each impression from without, when first made on the mind of man, was constantly responded to by its vocal expression from within, though this

faculty has been since blunted by non-use. There is a faulty analogy here; each wood, metal, &c. struck and giving out a different sound, is a different subject. But the mind, though one, is here supposed to give out thousands of different tones according to the thing which strikes it.

The faculty is divine; the growth of language must, I think, have been gradual, though probably marvellously rapid at the outset. The tendency of the language of civilized nations is to become stationary, but in Siberia, Africa, and Siam, two or three generations among savage and illiterate tribes suffice to entirely alter the national dialect. When images and things were for the first time crowding on the stranger man, to whom all was novel, the rapidity with which he fixed his nomenclature must have been immense. Every root expresses a general idea. Adam Smith is correct when he says, that each noun was in its original application a *particular*, and not a general term. Some particular cave must have been so called before the same name was applied to other caves, but Leibintz is equally right in saying that, before the application of the particular or proper name, there must have been a generalization of the idea of *hollow*, and that before *cave* we have the root *cav*, a hollow thing.

Language is but the outward and visible sign, marvellous as it is, of the inward and spiritual faculty of Abstraction, the forming of general ideas, or, in other words, of reason, and herein it is especially the distinguishing mark between man and brute. As such, its importance becomes immeasurably enhanced and magnified, and may well incite us to search back till we find, if not the language of the Gods in the remarkable passage which heads my Sonnet, the 'μία γλῶσσα' Ἀθανατοῖσι'; at any rate the voice of that Epoch when "the world was of one language and one speech."

(Note 2 to Sonnet 12.—Page 13.)

It is not my purpose to decry the study of the Greek and Latin languages. They open vast funds of thought for the student, they are an ever recurring source of delight in advancing age, they are as good a medium as any other for that training of the mind in the growth, which is one of the main ends of general education, and as Charles V. said, a man is as many times a man as he knows languages. What is called a practical, as opposed to a liberal, education too frequently produces a hard narrow-minded character, and as I do not, on the one hand, advocate the theory of words against things, so on the other, I am not the champion of things against words. My complaint is, that our method of teaching Greek and Latin is too prolix, and that if a portion of the time now devoted to learning how to write Greek and Latin hexameters and pentameters, Saphics, Alcaics and Iambics, were given up to Mathematics, the physical sciences, and modern languages, the years at present dedicated to polite education, say from 7 to 21, would suffice to teaching quite as much Latin and Greek as nearly ninety-nine out of every hundred men require, while they would obtain a large store of rudimentary knowledge of those subjects, which, under our present system, a man is compelled to instruct himself in, after his general education is supposed to be completed, if he wishes to hold his own in average society.

(Note 3 to Sonnet 20.—Page 24.)

Compare Milton's description of Belial. This principle was first adopted by the Stoics. See Aristotle's Rhetoric, 2—24 *fin*. See Aristotle's Nubes v.

886 et seq, and Plato Phil. p. 58. Pythagoras was the first who made a boast of his ability τὸν ἥττονα λόγον κρείττονα ποιεῖν. Gorgius, according to Plato, held Rhetoric to be the highest art: ἀρίστη τῶν τεχνῶν. Like Carneades of the new Academy, in later days, they were prepared to argue for and against any given subject. Carneades astonished the Romans by his orations for and against Justice. It was this double dealing which raised such a feeling against the Greek philosophy among the elder Romans of the day, who looked upon the philosophers much as the Athenians regarded Socrates, as the corrupters of youth. Euripides is conspicuous for his sophistic arguments in support of the most manifestly fallacious propositions. See also Lactantius, Div. Inst. 14.

(Note 4 to Sonnet 29.—Page 36.)

Though 'Loripidem rectus derideat, Æthiopum albus' is true all the world over, yet of all countries, England is probably the most remarkable for its spirit of supercilious exclusiveness, and this vice culminates at Oxford. It is a snobbish feeling which sets down every stranger into whose society chance throws us, as a snob. Our insular position favours the growth of this habit; travel and observation of the World in foreign countries are the best remedy. We all remember the old joke of the Oxford student drowning in the Isis, calling upon another Oxonian to save him, which the latter replied he should have been happy to have attempted, but that he had not had the honor of an introduction. A handsome face is generally felt to be a letter of recommendation at the first blush, though even *Phœdrus* might remind us,

'Formosos sæpe inveni pessimos,
Et turpi facie multos cognovi optimos.'

Still, beauty makes its way direct to the heart. We all pride ourselves on our fancied skill in physiognomy. 'Vultus est animi index.' 'Vultus animi janua et tabula' says Cicero: Pythagoras used to examine the countenances of his students, and we know that Socrates prognosticated a fair mind from a fair form. So loth are we to believe that an ill-favoured person can be worthy or agreeable, that *Martial* has hit off our foible in a happy Epigram,

'Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læso,
Rem magnam prœstas, Zoile, si bonus es.'

and we may admit that there is an indescribable fascination in the mere possession of bodily advantages.

'Moribus et forma conciliandus amor," says that Doctor Amorum, Ovid;

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus, chimeth in Master Virgil: and we shall all do well at least to suspend our judgments. 'Multo melius ex sermone, quam lineamentis, de moribus hominum judicamus,' was Cato's rule. The Pharisee thanks God that he is not as other men are: the charitable will check the first risings of disgust or dislike, when thrown into the society of an ill-favoured person, and remember that there is a jewelled eye set even in the toad. It is much a matter of habit; and a good habit is as easy of acquirement as a bad. It is practice, as Aristotle tells us, that creates the habit. The traveller sickens at the leprous beggar, 'Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes,' laid out on the roadside to awaken his pity; the surgeon stops to examine and make a note of him as an interesting case. "Commend not a man for his

beauty," says the son of Sirach, "neither abhor a man for his outward appearance. The bee is little among such as fly, but her fruit is the chief of sweet things."

At the marriage of Jupiter, says Burton, many noble mortals were invited. Among them, came Crysalus, a Roman prince, "in golden attire, with a majestical presence, but otherwise an ass." The Gods rose up to give him place, *ex habitu hominem metrentes*, but Jupiter, perceiving what he was, a light fantastic silly fellow, turned him and his proud followers into butterflies, and so they continue still, roving about in pied coats, and are called Crysallides by the wiser sort of men. Many curious instances of men who were good, though loathsome, will be found in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy Part II. Sec. III. Memb. 2, and Part III. Sec. II. Mem. 2, Sed. 2.

(Note 5 to Sonnet 36.—Page 46.)

There are two opinions as to the limits of human knowledge. According to one, Nature is infinite, and however numerous, however penetrating man's discoveries of her secrets, there must ever remain mysteries which are beyond his reach. According to this theory, knowledge may be likened to a Circle, which is every where limited by an impassable circumference. Creation is a sort of problem which man may harmlessly and indeed usefully study, but the solution of which is impossible.

According to the other theory, it is impossible to assign limits to the region of man's discoveries. The philosopher is so accustomed to find order reigning in the midst of seeming confusion, that belief in its presence is almost a matter of faith.

That we are approaching nearer to the primal laws of Creation is apparent to whoever will consider the vast advances made since the discovery of the law of gravitation. It would seem as if the *first* Laws were of a character as simple as grand. There is nothing profane in the thought that the Creator may have set Creation before man with the design that step by step he should trace His workmanship up to the mysteries of Life and Spirit. According to this view knowledge has been beautifully likened to a Helix. It does not return upon itself like a Circle: but like the watch-spring, ever diverges; though we must not forget that this divergence *may* be as infinite as space itself.

There are many passages in the Scriptures indicative of the impossibility of finding out God's ways. Such are Job ix. v. 10. ch. xi. v. 7. ch. xxvi. v. 14. ch. xxxvi. v. 26. ch. xxxvii. vs. 5–23, Psalms cxlv. v. 3. Isaiah ch. lv. vs. 8—9. But the true method of questioning Nature, and the means of doing so, were unknown in those days; and we see what a "lazy philosophy" was content to set down as 'final causes,' a disguise for man's ignorance, daily being explained, and the limit to knowledge placed further back. Anaxagarus said that chance is only introduced when the real causes cannot be discovered by human ingenuity and research. The ultimate secrets of Biology are at present hidden: but Newton said he could not doubt that principles of similar uniformity to those which keep the inorganic world in order govern the structure of animals. And Cuvier asks why should not Natural History some day have its Newton?

(Note 6 to Sonnet 59.—Page 73.)

There is a poverty through whose school it is desirable that a man should pass, and about which it is even possible to say very pretty things. "O chere et

douce Pauvreté ! pordonne—moi d'avoir un instant voulu te fuir comme on eut fui l'indigence ; établis toi ici à jamais avec te scharmantes sœurs la Pitie, la Patience, la Sobriété et la Solitude ; soyez mes reines et mes institutrices ; apprenez moi les austéres devoirs de la vie ; eloignez de ma demeure les infirmités de cœur et les vertiges qui suivent la prospérite. Pauvreté sainte ! apprenez-moi à supporter sans me plaindre, à partager sans hésitation, à chercher le but de l'esistence plushaut que les plaisier, plus loin que la puis sance. Tu fortifies le corps, tu raffermis l'âme, et, grâce à toi, cette vie à laquelle l'opulent l'attache comme à un locher, devient un esquif dont la mort peut dénouer les cable sans éveiller notre désespoir. Continue à me soutenir, ô toi que le Christ a surnommée *la Bienheureuse* :" writes Syvestre.

A reservation however must be made even with respect to this: that the trial may be borne while we are young. Jean Paul prettily enough draws the distinction.

" Riches weigh more heavily upon talent than poverty. Under gold mountains and thrones lie buried many spiritual giants. When, to the flame that the natural heat of youth kindles, the oil of riches is added, little more than the ashes of the phænix remains ; and only a Goethe has had the forbearance not to singe his phænix wings at the sun of Fortune. For with much gold, the poor historical Professor would not have had much genial warmth in his youth. Fate does with the poet as we with singing birds, and overhangs the cage with darkness until he sings the tune we would have him sing. But preserve, just Providence, the old man from want ! for hoary years have already bent him low, and he can no longer stand upright with the youth, and bear heavy burdens on his head."

But it is not of this description of poverty, which may be called comparative poverty, that I am speaking. If the matter be well searched into, what Horace writes will be found fully near the truth.

Si ventri bene, si lateri et pedibus que tuis, nil
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere.

The Professor or the School " Usher" may be happy though his coat be threadbare, and there is no chink of money in his pockets. It is envy that constitutes much of the suffered poverty in the world. Love in a cottage (orné) is not without its charms, notwithstanding the bride and bridegroom may have been brought up in all the luxury of ancestral halls, as the younger scions of a feudal nobility. The labouring classes, especially in the country, who can pay their way, can scarcely be called poor, except indeed by comparison. The artisan, who earns high wages and can indulge in the purchase of a few books or an occasional amusement, may be regarded as comparatively rich. Comparatively poverty is quite compatible with content. There is scarcely a poet who has not sung the charms of mediocrity. " Competence" is a relative term ; men are apt to stretch its signification in proportion to their success in life, like Doctor Pangloss ; but to a truly philosophic spirit, such as that of Epictetus or the Emperor Antoninus, it covers but a very little. We all know the stories of Abdolonymus, and of Aglans : Horace wanted but his Sabine farm : Virgil lauded his Corycian Yeoman : Claudian has left us a charming picture of the Old man of Verona. Chaucer in his Wife of Bath's Tale introduces a long panegyric on Poverty, which Dryden has modernized thus :

" Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
That a glad poverty's an honest thing.

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind,
And happy he who can that treasure find.
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods on his gold, and, griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
The ragged beggar, though he want relief
Has naught to lose, and sings before the thief.
Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought:
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For ev'n that indigence, that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and Him above, to know.
A good which none would challenge, few would choose,
A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.

Tasso puts into the mouth of the old man with whom Erminia discourses, sundry excellent precepts, which Fairfax thus translates.

" But father, since this land, these townes and towres,
Destroied are with sword, with fire and spoile,
How may it be, unhurt that you and yours
In saftie thus, applie your harmelesse toile?
My sonne (quoth he) this pore estate of ours
Is euer safe from storm of warlike broile;
This wildernesse doth vs in saftie keepe,
No thundring drum, no trumpet breakes our sleepe.
Haply iust heau'ns defence and shield of right,
Doth loue the innocence of simple swains,
The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,
And seld or neuer strike the lower plaines:
So kings have cause to feare *Bellonaes* might,
Not they whose sweat and toile their dinner gaines.
Nor euer greedie soldier was entised
By pouertie, neglected and despised.
O Pouertie, chefe of the heau'nly brood,
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crowne!
No wish for honour, thirst of others good,
Can moue my heart, contented with mine owne:
We quench our thirst with water of this flood,
Nor fear we poison should therein be throwne:
These little flocks of sheepe and tender goates
Giue milke for food, and wool to make us coates.
We little wish, we need but little wealth,
From cold and hunger vs to cloath and feed
These are my sonnes, their care preserues from stealth

Their father's flocks, nor servants moe I need
Amid these groues I walke oft for my health,
And to the fishes, birds, and beastes giue heed,
How they are fed, in forest, spring, and lake,
And their contentment for ensample take.
Time was (for each one hath his doting time,
These siluer locks were golden tresses than)
That countrie life I hated as a crime,
And from the forrests sweet contentment ran,
To Memphs' stately pallace would I clime,
And there became the mightie caliphes man,
And though I but a simple gardner weare,
Yet could I marke abuses, see and heare.
Entised on with hope of future gaine,
I suffred long what did my soule displease;
But when my youth was spent, my hope was vaine.
I felt my native strength at last decrease;
I gan my losse of lustie yeeres complaine,
And wisht I had enjoy'd the countries peace;
I bod the court farewell, and with content
My latter age here have I quiet spent."

It is of *absolute* poverty that I speak; that poverty in which a man hath not wherewithal to clothe or feed or shelter himself, his wife, and his children; in which he knows not where he shall get bread for to-morrow, and hath it not for to day; and of which an occasional glimpse is vouchsafed to "Society" in the revelations of starvation and misery disclosed by the visits of the charitable to the dwellings of the poor in our more crowded cities. *This* poverty is the worst of all social evils.

Guzman de Alfarache has thus characterized such poverty.

"That poverty, which is not the daughter of the spirit, is but the mother of shame and reproach; it is a disreputation that drowns all the other good parts that are in man; it is a disposition to all kind of evil; it is man's most foe; it is a leprosy full of anguish; it is a way that leads unto hell; it is a sea wherein our patience is overwhelmed, our honour is consumed, our lives are ended, and our souls are utterly lost and cast away for ever. The poor man is a kind of money that is not current; the subject of every idle housewife's chat; the off-scum of the people; the dust of the street, first trampled under foot and then thrown on the dunghill; in conclusion, the poor man is the rich man's ass. He dineth with the last, fareth of the worst, and payeth dearest: his sixpence will not go so far as a rich man's threepence; his opinion is ignorance; his discretion, foolishness; his suffrage, scorn; his stock upon the common, abused by many and abhorred of all. If he come in company, he is not heard; if any chance to meet him, they seek to shun him; if he advise, though never so wisely, they grudge and murmur at him; if he work miracles, they say he is a witch; if virtuous, that he goeth about to deceive; his venial sin is a blasphemy; his thought is made treason; his cause, be it never so just, it is not regarded; and, to have his wrongs righted, he must appeal to that other life. All men crush him; no man favoureth him; there is no man that will relieve his wants; no man that will comfort him in his miseries; nor no man that will bear him company, when he is all alone, and oppressed with grief. None help him; all hinder him; none give him, all take from him; he is debtor to none, and yet

must make payment to all. O, the unfortunate and poor condition of him that is poor, to whom even the very hours are sold, which the clock striketh, and pays custom for the sunshine in August !"

Nowhere, that I know of, have the evils of poverty been more forcibly dwelt on than in Slack's Philosophy of Progress. He writes thus :

"The greatest of all social evils is poverty, because it is the most prolific cause of suffering and crime. Disease in its epidemic and endemic forms is a powerful source of suffering, but it is itself more the offspring of poverty than of any other cause Any great depression of the labouring classes is invariably followed by a large outcrop of some kind of fever; and the typhus that is the constant inhabitant of filthy crowded habitations disappears in proportion to the ability of the population to pay for and obtain better dwellings. Even drunkenness, which it is common to represent as the foundation of so much mischief, is most prevalent with the poorest classes, who fly to the gin-shop or to the bottle to relieve a sense of depression created by the wretched surroundings that poverty provides; and it is scarcely possible to reclaim a drunken class without first removing some of the miseries which constituted the incentive to drink. The hard drinking which was a fashion with the last generation must not be confounded with drunkenness. No doubt a large number of persons belonging to the middle and upper classes did get drunk, and their habitual potations disposed them to inflammatory disorders, and contributed to shorten the duration of their lives; but it was in the main consistent with a discharge of daily duties and the ordinary requirements of an industrial occupation. Their drinking was in fact a fashion inconsistent with social refinement, but not leading to that profound debasement which the drunkenness of poverty—a disease, and not a fashion—invariably produces. Poverty is often the offspring of ignorance, but it is equally true that ignorance is continually the offspring of poverty ; and a great difficulty in the way of national education is the necessity for juvenile labour to assist in maintaining the families of the working men. Through poverty, disease waits upon infancy, childhood, manhood, and old age; through poverty, the formal education of the child is made difficult or impossible, and the insensible education of surrounding circumstances and habits, which is often the most powerful, degrades instead of elevates. When the poor seek for recreation they must be content with a bad sort, because that which is better is beyond their pecuniary reach. The society of the very poor is harsh, squalid, and frequently vicious, and this not from any fault of their humanity, which often displays itself in noble colours, but because the condition of want and misery oppresses and suppresses finer developments, and stimulates moral deformities and morbid growths. It was a beautiful thing of Christianity to bless the poor whom the society of ancient times could not raise into comfort or happiness; but now, the task of the day is not to repeat "Blessed are the poor," as if their condition was open to no other solace than benediction, but to act in such conformity with natural laws that abject poverty shall cease to exist."

(Note 7 to Sonnet 64—Page 80.)

The curious passage in Seneca's *Medea* may be appropriately applied to the discovery of America by Columbus, though it is not probable that the writer had in view the spherical shape of the Earth, or discoveries at the Antipodes.

" Venient annis sæcula seris,
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,

Tiphysque novis detegct orbes
Nec sit terris ultima Thule."

Magellan's voyage of circumnavigation, though he did not live to complete it, is perhaps a more remarkable feat than that of Columbus. Draper, in his work on the Intellectual Development of Europe, thus writes :

" In the whole history of human undertakings there is nothing that exceeds, if indeed there is anything that equals, this voyage of Magellan. That of Columbus dwindles away in comparison. It is a display of superhuman courage, superhuman perseverance,—a display of resolution not to be diverted from its purpose by any motive or any suffering, but inflexibly persisting to its end. Well might his despairing sailors come to the conclusion that they had entered on a trackless waste of waters, endless before them and hopeless in a return. But, though the Church hath evermore from Holy Writ affirmed that the earth should be a wide spread plain bordered by the waters, yet he comforted himself when he considered that in the eclipses of the moon the shadow cast of the earth is round ; and as is the shadow, such in like manner is the substance. It was a stout heart—a heart of triple brass—which could thus, against such authority, extract unyielding faith from a shadow.

" This unparalleled resolution met its reward at last. Magellan reached a group of islands north of the equator—the Ladrones. In a few days more he became aware that his labours had been successful ; he met with adventurers from Sumatra. But, though he had thus grandly accomplished his object, it was not given to him to complete the circumnavigation of the globe. At an island called Zebu, or Mutan, he was killed, either, as has been variously related, in a mutiny of his men, or—as they declared—in a conflict with the savages, or insidiously by poison. " The General," they said, " was a very brave man and received his death-wound in his front, nor would the savages yield up his body for any ransom." Through treason and revenge it is not unlikely that he fell, for he was a stern man ; none but a very stern man could have accomplished so daring a deed. Hardly was he gone when his crew learned that they were actually in the vicinity of the Moluccas, and that the object of their voyage was fulfilled. On the morning of November 8, 1521, having been at sea two years and three months, as the sun was rising, they entered Tidore, the chief port of the Spice Islands. The King of Tidore swore upon the Koran alliance to the King of Spain.

" I need not allude to the wonderful objects—destined soon to become common to voyagers in the Indian Archipelago—that greeted their eyes : elephants in trappings ; vases and vessels of porcelain ; birds of Paradise, " that fly not, but be blown by the wind ;" exhaustless stores of the coveted spices, nutmegs, mace, cloves. And now they prepared to bring the news of their success back to Spain. Magellan's lieutenant, Sebastian de Elcano, directed his course for the Cape of Good Hope, again encountering the most fearful hardships. Out of his slender crew he lost twenty one men. He doubled the Cape at last ; and on September 7, 1522, in the port of St. Lucar, near Seville, under his orders the good ship San Vittoria came safely to an anchor. She had accomplished the greatest achievement in the history of the human race,—she had circumnavigated the earth.

" Magellan thus lost his life in his enterprise, and yet he made an enviable exchange. Doubly immortal, and thrice happy ! for he impressed his name inde-

libly on the earth and the sky, on the strait that connects the two great oceans, and on those clouds of starry worlds seen in the southern heavens. He also imposed a designation on the largest portion of the surface of the globe. His lieutenant, Sebastian de Elcano, received such honours as kings can give. Of all armorial bearings ever granted for the accomplishment of a great and daring deed, his were the proudest and noblest—the globe of the world, belted with the inscription, " Primus circumdedisti me !"

(Note 8 to Sonnet 78.—Page 94.)

The following passage from Chaucer's Dream has been quoted as a prophecy of the Chrystal Palace:

" Within an yle me thought I was,
Where wall, and yale was all of glasse,
And so was closed round about,
That leauelesse none come in ne out,
Uncouth and straunge to behold,
For euery yate of fine gold,
A thousand fanes, aie turning,
Entuned had, and briddes singing,
Diuers, and on each fane a paire,
With open mouth again thaire,
And of a sute were all the toures,
Subtily coruen after floures,
Of vncouth colours during aye,
That neuer been none seene in May,
With many a small turret hie,
But man on liue could I non sie,
Ne creatures, saue ladies play,
Which were such of theyr array,
That as me thought of goodlihead,
They passeden all, and womanhead,
For to behold them daunce and sing,
It seemed like none earthly thing,
Such was their vncouth countinaunce,
In euery play of right vsaunce,
And of one age euerichone,
They seemed all saue onely one,
Which had of yeeres suffisaunce,
For she might neyther sing ne daunce,
But yet her countenaunce was so glad,
As she so fewe yeeres had had,
As any lady that was there
And as little it did her dere,
Of lustines to laugh and tale
As she had full stuffed a male
Of disports and new playes:
Fayre had she been in her daies,
And maistresse seemed well to be,
Of all that lusty companie,
And so she might I you ensure

For one the conningest creature
She was, and so said euerichone,
That euer her knew, there fayled none,
For she was sober, and well auised,
And from euery fault disguised,
And nothing vsed but faith and truth,
That she nas young it was great ruth,
For euery where and in ech place,
She gouerned her, that in grace
She stode alway with poore and riche,
That at a word was none her liche,
Ne halfe so able maistres to be,
To such a lusty companie."

There is a passage in Homer which I have often thought very descriptive of our *good* Queen:

"ὣς κείνη περὶ κῆρι τετίμηταί τε, καὶ ἐστὶν,
ἔκ τε φίλων παίδων, ἔκ τ᾽ αὐτοῦ Ἀλκινόοιο,
καὶ λαῶν, οἵ μίν ῥα, θεὸν ὣς, εἰσορόωντες,
δειδέχαται μύθοισιν, ὅτε στείχῃσ᾽ ἀνὰ ἄστυ.
οὐ μὲν γάρ τι νόου γε καὶ αὐτὴ δεύεται ἐσθλοῦ,
οἷσίν τ᾽ εὖ φρονέῃσι καὶ ἀνδράσι νείκεα λύει."

Which Pope has rendered thus:

"With honours yet to womankind unknown,
This queen he graces, and divides the throne:
In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
And all the children emulate their sire.
When thro' the street she gracious deigns to move,
(The publick wonder, and the publick love)
The tongues of all with transport sound her praise,
The eyes of all, as on a Goddess, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a gen'rous breast;
To heal divisions, to relieve th' opprest;
In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest."

(Note 9 to Sonnet 78.—Page 94.)

The idea that war is destined to become a thing of the past, one of those traditions which people look back to with incredulity, is usually scouted as a mere Utopian dream. Nevertheless, I venture to predict that war will have become obsolete long before the conventional New Zealander shall spit and moralize over the balustrade of London Bridge. A generation or two back none would have thought that duelling would ever have fallen into its present disrepute: what has happened with respect to individuals will happen with respect to nations. Public war will come to be regarded as irrational a mode of deciding differences between nations, as the Duel is now for settling disputes between individuals. A long time will no doubt be required for such a consummation; it depends ultimately on universal popular education.

"War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings *could not* play at,"

writes Cowper; and a little reflection will convince us that the remark is true. War has been called the '*ultima ratio regum*,' and the arbitrament of peace and war is one of the peculiar prerogatives of royalty. But the time is already fast passing away when even the most despotic monarch can enter upon a war against the will of his people: war is become less a dynastic, and more a popular concern. As Lord Palmerston once observed a few years ago, there were causes enough for half a dozen wars in Europe existing at that very moment; and who can doubt that had these, or even any one of these causes occurred only a century ago, war must have been inevitable. Princes are themselves more averse now than formerly to embark in war. A purely aggressive war for the sake of conquest will probably never again occur in Christendom, unless indeed it should proceed from Russia. National feelings may be worked upon to revenge fancied insults or real injuries; for the masses are passionate, ignorant, and fickle; but a *mere* conqueror, one who frets like an angry boy for his play-thing, because there is nothing more for him to conquer, is a myth of the past.

"Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis;
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi."

Or take Lucan's description of Cæsar:

"Non tam portas intrare frequentes
Quam fregisse juvat, nec tam patiente colono
Arma premi, quam si ferro populentur et igni:
Concessâ pudet ire viâ."

Such prodigies are obsolete. As commerce unites the world together, every country will be brought more and more within the pale of European civilization, and even savages will at last be compelled to 'drop their daggers;' not that there is not plenty of butchers' work to be done yet, before the universal liberty of mankind shall be established. The Map of Europe has to be retraced; and the work can only be accomplished on bloody battle-fields. But it is impossible to doubt, if we will read the signs of the times around us, that the proclamation of war even in our days is a far graver matter, far more calmly and widely discussed and debated upon, than was the case in the days of our own fathers, and certainly of our grandfathers. And when once every individual, or even the majority of every people, shall grasp the *rationale* of war in the plain way in which it is put in that charming book *Sartor Resartus*, *then* we may be satisfied that the victory of reason and common sense is won, and that war will never more be heard of.

"What, speaking in quite unofficial language," writes the immortal *Teufeldroch*, "is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, "there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dundrudge, usually some five "hundred souls. From these, by certain "natural enemies" of the French, "there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able bodied "men. Dundrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them: she has, "not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them "to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weak-"est can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weep-"ing and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at "the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; "and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot in the south of Spain, "are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dundrudge, in like manner "wending: till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual "juxtaposition; and thirty stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand.

"Straightway the word "Fire!" is given: and they blow the souls out of one "another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty "dead carcases, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men "any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough "apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was "even, unconsciously, by commerce, some natural helpfulness between them. "How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and, instead of "shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot".

Voltaire, in his piquant little Essay on War, puts the case nearly as neatly:

"Vous vous moquez de nous. Deux princes se disputent un héritage, leur droit est litigieux, leurs raisons sont également plausibles; il faut bien que la guerre en décide: alors cette guerre est juste des deux côtés.

"C'est vous qui vous moquez. Il est impossible physiquement que l'un des deux n'ait pas tort, et il est absurde et barbare que des nations périssent parce que l'un de ces deux princes a mal raisonné. Qu'ils se battent en champ clos s'ils veulent: mais qu'un peuple entier soit immolé à leurs intérêts, voilà où est l'horreur. Par exemple, l'archidue Charles dispute le trône d'Espagne au duc d'Anjou, et, avant que le procès soit jugé, il en coûte la vie à plus de quatre cent mille hommes; je vous demande si la chose est juste."

Centuries may divide us from a universal Peace-Congress, a world's Court of Honour for the settlement and adjustment of all disputes; but to this complexion, though we war-paint an inch thick, must we all come at last. Nor are the effects of the Peace Society to be laughed at. That body acts in sincerity and earnestness, on their own convictions; and though their efforts are feeble, and are regarded by the superficial as puerile and even ridiculous, they are so far useful in their generation, that they help to familiarize men's minds with the idea, that perhaps, after all, war is not such a universal infallible nostrum, specific, and panacæa for injuries, as men are apt to take for granted it must be. Do not let it be supposed that I am such an advocate for the Peace Society's doctrines, that I counsel disarmament. 'Si vis pacem, para bello' is a sound political dogma; if we wish to be secure, we must not content ourselves with a devout passive reliance on Providence; we must keep, as Oliver Cromell bid his Ironsides, an eye to the dry condition of our powder. 'Neque enim quies gentium sine armis, neque arma sine stipendiis, neque stipendia sine tributis,' writes the philosophic Tacitus. The 'war ninepence' will constantly be found more and more irksome and irritating. Even universal disarmament would be futile, if it were in advance of the education of the masses: except so far perhaps as the very presence of weapons is apt to suggest a too ready recourse to their use. Doubtless, many a duel took place on sudden provocation, when every gentleman wore a sword, from the mere fact that the hilt was so ready to the hand. But to counsel disarmament, is to waste breath. To encourage the idea that nations are only armed for *self defence* is a gain; for if *all* will act only in defence, no one can ever be the aggressor. Not that War has not its virtues as well as Peace. It has served as a sort of Malthusian correction for surplus populations;

"Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala; sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit victumque ulsciscitur orbem,"

writes the Roman Satirist. Modern philosophy teaches that an increase of luxury ever indicates an increase in the material prosperity of a nation; yet I believe that the sacrifices and struggles we were called on to make in the Crimean war

and the Indian rebellion, have awoke in our breasts nobler feelings, which a longer peace might have doomed to the sleep of death.

That the time when war shall have sounded its own death-knell is nearer than we suppose, is not improbable. Progress, which was scarcely perceptible in centuries, now makes a fair show in decades. Increasing facilities in locomotion have put a girdle round the world. Opinion has got on its seven-leagued boots, and results are harvested and counted by the year rather than the generation. The scientific improvements in the instruments of war are themselves making war more and more difficult. Your '*Boulet Asphyxiante*' like your 'If' and your 'But,' is a true pacificator: and Chemistry is in such an uncertain state, that any moment may bring about a revolution in its domain, and render iron clad ships, and long ranges equally ineffective. Your '*Gloire*' produces your '*Warrior*;' your '*Merrimac*' your '*Monitor*;' and those again new forms of guns which crash through iron mail like tinder. No fact within our recollection is more pregnant with matter for reflexion than that Garibaldi, with the sword yet unsheathed, should have put forth that noble proclamation, in which he appealed to a universal Court of Nations, for the arbitrament of the world's dispute. The Emperor Napoleon's call to Europe for a Congress is scarcely less significant.

The horrors of ancient and mediæval war were first fully challenged by the immortal Grotius; and warfare now has its amenities among European States: such an internecine fratricidal struggle as that of the late American Civil War we in Europe at least shall never see. What was thought a fitting mode of carrying on war not many centuries ago, may be read of in the History of the Dutch Republic; and I would add for the enlightenment of the curious, the Commission given by Henry viii. to Lord Hertford, A. D. 1544.

"You are there to put all to fire and sword, to burn Edinburgh town, and to raze and deface it, when you have sacked it and gotten what you can out of it. Do what you can out of hand and without long tarrying, to beat down and overthrow the castle, sack Holyroad House and as many towns and villages about Edinburgh as you conveniently can; sack Leith and burn and subvert it, and all the rest, putting man, woman and child to fire and sword, without exception when any resistance shall be made against you; and this done, pass over to the Fife land, and extend like extremities and destructions in all towns and villages whereunto you may reach conveniently, not forgetting among all the rest to spoil and turn upside down the Cardinal's town of St. Andrew, as the upper stone may be the nether, and not one stick stand by another, sparing no creature alive within the same, specially such as either in friendship or blood be allied to the cardinal. This journey shall succeed most to His Majesty's honour."

Those who think as I do, may be set down now as visionaries; but hereafter such opinions will excite no surprize, as being mere truisms, or at best be pointed to as theories curiously in advance of the age in which they were propounded. I do not pretend to "look into the seeds of time and see which grain will grow and which will not." My conclusions are based upon a consideration of past facts, and what I now see: and I reiterate my belief that the words in which Shakespeare spoke of the cessation of *Civil* War, will sooner or later, it may be not in the days of our children, or our children's children, or their children's children; but still sooner or later, be of universal application.

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood:

No more shall trenching war enamel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes
Which, like the meteor of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one semblance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And pinions close of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

Buckle traces the decline of the warlike spirit to the invention of gunpowder, the science of political economy, and the application of steam for the purposes of travelling: and no doubt war will ultimately owe its extinction to the improvements made in the instruments of war, to the greater familiarity of man with man, and to that education which inculcates a true perception of the true safeguard of the happiness of mankind. Words will be the *ultima ratio*, not Swords.

The time is yet in the womb of the future when,

" Every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry song of peace to all his neighbours."

Nothing to my mind can be more false than the Epicurean theory of the origin of Society. The subject is far too wide for discussion here. *Rousseau's* Social *Contract* appears to me a self-evident impossibility. I am not of course speaking of the contracts of *civilized* men, such as that of America in modern history, and of Deioces the founderof an Indian dynasty, in ancient, according to Herodotus. I speak of the origin of Human Society, which with *Plato* and *Grotius*, I hold to be natural not artificial. There never was a time when "wild in woods the *noble* savage ran." It was love, not fear, that first led men to congregate together.

" Jura inventa metu injusti fateare necesse est" says Horace ; and he thus details the process by which Society was annealed.

" Cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter
Unguibus et pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus ;
Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
Nominaque invenere: dehinc absistere bello,
Oppida cœperunt munire, et ponere leges."

Hobbes, however, has put the proposition more baldly than any other writer that I know of. " Status hominum naturalis antiquam societatem coiretur *Bellum*. Neque hoc simpliciter, sed bellum omnium in omnes." Nothing more false than his axiom " Bellum suâ naturâ sempiternum." Cf *Aristotle*: Nich. Eth. L. viii. *ch.* 1. *Epictetus* in *Arrian*: Dissert. L. ii. c. 20. *Lucretius* L. v. v. 923 ad fin. *Lord Shaftesbury*. Use of Raillery. Ib. Characteristics *M. A. Antoninus* L. v. S. 16. *Chrysostom*, Homilies xxxii. *Bentham* on the French Constituent Assembly's Declaration of Rights. *Lord Somers* Essay on Government L. 7. S. 9. L. xi S. 138—40. *Rousseau*, passim. *Blackstone* 1. Com. p. 47. See *Grotius*.

Puffondorf. Vattel, Montesquieu. Paley, Moral and Polit. Phil. B. 6. c. 1. 3. *Bentham* Frag. on Govt. c. 1. *Hume* 'On the original contract.' Ib. on the origin of Government. *Lord Brougham* Pol Phil. c. 1. *Sir R. Filmer*, Controversy with *Locke*, and *Locke's* Reply. *Whewell*, Elements of Morality and Polity B. 5. c. 4–6.

Those who wish to pursue this train of thought on war farther, will find some excellent observations in *Lacon*, Pt. 1 Art 352 and Pt. 2 Art 283. *Burton* also treats the subject with his usual quaintness and fullness. See Democritus to his Readers, p. 29 31.

(Note 10 to Sonnet 81.—Page. 97.)

I would not be understood as representing the ancients as giants, and the moderns as dwarfs. Human intellect is probably much the same in all ages. I use the old simile with which this Sonnet closes, only as illustrative of the *position* of the modern, who takes advantage of all that the ancient has achieved. Knowledge is progressive and accumulative. Each man builds on what has been laid up by all who have gone before. Kepler's laws were ready to Newton's hand. Fabrius ab Aquapendente discovered the valves of the veins; Leibintz advanced towards the discovery of the circulation of the blood; Harvey completed what Leibintz left unfinished. So, if we trace back the history of science and discovery, we shall frequently, if not constantly, find it. Ludovicus Vives, in a passage quoted by Dugald Stewart, has the following striking observations:

"The similitude which many have fancied between the superiority of the moderns to the ancients, and the elevation of a dwarf on the back of a giant, is altogether false and puerile. Neither were they giants nor are we dwarfs; but all of us men of the same standard; and we the taller of the two, by adding their height to our own: provided always that we do not yield to them in study, attention, vigilance, and love of truth; for if these qualities be wanting, so far from mounting on the giant's shoulders, we throw away the advantage of our own stature by remaining prostrate on the ground."

It would be a curious exercise to collect all the passages from the earliest date in which the writers have deplored the degeneracy of their own days as compared with those that went before them. Every age is *Laudator temporis acti*, and if we may believe the Poets, this degenerating process has been going on steadily ever since the earliest records of the human race. The rule of Jupiter himself is inferior to the *Saturnia regna* of his father: and there never was a time when people did not look fondly back to an imaginary golden age. Then all was spontaneous plenty, and simplicity, and honesty, and truth. Life was infinitely longer, strength was infinitely greater, and Love shed his 'purple light' over the whole dreaming world. The days of Methusalah dwindle to a span beside the traditionary length of life, in the records of Hindoo Literature. The duration of common life, was 8,000 years. Holy men lived to 10,0000. One king Yudhister, reigned 27,000 years; another, Alarka, 66,000. They, writes Buckle, were cut off in their prime. One King and Saint was made king, when he was two million years old, he then reigned 6,300,000 years, resigned his Empire, lingered on in sanctitude for 100,000 years more, and died an austere anchorite on the summit of the mountain Ashlapada. Homer tells us

what stones the *heroes ante Agamemnona* could throw, and Agathias startles us with his epigram on the rock hurled by Ajax. Horace says,

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem;

and Juvenal conceives that the moral world had reached the lowest depth of infamy in his days:

"Nil erit ulterius quod nostris moribus addet
Posteritas, eadem cupient facientque minores;
Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit."

Yet the profligacy of the later Roman Emperors might have made even his hair stand on end. We are apt to talk of the *merry* old times, and the good old days of England. Macaulay has shewn us how fallacious is such a comparison, and that if the balance be fairly struck, it will hang heavily in favour of us present men. Antiquity is in truth the *youth* of the world, and we are only now growing up to man's estate. Proud as we are of this nineteenth century, with all its great inventions and discoveries, its steam engines, its locomotives, its electric telegraphs, its photography; we may rest assured that, in the eyes of our posterity, we shall seem as benighted as our ancestors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries do to us. After summing up the evidence of the condition of England under the Stuarts, Macaulay concludes thus: "Yet, in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, inconsistent as they may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labour, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past.

"In truth, we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the Caravan all is dry and bare: but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where, an hour before, they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes, and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But, if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and in our

turn be envied. It may well be in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with fifteen shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day; that labouring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty working man. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefitted the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendour of the rich."

The improved method of statistics shows us that human life is in the present day of longer average duration than that of our ancestors. The armour preserved in the Tower proves that we excel them in bodily size. Dr. Prichard is convinced that our "brain pans" are more capacious than those of our forefathers. But there is no proof that the capacity and qualities of the mind have increased since the creation. Locke thinks that men have been "much the same for natural endowments in all time," and Buckle says we have no decisive ground for saying "that these faculties are likely to be greater in an infant born in the most civilized part of Europe, than in one born in the wildest region of a barbarous country." The statement, therefore, that the mind has ever been advancing, must be taken with this qualification, that I speak of the results of education upon the mind, not of its innate capacity.

(Note 11 to Sonnet 84.—Page 100.)

This Sonnet is an endeavour to illustrate that "fundamental antithesis," as Dr. Whewell calls it, which has divided the opinions of Philosophers from the beginning of the world; one School holding that all our knowledge is derived exclusively from our senses, the other referring its origin to innate ideas. For two thousand years, from the time of Plato and Aristotle, has the barren contest been fought, the Schoolmen of the middle ages holding by Aristotle, until Plato again obtained the ascendant. Each of these opinions appears to me to be, what the world is full of, a *half*-truth. Without the senses, certainly we could have no knowledge; without the mind, we could have no philosophy. The one supplies the raw materials; the other is the skilled artificer that works them up. It was only when Bacon wedded the Half Truths, that Science became productive, and began to lead to that train of discoveries, of which this age, with all its advancement, only sees the commencement. Then tradition yielded to experiment, and authority to reason. The defect of Bacon's philosophy appears to have been in expecting too much from *method*, and leaving too little space for that invention, or happy guess, which seems intuitive in genius, whereby hypotheses are formed from the observation of facts, to be laid aside ungrudgingly, if subsequently found contrary to further experience, but otherwise passing into the region of theory and axiom. The necessity of this Whewell insists on: and it appears to me with irresistible force. The contest has not however ceased with the advent of Bacon, whose philosophy, it may be remarked, was not exclusively *utilitarian*; it was for the glory of God as well as the use of Man. He proceeded first "ascendendo ad axiomata;" only when he had reached these, did he apply them practically "descendendo ad *opera*." But

the Utilitarian philosophy of the present day classes on its side all the Sensational School: Locke was indeed the modern founder of this Philosophy (though he admitted ideas of reflexion) which in the hands of Condillac and the French School soon ran wild. There was in England, and more in Scotland, a re-action; and in Germany, from Kant downwards, the main stream of philosophy has flowed in the Idealistic channel. At the present day, we may regard Dr. Whewell and Mr. J. S. Mill as the respective champions of the different opinions that spring from the fundamental antithesis, which is to be traced through the history of philosophy, in such terms as Facts and Ideas—matter and mind—outer and inner world—induction and deduction—subjective and objective—necessary truth and experience—theory and fact. Whewell has, I think, very lucidly and succinctly described the doctrine of fundamental antithesis in the following passage:

"*That in every act of knowledge* (1) *there are two opposite elements which we may call Ideas and Perceptions; but of which the opposition appears in various other antitheses; as Thoughts and Things, Theories and Facts, Necessary Truths and Experiential Truths; and the like:* (2) *that our knowledge derives from the former of these elements, namely our Ideas, its form and character as knowledge, our Ideas of space and time being the necessary forms, for instance, of our geometrical and arithmetical knowledge;* (3) *and in like manner, all our other knowledge involving a development of the ideal conditions of knowledge existing in our minds:* (4) *but that though ideas and perceptions are thus separate elements in our philosophy, they cannot, in fact, be distinguished and separated, but are different aspects of the same thing;* (5) *that the only way in which we can approach to truth is by gradually and successively, in one instance after another, advancing from the perception to the idea; from the fact to the theory; from the apprehension of truths as actual to the apprehension of them as necessary.*"

(Note 12 to Sonnet 103.—Page. 120.)

'Christianity as old as Creation' was a familiar cry in the last century. Mr. Buckle (Vol. I. p. 164) contends that morality is stationary, and that little or nothing has been added to its principles from the commencement of historical times. There is not a precept in the New Testament, he says, for which a parallel cannot be found in some one or other of the heathen writers and systems of philosophy before the Christian æra.

And this to some extent is true. "It is true," says St. Augustine, "that matter which is now called the Christian religion was in existence among the ancients; it has never been wanting from the beginning of the human race." Retract 1-15. See also Civ, Dei, viii. and Cont. Acad. iii. 20. In the remarkable passage Romans 11-14, St. Paul seems in some sense to admit this truth. The Gentiles, which have not the Law, he says, show the work of the Law written in their hearts. Lactantius. Ins. p. 77, states that all the moral truths had been taught by Pagan philosophy before the advent of Christianity. Totam igitur veritatem et omne divinæ religionis arcanum philosophi attigerunt. See Milman's Christianity, v. 1. ch. 4. 1-3. Minutius Felix says, either all the old philosophers were Christians or all Christians are philosophers.

A careful collation of ante-Christian philosophy of all nations, Chinese, Hindu, Greek and Roman, would probably furnish forth a bevy of passages strikingly analogous to the moral precepts of Jesus Christ. Such collections

have been indeed more than once made. Clemens Alexandrinus in his Stromata collected all the passages in Plato parallel to Christ's doctrines: and Tindal in the last century, in his "Christianity as old as the creation" has performed a similar task. We know that the early Fathers, while they roundly denounced all the passages of ancient philosophy which they did not approve, enlisted many of the doctrines of Plato in support of Christianity, partly because they erroneously thought that Plato had received his teaching indirectly from the sacred Scriptures, through the Hebrews and Egyptians, in his travels; and partly because they attributed to him a partial inspiration. Many of the early converts to Christianity came imbued with their previous notions of ancient philosophy, from the Alexandrian School.

But this collation of isolated and scattered passages, such as Aristotle's *το καλον* of self-sacrifice, dying for one's friends and the like, is very fallacious and deceptive. The immortality of the Soul, Hell and Heaven, are to be found in the Phædo and Republic of Plato; though mixed up with the doctrine of the Metempsychosis. The image of the broad and narrow road is in Hesiod. The *τὸ καλὸν* of self sacrifice is preached in Aristotle's Nicomachæin Ethics, in book 3 about a brave man dying in battle for his country, and in book 9 about dying for one's friends in battle. The golden verses of Pythagoras, the Hymn of Cleanthes, and the verses of Theognis are mines of beautiful moral precepts. The Pseudo Phocyllidea are evidently subsequent to Christianity. Aristotle also descants in the *το καλόν* of friendship, *but* on the ground that it gives one a sense of one's own existence. He also says it is more blessed to give than to receive, but on the principle of Hobbes, that a personal sense of one's own power is the chief element of happiness. To write about the *duty* of loving others, far less foreigners or slaves, would never have entered into his thoughts. Epicurus commends friendship but only as the means of procuring necessary wants, and to embellish life and perchance its enjoyment. Diog. Laert. x. 124 141 *Revenge* will be found to be laid down even by the most advanced Schools not only as excusable or justifiable, but as a positive duty. Even Socrates taught this precept. Xenophon Mem. 11. 2. nr. 2; 3. nr. 14. which apply to *public* enemies; and 11. 6. nr. 35 to other enemies. See also Arist. Rhet. 11. 23. See also Theognis 341—50.

Ἀλλὰ Ζεῦ τέλεσόν μοι Ὀλύμπιε καίριον εὐχήν·
δὸς δέ μοι ἀντὶ κακῶν καί τι παθεῖν ἀγαθόν.
τεθναίην δ', εἰ μή τι κακῶν ἄμπαυμα μεριμνέων
εὑροίμην, δοίην δ' ἀντ' ἀνιῶν ἀνίας·
αἶσα γὰρ οὕτως ἐστί· τίσις δ' οὐ φαίνεται ἡμῖν
ἀνδρῶν, οἳ τἀμὰ χρήματ' ἔχουσι βίῃ
συλήσαντες· ἐγὼ δὲ κύων ἐπέρησα χαράδρην,
χειμάῤῥῳ ποταμῳ πάντ' ἀποσεισάμενος·
τῶν εἴη μέλαν αἷμα πιεῖν· ἐπί τ' ἐσθλὸς ὄροιτο
δαίμων, ὃς κατ' ἐμὸν νοῦν τελέσειε τάδε.

And again;

Ἀνδρὸς τοι χραδιη μινὺθει μὲγα πῆμα παθὸντος,
Κὺρν' ἀποτινυμὲνου δ' αὔξεναι ἐξοπὶσω.
Εὖ χὼτιλλε τόν ἐχθρὸν· ὅταν δ' ὑποχεὶριος ἔλθῃ,
τῖσαὶ νιν, πρὸφασιν μηδεμὶαν θὲμενος.

These passages illustrate very remarkably the spirit of Greek *charity!*

See Hom. Il. xxii. 346. ib. iv. 35. ib. xix. 210. Hesiod, Op. & D. 711. 351. Aristotle Pol. vii. 6.

Menander says

τὸ μηδὲν ἀδικεῖν πᾶσιν ανθρωποῖς πρέπει. But this is a mere negative precept.

The "Nil conscire sibi" of Horace is strikingly parallelled by St. John 1. Ep. iii. 21.

We must go deeper and consider the spirit of the several systems of Philosophy, in our search to compare them with Christianity; and when we have once mastered that spirit, we shall see at a glance that Christianity effects a revolution in morals, and is in that sense a revelation. Indeed it is only surprizing that when the ancients approached so near the truth, they were yet blinded to it. Like all great discoveries, the Christian philosophy is striking from its wonderful simplicity, when once it has been enunciated.

Now the spirit of ancient philosophy is not of a *practical* nature. The Oriental ascetic, the Hindu gymnosophist, placed the highest virtue in an abstracted contemplation, by which he thought himself ultimately absorbed into the divine nature.

The philosophy of the Greeks was also in its character essentially contemplative. Though Plato said that the best philosopher would make the best king, he still held that the sage should abstain from the entire duties of life, unless he was actually compelled by circumstances to take part in them.

Aristotle, as I have shown elsewhere, after devoting the first nine books of his Ethics to the consideration of virtue in *activity*, in the 10th places his *summum bonum* in θεωρια, *contemplation.*

Again, a characteristic of ancient philosophy was its *pride*; whether of the Stoics or the Cynics, it was filled only for the few, those who could *afford* to philosophize. It spoke not to the millions who must necessarily spend their life in providing for its necessities. It was of a political aim. It sought to make man good, not as a member of the human race, but as a citizen. Antisthenes, the founder of the Cynics, denied the moral worth of affection and love of kin. His sage was to be free from all outward influences, and above all accidents of change or chance.

Plato's contempt for the mass of the people stands out prominently in his writings. He addressed only the enlightened. The splendour of his school, especially when compared with the Socratic, attracted the ridicule of the comic writers. Ath. xi. 120. p. 509. See Conviv. p. 201. *a*. Lys. p. 218. *a*.

In all these particulars, Christianity stands in the most startling contrast to all prior philosophical systems.

It speaks to all men, and to each man. Its simplicity is such, that its precepts carry conviction of their truth with their bare enunciation. Its practice is compatible with the most active life, and with every action of that life. Its very essence is humility. It addresses each man as the individual man, and not as a unit of the State. Greek Philosophy was oligarchic; Christianity democratic.

To apply these reflexions to the one doctrine which my Sonnet illustrates—Love of one's neighbour. I have no doubt that abundant passages, more or less closely bearing on the 'golden precept,' may with little difficulty be culled from

the philosophy of the ancient world: but if we reflect on the *spirit* of the school of which any given apothegm was the utterance, we shall find that it was uttered in a very different sense, and is traceable to a very different motive from that which dictated the utterances of Christ.

The Greeks constantly kept enlarging their view of man's duty to his neighbour, and it is intended to trace this widening circle.

At first it was confined to the performance of good offices to those who were actually a man's *neighbours*: a doctrine which will be found in Hesiod and the early moralists. In the earliest ages, every man's hand was against his fellows, as a general rule, though there was a good deal of that *hospitality*, which even in modern days induces the Arab to light fires on the hills to bring in strangers to their tents. πρὸς γὰρ Διός εἰσιν ἄπαντες ξένοι, says Homer in the Odyssey, a sentiment far wider than was of general acceptance in practice.

Then, the idea of neighbourhood came to embrace all who lived in the same *city*, a natural result of men gathering together for protection around the Acropolis of some powerful chief, and seeking safety within the same common wall of fortification. In the contrast between the πόλιται and ξένοι, so long prevalent in Greece, we see the unmistakeable trace of this. Then the idea again widened its bound, and admitted that all men of the same *nation* were entitled to be considered of one common kindred. The distinction between the Ἕλληνες and βάρβαροι marks this epoch. In Latin the same word 'hostis' stood for both a stranger and an enemy. I shall consider the Stoic doctrines presently. They no doubt were much more cosmopolitan, and foreshadowed the Christian doctrine far more closely than any other Sect. But surely it is very astonishing, that with this constantly developing and enlarging notion of *neighbour*, the idea, such as Christianity propounded it, at the best struck but a few, and certainly never became general. The beautiful thought that charity knows no confines, is not shut up in this or that particular city, or coterminous with this or that nation, but that every human creature is the neighbour of every other human creature with whom he comes in contact, for however short a time, and in however slight a relation, it was reserved for Christ to proclaim in language which went straight to the heart of every man. 'Love thy neighbour as thyself.' 'Love thine enemies.' 'Do good to them that despitefully use you:' the return not of evil for evil, or good for good, but good for evil; and the motive not profit, applause, self love; but duty, an act performed for its own sake; and the illustration of the good Samaritan in reply to the question who is my neighbour?—how different are all these from the frigidity, the reserve, the limitation which surrounded the idea of Love to one's neighbour among the sages of antiquity.

'Barbarian' was the shiboleth of Greece and Rome. 'Humanity' in its secondary, better, and now accepted sense, is the creation of Christianity. ἀγάπη is first used in the sense of *charity* in the New Testament. Apollonius of Tyara, writing probably under Christian influences, first of the Greeks, says that we must regard the whole world as our fatherland, and all men as brothers and friends bound together by community of descent. Ap. Philos. p. 395 Ep. 44. To the Hindu, every man not twice born was a Pariah; to the Greek, every man not a Hellene was a barbarian. To the Jew, all the uncircumcised were Gentiles; to the Mahomedan, every one who followed not the prophet a Kaffir. M. Pauthier tells us that there is a passage in the writings of one of the disciples

of Confucius, in which he declares that the doctrine of his master consisted simply in having rectitude of heart, and in "loving our neighbour as ourselves." If the passage be authentic, it is a startling forerunner of the doctrine of Christ. See also Davis' China vol. 2. p. p, 41. 50. Among the Hindus I can find but little bearing upon the point; little that is not vague and general.

There is no such doctrine in the Hitopadesa of Vishnu Sarnum, translated by Sir W. Jones. It was not to be looked for, when the Brahmin looked down upon all other castes, and where the Pariah was an outcaste. The Pariah must stand aside without his slippers when a Brahmin comes in sight; certainly the latter would pass by on the other side if he saw the other lying wounded off the road side.

We have such sentiments as these :

'A virtuous man should abandon both riches and life for the sake of others.'

'Even towards enemies coming to our home, the offices of hospitality must be exercised.'

'To a man of noble disposition the whole earth is related.'

'A virtuous being abandons not even in danger a *friendship* which art has not formed.

'Mercy to a friend or a foe is the *ornament* of religious men.'

'Make friends both strong and weak, as you see how the tortoise was released from bondage by a rat.' (Here the profit and loss doctrine of Paley appears.)

In Tamul we have many moral aphorisms in the Kurul of Tiruvellavur.

Avvyar, the female poet, has given her golden alphabet: one of the aphorisms of which bids us

'Live on terms with our neighbours;'

but the idea is confined to vicinity.

And in a *free* translation by a Missionary, we have this remarkable stanza:

As trees afford a cool refreshing shade
Till by the ringing axe in ruin laid,
To mortals shrinking from the summer heat;
The sons of knowledge till they cease to live,
As far as can be, good for evil give,
And acts of kindness to their foes repeat.

which smacks strongly of Christian interpolation; and the Revd Mr. Percival, in his Land of the Vedas, is candid enough to say that this stanza is different in his oldest copy.

Kabilar Avergul, who wrote a poem against caste, says,

There is but one caste, one race, on earth;
Men are one in death and one in birth.

I have not been able to prosecute this inquiry in the Telugu Literature, but I doubt if any fresh light would be thrown on the subject from that source.

I have purposely reserved the consideration of the Stoics till the last, because I admit that they come nearer to the particular doctrine of Christ than any other school; indeed St. Paul, in his Sermon at Athens, expressly alludes to the Stoic doctrine, when he says "He giveth to all life and breath, and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men" &c. And he goes on to quote the well known Hymn of Cleanthes, the second great Stoic Doctor, 'τὸ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἔσμεν. St. Paul, it must be remembered, came from Tarsus, a city which

was one of the cradles of Stoicism. He was in early youth, no doubt, well acquainted with the views of this Sect.

The conquests of Alexander widened men's thoughts, and Zeno, the founder of the Stoic Sect, conceived the idea that all the World was one State, and that all men were κοσμοπόλιται, fellow citizens with one another. This idea is mentioned by Plutarch "*De Alexandri Magni fortunâ aut virtute.*" Sir Alexander Grant has discoursed well on this subject in an Essay upon the Stoics—Oxford Essays 1858. But Zeno's sketch of Cosmopolitanism resembles rather the posture of a herd feeding together on a common pasture, than a *Society* of men. Plut. de Alex. Fort. 1—6. The Hymn of Cleanthes, closely looked into, will be found to embody no loftier idea. True, the Stoics held that a man was bound to sacrifice himself for his country, but, except in certain circumstances, they taught that the sage should not mingle in the ordinary affairs of life, but decline to take a part in political affairs, and live a life of contemplation and retirement. Cic. de fin iii. 20. Diog. Laert: vii. 122. Such a doctrine is eminently unpractical: it cannot be followed by *all* men; Society could not exist, if all its members refused to take part in the several professions. How different is it in this respect to that 'creed of creeds,' 'more strong than all poetic thought,'

"Which he may read who binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef."

It is not to the purpose to notice the Stoic defence of lying for the sake of gain, of paiderastia, suicide, and prostitution. I am only concerned with seeing how far those of their doctrines which approximate to the doctrines of Christ, can be fairly considered to have anticipated Christianity. To say nothing of the pride and contemptuousness which marked the Stoic doctrine, and its opposition to the humility and unselfishness of Christianity, it is, I take it, the *practical* character of Christianity that distinguishes it from the Stoic, and indeed all other Schools. The sage of the Stoics was a mere ideal character, one which had never yet appeared in the flesh, and to which no man could hope to attain. See Cicero de Fin. v. 24—69. They regarded themselves as fools living among fools.

I admit that the idea of duty became more developed among the later Stoics. In Cicero we find many passages of a more enlightened and enlarged charity, thus he says that the sage ought to study to promote the general good rather than any special interests of his own. De Fin iii 19—20. And that duty is to be discharged, not for the sake of any personal advantage, but that the rewards of duty are to be sought in duty itself. De Off. iii. 3. But Cicero designed his theory of morals for the upper classes alone, that audience, fit though few, which he addressed. De Off. i. 12. A Rhetorician asked a rich Roman, "could you possibly let yourself down so low as not to repel a poor man with scorn?" Quint. Del. 301. iii. 17. What is the use, says Plautus, of giving a beggar anything? One loses what one gives away, and only prolongs the miserable existence of the receiver? Trinum. ii. 2. 5. 8. 59: a passage which Lactantius afterwards called "detestabilis sententia," Inst. vi. 11.

I am aware that the later Stoics often [illegible] to show that the love of one's neighbour had been engrafted on their philosophy. Seneca (Ep. 47) rejoices that his friend Lucilius lives on terms of friendship with his slaves. "Are they not,"

says he, "men like ourselves, breathing the same air, living and dying, like ourselves?" He bids us, in judging the transgressor, call to mind our own weakness. De Ira. i. 14; and his declaration 'Homo sum; nihil humani alienum puto' (Ep. 95) is of world-wide celebrity. See also Ep. 90, and De Benif. iii. 18. Epictetus discourses on 'how to follow out the conception that God is father to mankind.' Yet he seems to waver and hesitate, and scarcely to have a fixed principle. Among the outward things which, he says, a man ought not to care about, are parents, brethren, and children. Man should only take care of himself. Yet, inconsistently enough, we find him inculcating the necessity of making one's neighbours virtuous men. With many differences, it must be admitted, that there are many points of resemblance between the philosophy of Epictetus and Christianity. The same remark may be made with respect to the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, ("καθ' ἑαυτον, iv. 5.) who was the disciple of Epictetus. Yet even he tells us, "Trouble not yourself about others." The philosophy even of the latest Stoics was still pervaded by an all ruling and overruling selfishness. It inculcated the fostering of a passive rather than an active courage. Its aim was to arm man against the evils of Exile and Death.

But whatever advanced doctrines may be excerpted from the pages of Seneca, Epictetus, and M. A. Antoninus, I do not think that they much affect the question; for all these lived after the teaching of Christ. Seneca was murdered in the 65th year of the Christian Era: Antoninus lived till A. D. 181. It is hardly possible, therefore, but that rumours, and indeed official reports of the acts and doctrines of Christ, must have reached Rome, and been accessible to all in authority or official life. I cannot therefore but think that the teaching of Christ has tinged the writings, and influenced the opinions of these three last and greatest of the Stoics.

Christ did not pretend to novelty: he enlarged the application of the Law beyond the bare reading of the Pharisees. A Pagan asked Rabbi Hillel, who immediately preceded Jesus, to explain the Jewish law in a few words: he replied "That which you would not that another should do to you, that do not you to him: this is the sense of the Law. The rest is a mere commentary on it." The Lord's prayer may be reconstructed almost *verbatim* out of the Old Testament. The precept, 'thou shalt love thy neighbours as thyself' is to be found expressly in xix Lev. v. 18. The precept is also expressly extended to the stranger in v. 34., and in Ex. xxii, 21. xxiii, 9. But the doctrine is very different to that of Christ; it is confined to the stranger "that dwelleth with you," We have the testimony of Tacitus, Hist. v. 5, to the bearing of the Jews towards themselves and their principles on the one hand, and all the rest of the world on the other. "They always keep their word, and are ready to shew mercy to *each other*, but to every one else they are full of hostility and hatred." Had there been any practical love of a man's neighbour in the time of Christ, the Parable of the good Samaritan would have lost its point.

(Note 13 to Sonnet 125.—Page. 143.)

It is a very remarkable thing that Aristotle, in the Nicomachean Ethics, after having devoted his first nine books to the discussion of *practical* morality, in the exercise of which he places Happiness, should, in the tenth book, as it were, turn his back upon himself, and place the *Summum Bonum* in Θεώρια, or heavenly contemplation, as opposed to action. This uncertainty of purpose,

this fluctuation and halting between two opinions, suggests the idea that the Greek ethical philosophy was taken from that of the great Hindu branch of the common Aryan race. According to the Brahman legends, *Pravoitti* (Energy) necessarily involves some sin and imputation, while *Nivirth* (perfect repose) is essential to sinless happiness. The soul is represented as possessing two wives, *Pravith*, and *Navirth*, each endeavouring to secure its undivided affection. The struggle is long, but the latter is in the end victorious.

(Note 14 to Sonnet 128.—Page 146.)

Plato's creed is so curious and poetical, that it may be worth recapitulation. It will be found principally in the Timæus. Those who have passed life in true philosophy, ever striving to free themselves from the fetters of the body, will enjoy an unembodied life in God. Those who are simply virtuous, will pass a happy life in the mansion of their kindred stars. Those who hate philosophical studies, and whose only object is bodily pleasure, will hover, as shades, over their graves, seeking to recover their lifeless bodies. Those who have lived effeminately, will be changed into women; the frivolous become birds of the air. The perfectly estranged from philosophy are changed into beasts; the most ignorant and brutal into the creatures of the sea. By numerous transmigrations the Soul may become purified; but the incurable, those whom no Metempsychosis can regenerate, are reserved for Hades.

(Note 15 to Sonnet 146.—Page 165.)

Take the following passage from Cowley:

" Into the future times why do we pry,
And seek to antedate our misery?
Like jealous men, why are we longing still
To see the thing which only seeing makes an ill?
'Tis well the face is veil'd; for 'twere a sight
That would ev'n happiest men affright;
And sometimes still they'd spy that would destroy
The past and present joy.
In whatsoever character
The book of Fate is writ,
'Tis well we understand not it;
We should grow mad with little learning there:
Upon the brink of every ill we did foresee,
Undecently and foolishly
We should stand shivering, and but slowly venture
The fatal flood to enter.
Since, willing or unwilling, we must do it;
They feel least cold and pain who plunge at once into it."

See also Æschylus:

Δίκα δὲ τοῖς μὲν παθοῦσιν μαθεῖν ἐπιῤῥέπει· τὸ μέλλον δ'
ἐπεὶ γένοιτ' ἂν κλύοις· προχαιρέτω·
ἴσον δὲ τῷ προστένειν.
τορὸν γὰρ ἥξει σύνορθρον αὐγαῖς.

The sentiment is a mere common-place, which it would be easy to illustrate from a host of authors, sacred as well as profane, ancient and modern, prose and poetical; though more especially from the Greek Tragedians.

(Note 16 to Sonnet 170.—Page 191.)

No created thing perisheth. All is production and re-production; flux and re-flux. The Egyptian priests maintained this doctrine, although they could not prove it to the same extent that we moderns can. Hence, naturally, the doctrine of Metempsychosis. Anaximenes, whose philosophy was developed by Diogenes of Apollonia, held that all things originate from one essence, and that they undergo continual changes, becoming different at different times. Zeno and the Stoics favoured the same belief, illustrating it by the cataract, which shows from year to year an invariable form, though the water composing it is perpetually changing. The XV. Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, in which he describes the Pythagorean philosophy, may be consulted on this point with pleasure and advantage. It is the finest part of the Metamorphoses. I would here only quote one passage:

> "Nec perit in magno, mihi credite mundo,
> Sed variat faciemque novat: nascique vocatur
> Incipere esse aliud quam quod fuit ante, morique
> Desinere illud idem, cum sint huc forsitan illa:
> Haec translata illuc: summa tamen omnia constant
> Nil equidem durare diu sub imagine eâdem
> Crediderim."

We trace the idea of this interchange and transmutation in the story of Proteus, of whom Virgil in the 4th Georgic, copying Homer (Odyssey Δ. 417.)

> "Omnia transmutat sese in miracula rerum,
> Ignemque, horribilemque feram, flumenque liquentem."

Homer makes Eudothea, Proteus' daughter, discover her father's abode. Eustathius, commenting on this passage, says that Proteus is formal matter and that his daughter leads him from capacity into actuality—ἐις ἐιδôς θέειν. See also Bacon *de Sapientiâ Veterum*. c. 13.

Πάντα ἐν μεταβολῇ. Καὶ αὐτὸς σὺ ἐν διηνεκεῖ ἀλλοιώσει, καὶ κατά τι φθορᾶ· καὶ ὁ κόσμος δὲ ὅλος. says the Emperor Marcus Antoninus; and again;

Ταὐτά ἐστι τὰ τοῦ κόσμου ἐγκύκλια, ἄνω κάτω, ἐξ αἰῶνος εἰς αἰῶνα. Ἤδη πὰντας ἡμᾶς γῆ καλύψει· ἔπειτα καὶ αὐτὴ μεταβαλεῖ· κἀκεῖνα εἰς ἄπειρον μεταβαλεῖ· καὶ πάλιν ἐκεῖνα εἰς ἄπειρον.

> "Quodcunque fuit de rebus, id omne
> Aeris in magnum fertur mare,"

writes Lucretius; a passage which might seem like a guess at our modern gasses.

Shakespeare here also, as usual, culls and excels the thoughts of the ancients,

> "The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
> Robs the vast sea: the Moon's an arrant thief,
> And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
> The Sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
> The Moon into salt tears: the Earth's a thief
> That feeds and breeds on a composture stolen
> From general excrement. Each thing's a thief."

Rendu writes:

"The conserving will of the Creator has employed for the permanence of His work the great law of *circulation*, which, strictly examined, is found to reproduce itself in all parts of nature. The waters circulate from the ocean to the air, from the air to the earth, and from the earth to the ocean. The elements of organic substances circulate, passing from the solid to the liquid or aëriform condition, and thence again to the state of solidity or of organisation. That universal agent which we designate by the names of fire, light, electricity, and magnetism, has probably also a *circulation* as wide as the universe."

And Draper strikingly traces the possible progress of a drop of water.

Omar Khayyam, whose works are in the hands of comparatively few readers, has many quaint thoughts upon this subject in his Rubáiyat:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in its lap from some once lovely head.
And this delightful herb whose tender green
Fledges the river's lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen!"

* * *

"I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And merry-make; and the cold lip I kiss'd
How many kisses might it take—and give!
For in the market-place, one dusk of day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet clay:
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

* * *

"There's not one atom of yon earth
But once was living man;
Nor the minutest drop of rain,
That hangeth in its thickest cloud,
But flowed in human vein.

"This flask was once a poor lover like me,
All immersed in the chase of a fair face;
And this its handle you see on its neck
Was once a hand that clasped a beloved."

There is, I may note, something very touching in the verses of the 'Astronomer Poet;' there is too gloomy a glimpse of death ever present in them, to permit them being likened to the joyous bursts of old Anacreon.They appear to me to be rather the struggles of a man to repress the thought of annihilation by an enforced merriment. It may however deserve question whether, under all the drinking bouts and tavern revelries, old Omar was not shadowing forth the negative doctrines of the Sufis? Those who wish to pursue this subject will do well to study the Preface to Captain Raverty's Poetry of the Afghans.

(Note 17 to Sonnet 171.—Page 192.)

The butterfly—$\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$—was the Greek emblem of the Soul: but the emblem must not be strained into an argument. We cannot say, *because* the butterfly rises from its chrysalis, *therefore* the body shall rise a purified body from the tomb. For the analogy fails. Life still exists and has never been destroyed, when the *pupa* is in the chrysalis state, enfolded, shrouded up as it is. New changes, very marvellous, are going on. The creature is actually with vast vital activity putting on a new form, while it lies apparently lifeless. But when the mortal body is in the grave, death has set in: corruption has usurped the place of vitality. The physical frame is being dissipated into dust and gasses. The butterfly's rising from the chrysalis can only be regarded as one of the many facts in nature, beautifully *suggesting* the Soul's future state. No more can we use the flowering of the snowdrop in the spring, after the root has stood the frosts of winter; the revivification of the toad enclosed in stone; the vitality of the seed preserved in the mummy cloth; in any other way than as a simile; for in none of these instances has the vital principle been subjected to *death*. Hence there is a fallacy in the beautiful lines of Moschus quoted for the 157th Sonnet. It is a poetical form of expression in the New Testament which tells us that a seed cannot be quickened unless it die in the earth. "Verily, verily I say unto you, except a corn ot wheat fall into the ground and *die*, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit," XII John 24: and see I Cor. xv. 36. "Thou fool that which thou sowest is not quickened except it *die*."

Cuivier defines life as movement. In his *Regne Animal* he says "tant que ce mouvement subsiste, le corps est *vivant*, lorsqu' le mouvement s' arrete sans retour, le corps *meurt*."

Omar Khayyaam is more accurate when he says

"The flower that once hath bloomed for ever dies."

(Note 18 to Sonnet 172.—Page. 193.)

What are the limits of organic life it is impossible for us to say. Our investigation seems only bounded by our limit of vision, a truth which holds equally with regard to microscopic inspection as to the space-penetrating power of the telescope.

How wonderfully minute some insects are, may be gathered from the note to Sonnet 104; and, in addition to the facts there enumerated, we may add, that in the same volume as that of the Bilin polishing state, Ehrenberg has discovered between two and three billions of the *Gallionella ferruginea*.

A drop of stagnant water contains myriads of animalcules, sporting about and battling with and preying upon one another. To them it is an *ocean*; and Sir John Hill's beautiful, though somewhat overcharged, description of the microscopic view of a carnation, shows us that a single flower may be a world-wide dominion to a host of beautiful and lovely creatures.

When it is recollected that each of these minute animals springs from something inconceivably smaller, and has parts and organs adapted for its sphere of life, and think how infinitely more minute each of those parts must necessarily be than the entire animal, we are lost in wonder at the power and delicacy manifested in their creation.

But animalcules abound in the most secret recesses of life. Not only birds,

beasts, and plants, and their several species, have each their appropriate species of parasite, but even the microscopic and infusorial animalculus seem to be the prey of sycophantic beings infinitely tinier than themselves; but, further, particular *portions* of animals seem to be the seats of particular and distinct races of infusoria. It would be fatiguing to enumerate all the classes that have been discovered; suffice it to say, that they exist in the gums of man, in the blood of frogs and salmon, in the gills of bream, and even in the fluid of the eyes of fishes. Of a varity, the productive powers of Nature seem boundless. Nor is she less wonderful in the adaptation of means to her end. Let us select two instances, both taken from the same animal. The eye of the butterfly is composed of 34,000 distinct lenses, each of itself a separate magnifying glass of considerable power; and the dust or meal upon its wings is, in reality, com posed of distinct feathers, of which they are 44,000 to the square inch. Yea, wonderful to nature:—

> "Age cannot wither her: nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety!"

(Note 19 to Sonnet 173.—Page 194.)

"In the complicated and marvellous machinery of circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some events, if the slightest disturbance had taken place, in the march of those that *preceded* them. We may observe a little dirty wheel of brass, spinning round upon its greasy axle, and the result is, that in another apartment, many yards distance from it, a beautiful piece of silk issues from a loom, rivalling in its hues the tints of the rainbow; there are myriads of events in our lives, the distance between which was much greater than that between this wheel and the ribbon, but where the connection has been much more close. If a private country gentleman in Cheshire, about the year 16 hundred and thirty, had not been overturned in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America, instead of being a free republic at this moment, would have continued a dependent colony of England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, Esquire, who was thus accidentally *thrown into* the company of a lady who afterwards became his wife, who emigrated with him to America, and in the year 16 hundred and thirty-two, at Virginia, became the envied mother of George Washington the great."—Lacon.

See also 1. Draper 7. Max Muller p. 16. *Plato.* De Leg. p. 89. b. Timæus. 28. b. O. 2. *Ritter.* 278. *Slack's* Philosophy of Progress p. 15—17. 2. *Draper* 199. 206. *Bacon*: Essay xvi.

(Note 20 to Sonnet 187.—Page 198)

Existence seems to be one continued struggle between these two principles: and rest is death. How little are we conscious of the nature and velocity of the motions among which we live and have our being. Eyes have we, and see not; ears, and hear not. To give one instance, the common fly makes 600 strokes of his wings in *one second*; which he can increase, on alarm, six or seven fold, or to 4,200 beats! But what is this? Human hearing seems to be bounded to about nine octaves, from the lowest pitch of the organ to the highest cry of insects. The lowest musical note is made by sixteen vibrations of sound in a second; the highest by 24,000; the difference depending upon the rapidity of the vibrations: "But there is nothing in the nature of the atmos-

phere," says Woolaston, "to prevent the existence of vibrations incomparably more frequent than any of which we are conscious;" so that insects may take up a scale of notes commencing where our hearing ends. Light travels 190,000 miles a second. The difference of colour in the rays of light depends upon the different numbers of vibrations. These have been measured. The molecules of either producing the extreme red of the solar spectrum, perform 458 *millions* of *millions* of vibrations in a second; those producing the extreme violet, accomplish 727 millions of millions in the same time. Professor Wheatstone's ingenious experiments, extending to the millionth part of a second, show that the speed of electricity is incomparably greater than that of light; and that of gravitation has been proved to be *fifty million* times greater than that of light!

* We are accustomed to see in the starry heavens the very symbol of rest and stillness Let us consider a few of the *facts* connected therewith.

The earth, whose diameter is about 8,000 miles, rotates on its axis at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour; and *round the sun* at a distance of 95,000,000 of miles in a year; so that it moves through space at the rate of 68,000 miles an hour. The sun, whose diameter is 800,000 miles, rotates on its axis in 25 days 10 hours. The comet of 1685 moved at the rate of 880,000 miles an hour, travelling half round the sun 10½ hours; its period being 575 years. The moon revolves about the earth in 27 days 8 hours, and round her own axis in the same time, her diameter being 2,180 miles. Mars moves in his orbit at the rate of 55,000 miles an hour. Jupiter, whose diameter is 489,000 miles, rotates on its axis in 9 hours 26 minutes; so that at its quator it moves at the rate of 28,000 miles an hour, nearly twenty seven times swifter than the earth. Its rate through space is 29,000 miles an hour. Jupiter's nearest moon is 230,000 miles distant from its centre, yet it travels round him in 42½ hours! The fourth moon, which is a million miles distant, in 16 days! Saturn's belt, whose diameter is 20,0000 miles (and which would consequently reach nearly from the earth to the moon) revolves round its planet in 10½ hours, at the rate of 100,000 miles an hour, fifty-eight times swifter than the earth at its equator. Herschell, the slowest moving body in the system, goes through space at the rate of 15,000 miles an hour. Besides this planetary motion round the sun, the sun and all his system are carried forward through space at the rate of 60,000 miles an hour. Venus moves 80,000, and Mercury 109,000 miles an hour. Among the *fixed* stars all is motion. If each is a sun as large as or superior to ours, doubtless it has its planetary system, though these planets are too small to be visible to us at their immense distances; just as we are invisible to them, yet their motions must be analogous to ours. In the phenomenon of the double and triple stars, we have suns revolving round each other in periods varying from 30 to 1,600 years!

Who, after this, will again regard the heavens as the type of *rest*? Yet assuredly the mistaken notion is replaced by one not less wonderful or majestic.

(Note 21 to Sonnet 177—Page 198.)

The doctrine to which I allude is that of Orpheus preserved by Athenagoras, in which he makes an egg the primary origin of all things. The idea is ridiculed by Aristophanes in the *Aves*, where the term ὑπενημιον is evidently satirical.

'Ερεβοῦς ἐν ἀπείροσι κόλπος
τίκτει πρώτιστον ὑπηνέμιον νὺξ ἡ μελανόπτερος ᾦον,
ἐξ οὗ περιτελλομεναῖς ὥραῖς ἔβλαστεν Ἔρως ὀποθεὶνος
στίλβων νῶτον πτερυγοῖν χρυσοῖν.

The same idea is to be found in the Indian account of creation. In Menu, translated by Sir W. Jones, we find the following passage:—"He" (Brahm) "first with a thought created the waters and placed in them a productive seed; that seed became an egg bright as gold, blazing like the luminary with a thousand beams, and in that egg he was born himself in the form of Bramah, the great forefather of all spirits." The Egyptians too, according to Eusebius, "call the maker of the universe by the name of Cneph, and relate that he sent forth from his mouth an egg, which in their symbolical language denotes that he produced the universe."

Now I do not refer to the Orphic fragment as pointing out the origin of the Creator himself, or refer creation to chance, or other atheistical origin, but simply as a curious coincidence with that which modern science is verifying daily, that the primary form of all matter impressed on it by the Creator is oval or circular.

Dr. Harvey's principle, "*omnia ab ovo*," becomes ever more and more applicable to all the kingdoms of Nature; for whether we take up physiology, botany, or mineralogy, far as the acutest microscopic power can search, we still find the molecular oval at the base of all matter, and every created thing, so far as we can yet judge, seems ultimately resolvable into this simple form.

All *organic* life, from that of man downward, may be traced to this; and even the fatal egg itself seems to contain a triple illustration of the same fact; for in it we find the germinative vesicle, and in that again the germinative dot. The blood is composed of such molecules, so is bone: such is the structure of the primary tissues,

In the vegetable kingdom, plants, from the seed and sprouting of the cotyledon up to the full formation of the concentric rings which proclaim a growth of 5,000 years, are literally built up of innumerable "eggs," the vesicles and tubes which compose the elementary organs being cavities surrounded by a membrane, only differing in the greater or less elongation of the tube.

Even in the mineral kingdom, where from the angular form of substances, and from the angles which the eye can visibly see forming and arranging themselves during the process of crystallization, we should least expect it, Woolaston found it necessary, in order to reconcile various incongruities, to construct a theory according to which the *primitive* particles of crystals are to be considered as spherical molecules; oblate and oblong spheroids affording a solution of rhomboidens (such as calc spar), and equiangular prisms whose cleavage corresponds with that of phosphate of lime, beryl, and other minerals.

Fluids, which imply spaces between the particles, must be composed of such forms, which yield most readily to pressure; and hence we pass by an easy transition to the gases, which, as they are indefinitely compressible and elastic, would, *a fortiori*, appear to be primarily of the same forms.

What may be the primary form of matter in other orbs than our own, it is of course impossible to decide; but we may conjecture with some degree of probability, so far as concerns the planets and stars of our own immediate system.

We find mountains in the moon, and snow and ice in the polar regions of Mars, and those meteoric stones which have reached the surface of the earth, and which are now determined not to be of either telluric or Selonic origin, but fragmentary independent masses traversing space in their own orbit round the sun, present to chemical analysis the same elements as those of this earth ; for they are resolvable into nickel, iron, cobalt, manganese, chromium, copper, arsenic, zinc, potash, soda, sulphur, phosphorus and carbon—nearly one-third of all the known simple bodies. Nor is this surprising, if we reflect that all the masses revolving round the sun have probably at some period or other been thrown off from the solar atmosphere and been formed from rings of vapours describing their orbits as they cooled and condensed around the central body. Thus we trace them up to one common origin.

The question becomes more obscure when viewed with reference to the stars and nebulæ beyond and independent of our system, and isolated clusters in the great map or "garden" of the heavens; because from the extreme remoteness of these bodies (light, which travels at the rate of 190,000 miles per second, taking two millions of years to reach us from the farthest), and from the slender nature of the connections between them and us—light, heat, and gravitation or attraction (manifested in the motion of the double stars)—it is next to impossible that we can ever do more than ascertain their volume, mass and density, while we must remain for ever ignorant of their physical elementary structure. Yet they emit light; and though the Creative Power is illimitable, and can no doubt produce similar appearances and effects from totally different forms and substances, surely it is not a derogatory view of His might to believe that one and the same uniform simplicity of primary form and structure pervades and characterizes and runs throughout the entire universe ; even if other stars are the seats of infinitely and inconceivably higher order of organisms?

It is unnecessary in this place to pursue this train of reflections further. I have already said enough to justify my suggestion of the truth of the "oval theory." I would, however, remark, that whereas modern science has increased the ancient elements from four to fifty-five, yet such increase is owing, not to the substances being themselves undecomposable, but from our inability to decompose them; and as chemistry is of all the physical sciences in the most unsettled state, a single discovery may at any moment revolutionize many of our present notions, and we may yet chance to find matter resolvable into one or more simple elements; so that the ancients will, after all, have been much nearer the truth than ourselves as to the numbers, though not in point of quality of elementary substances.

(Note 22 to Sonnet 181.—Page 202.)

Dr. Whewell holds that the distance between the divine and human mind is so infinite and ineffable, that man never can even *hope* to gain more than the faintest glimmerings of God's nature. "But when he has done," he writes, "in this way all that he can, an immeasurable region of confusion and contradiction will still remain: nor can he ever hope to advance very far in dispelling the darkness which hangs over the greater part of the universe. His knowledge, his science, his ideas, extend only so far as he can keep his footing in the shallow waters which lie on the shore of the vast ocean of unfathom truth."

Such as man is now, even in our boasted stage of civilization, this is true: but is there anything extravagant in the idea that hereafter, in the long progress

which probably lies before the race, man may *swim*, nay even build vessels in which he may venture to sail upon, and perchance cross the ocean, which is at present to us what the Atlantic was before the days of Columbus?

Mr. Ruskin entertains views similar to those of Dr. Whewell, and expresses them with his usual felicity. "Yet to such questions, continually suggesting themselves, it is never possible to give a complete answer. For a certain distance, the past work of existing forces can be traced, but there gradually the mist gathers, and the footsteps of more gigantic agencies are traceable in the darkness; and still, as we endeavour to penetrate farther and farther into departed time, the thunder of the Almighty power sounds louder and louder; and the clouds gather broader and more fearfully, until at last the Sinai of the world is seen altogether under smoke, and the fence of its foot is reached, which none can break through."

I need perhaps scarcely say that the last line of this Sonnet is an allusion to Plato's splendid myth, De Republ. L. x. c. 1.

(Note 23 to Sonnet 185.—Page 207.)

This Sonnet seeks to glance at the course of Philosophy from its earliest origin to the present day. Fancy is excited before intellect. Hence Poetry in man's rude state takes precedence of Philosophy. When man first awakes to doubt, his attention is fixed on the phenomena of Nature. And it is remarkable that the earliest philosophers clothed their precepts in verse. Thus we have fragments of the philosophic verses of Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Empedocles; a trace of the transition state from Poetry to Philosophy. So Natural Philosophy precedes mental and moral philosophy. Man having employed his reason about the external objects of physical nature, and exercised his ingenuity in propounding vain theories touching the origin of the universe Chaos, ὕλη, the character of atoms, their perpendicular or diagonal fall, the primal cause, the secondary powers, emanation, and the like, begins to inquire into his own reason and moral entity; hence ethical philosophy. And the step is strongly marked in the term *Meta*-physics as distinguished from physics. Socrates was the first who abandoned physical for ethical philosophy: whatever is above us does not concern us, was his favourite maxim: and hence Cicero's remark that he was the first who called down Philosophy from heaven to earth, and introduced her into the public walks and domestic retirements of men.

If this beautiful saying be true of Socrates, (though Aristotle says it of Pythagoras) it is not less true to say of Bacon, that by his Novum Organon he was the first to lead Philosophy back towards Heaven.

For more than two thousand years, with all her high aspirations, Philosophy had missed her way, whether lost in the Pythagorean dreams of Plato, which saw a mysterious harmony between regular bodies and elementary form; the pyramid corresponding with fire, the cube with earth, the octaedron with air, the icosaedron with water, and the dodecaedron with the world; or rendered barren by the dogmatic controversies of Aristotelian Schoolmen. It was Bacon, who, by his humble, patient, repeated experiment, and his method of induction, found the true and only philosophical method of forcing questioned Nature to reveal herself, and thus opened the way for divine Philosophy to reascend from the grovelling things of Earth to the Heaven from which he was drawn down

(Note 24 to Sonnet 187.—Page 209.)

The time requisite for the formation of the globe is beyond calculation, supposing, with Lyell, that the process has been such only as we now see daily progressing. It is a curious speculation that there is probably no portion of the earth's superficial crust which has not at some period or other been organized; yet modern science has nearly verified the fact. Mud, clay, and stratified rocks are composed chiefly of decomposed vegetable matter. The remains of vegetable life very far exceed those of animal organisms; yet a single species of fossil, such as Goniatites, Trilobites, or Nummulites, sometimes constitutes whole mountains. Ocean and even the ice of polar regions are found to swarm with microscopic life; and the death of Diatomaceæ in the South Arctic Ocean, on the shores of Victoria Land, and at the base of the volcanic mountain Erebus, produces a submarine deposit consisting of the siliceous particles of their skeletons. The minutest of the Infusoria, the Monadidæ, whose diameter does not exceed 1-3000th part of a line, form subterranean strata of many fathoms deep. Dust blown off the African shore to a distance of 380 miles, contained the remains of eighteen species of siliceous shelled polygastric animacules. Chalk has now revealed to the microscope its animal origin (the Polythalmia); and Ehrenberg has calculated that a cubic inch of the polishing slate of Bilin, in Bohemia, contains no less than 41,000,000 of the *Gallionea distans*.

In granite and other igneous rocks, we cannot, of course, expect to meet with organic remains, which, from their fragile character, must necessarily have undergone a complete transformation under the action of intense heat, when they were in a molten state, at a great depth beneath the surface of the ground; yet before they acquired their present crystalline texture, they must have undoubtedly experienced an earlier period when their materials were deposited in the form of mud, sand, marl, or limestone; a consideration which only leads us back to an earlier period of organic production and decay.

We have, however, by a most unexpected discovery of Ehrenberg, a glimpse of the truth of the above supposition; for, he says, the ashes and pumice enveloping Pompeii, consist in a great part of organic and fresh water origin, being the siliceous cases of microscopic infusoria? Nor is this an isolated fact. On the Rhine, several beds of tuff and pumiceous conglomerate are ascertained to be made up of the same siliceous cases, half fused, and invisible to the naked eye. Ninety-four distinct species have been discovered in a single bed more than 150 feet thick at Hochsumner. So also in Mexico, Peru, and the Isle of France, the pumice and dust thrown up during eruptions record the same origin, together with small particles of vegetable matter.

(Note 25 to Sonnet 205.—Page 227.)

No man has more forcibly insisted on the utter hopelessness of Art rivalling Nature, than Mr. Ruskin. His great work on Landscape Painting is full of passages contrasting the minute perfections of Nature with the highest efforts to imitate them by painting. Thus he bids us compare the highest light which can by possibility be put into a picture, with the reality of even the low lights of Nature.

> "What fine chisel
> Could ever yet cut breath?"

says Shakespeare, in the Winter's Tale.

See also an epigram of *Paulus Silentianus*:

> ὄμματα κὰι κούρης μόλις ἡ γράφις, ὀύτε δε χάιτην,
> ὀυτε σέλας χρόιης ἄκρον απεπλάσατο,
> ἐι τις μαρμαρύγην δύναται φαετόντιδα γράψαι,
> μαρμαρύγην γράψει καὶ Θεοδωριά δος.

The happiest effect is sometime the result of accident; as in the instance of the foam on the horse, produced by the sponge which the artist, angry at his failure in imitating nature, threw up his canvass. The Greek painter's representation of a curtain was exact enough to deceive, and we not unfrequently see pictures of fruits which look marvellously like the reality. But the curtain is itself a work of art, and we need only place a real peach or plum beside its counterfeit, in order that the contrast may dispel our illusion.

Poetry possesses an advantage over painting in this respect: because it does not seek to copy, but describes by analogies and suggestions, It is not forced to submit its productions to the actual test of vival comparison, but seeks to awaken in the soul an image of the truth, which may be even exaggerated with advantage, The painter has but one or at best two media, form and colour, The Poet in his word-painting may raise up his image by an appeal to qualities which the original does not even present or possess.

Addison (Spectator No. 418) touches on this with charming raillery:

"He is not obliged to attend Nature in the slow advances which she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants or flowers. He may draw into his description all the beauties of the spring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute something to render it more agreeable. His rose-trees, woodbines, and jessamines may flower together and his beds be covered at the same time with lilies, violets, and amaranths. His soil is not restrained to any particular set of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the produces of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge; and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spices, he can quickly command sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out any agreeable scene, he can make several new species of flowers, with richer scents and higher colours, than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His concerts of birds may be full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases. He is at no more expense in a long vista than a short one, and can as easily throw his cascades from a precipice of half a mile high as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the course of his rivers in all the variety of meanders that are most delightful to the reader's imagination."

The most perfect *picture* of a rose falls short of the reality, in delicacy and beauty. On the other hand, take *Catullus'* description of the Queen of flowers in the *Pervigil Veneris*:

> "Ipsa jussit mane, ut udæ virgines nubant rosæ,
> Fusæ prius de cruore, deque Amoris osculis,
> Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque Solis purpuris.

In word-painting, so much is mere suggestion, that the imagination of the reader frees itself, runs riot, and conjures up a more lively picture than the original picture of the poet.

Thus in the simple lines,

"The Swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow,"

what a world of beauty is conjured up.

So again, in Wordsworth's picture of the goat and its reflexion :

"Thus having reach'd a bridge that overarch'd
The hasty rivulet, where it lay becalmed
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
A two-fold image : on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and on the crystal flood,
Another and the same ! most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front,
Shaggy and bold, and wreathéd horns superb,
The breathing creature stood : as beautiful,
Beneath him, show'd his shadowy counterpart.
Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
And each seem'd centre of his own fair world :
Antipodes, unconscious of each other,
Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

What painting ever equalled the description of the casement in the 'Eve of St. Agnes ;' perhaps the most gorgeous specimen of a word-picture in the English language ?

"A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings ;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.
Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair brest,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon ;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint :"

Who that has ever read Keats's 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' but can recall at will the

"Happy melodist unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new :"

the lover, ever *about* to kiss the girl 'for ever fair ; the sacrificial procession, and the little town emptied of its inhabitants who never can return ?

"Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
  And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
  Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
    Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
  Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
    Why thou art desolate, can e'er return."

Here a work of Art is idealized, and the rendering a thousand times more striking and beautiful than the original. The Poet has word-painted the work of the Sculptor. The converse of the ordinary illustration has been performed. We have not the Painter illustrating the Poet, but the Poet illustrating the Painter. The Urn has lost its individuality, it is true ; the Poet has converted that which was specific into a generalization. The spectators who pass through the Musuem will carry away one and the same recollection of the Urn, fainter or more accurate, according to the degree of attention each bestowed on it ; but every one of the Poet's readers will conjure up for himself a different picture, according to his own fancy or imagination. The Urn, as a work of art, may be vulgar or worthless : in the handling of the Poet, it has become priceless, peerless, "above rubies." It is in his own words henceforth "a thing of beauty," and "a joy for ever."

Painting has, however, one immense advantage over poetry. The picture of the Poet probably never conveys precisely the same idea to the minds of any two of his readers. No two painters would probably give exactly the same rendering of Keats's picture above quoted from the Eve of St. Agnes : whereas every spectator, though they should amount to millions, carries away the same idea of the Painter's production. It is in this respect that painting is so important an adjunct to poetry. I am far from wishing to deny the superlative merits of the Pickwick Papers, but I question much, if their popularity was not wonderfully enhanced by the engraving of Mr. Pickwick. The poet who created that character described his personal appearance most minutely ; yet, but for the painter who embodied *his* idea of the great original—his spectacles, his low hat, his rotund paunch, his little black gaiters,—and so presented him one and the same to the entire public, we should all have been left to form our own conceptions of Mr. Pickwick ; each reader would have fancied him somewhat different from any other, and the Poet's sketch would certainly have lost much of the *reality*, which is the necessary result of identification.

(Note 26 to Sonnet 207.—Page 230.)

Theocritus has noticed the same similarity in his 25th Idyl, when he compares the flocks of Augeus to the march of the clouds.

ἀυτὰρ ἔπειτα βόες μάλα μύριαι, ἄλλαι ἐπ' ἄλλαις
ἐρχόμεναι φάινονθ', ὼσὲι νέφη ὑδατόεντα,
ὅσσα τ' εν ὀυρανῷ ἐισὶν, ἐλαυνόμενα προτέρωσε
ἠὲ νότοιο βίη, ἠἓ Θρήκος βορέαο·

τῶν μὲν τ᾽ ουτις ἄριθμος ἐν ἤερι γίνετ᾽ ἰόντων
ὄυδ᾽ ἄνυσις· τόσα γάρ τά μετὰ προτέροισι κυλίνδει
ἰς ἀνέμον, τα δε τἀλλα κορύσσεται ἀυθις ἐπ ἀλλοῖς ;
τόσσ᾽ ἄει μετοπισθε βόων, ἐπὶ βουκόλὶ ἤει·

But it will be observed that his stand-point of view and mine are quite different. Theocritus looks to the *multitude* and the rush of the clouds, as seen from *below* ; I to their steady even march as seen from above.

(Note 27 to Sonnet 222.—Page 247.

The habits of various authors in respect to their method of composition, have been touched on by the elder D'Israeli in his 'Miscellanies of Literature.' Gray never sat down to compose without first reading Spenser A similar practice prevailed with Corneille and Racine. Milton repeated the verses of Euripides and Homer. Cicero excited his eloquence by reading Greek and Roman poetry. Pompey, before any great undertaking, had the character of Achilles read to him from the first book of the Iliad. Bossuet meditated on Homer for days, before composing a funeral sermon. Thus we light our fires at the hearths of our neighbours. Alfieri prepared himself for tragic writing by listening to music. Music was necessary to Bacon, Milton, and Warburton. Curran meditated fiddle in hand, and Leonardo, while painting, had musicians constantly in attendance. Hayden always composed in full dress: Rousseau was influenced by the beauty of his portfolio, and his inkstand with its golden sand. Priestly and others could pursue their studies amid the bustle of their painters. Demosthenes required months of solitude in a cave still shown in the days of Plutarch. Mallebranche, Hobbes, and Corneille darkened their apartments when they wrote. Cumberland isolated himself and looked upon a dead wall.

The younger Pliny appears to have been the creature of the same habit. "Clausæ fenestræ manent" he writes (Epl. ix. Ep. 36) "mire enim silentio et tenebris animus alitur. Ab iis que quæ avocant abductus et liber, et mihi relictus, non oculos animo sed animum oculis sequor, qui eadem quæ mens vident quoties non vident alia."

Sir William Jones studied in the earliest morning. Tasso not unfrequently composed in his dreams. Rousseau meditated his writings in the long intervals of restlessness at night, but when he sat to write, all was forgotten. Voltaire always had slips of paper, pen, and ink, ready by his bed. See Ovid Tristia. 4. x. *et seq.*

My own habit of composition, if habit that can be called which is involuntary and beyond my controul, is to write solely at night. I could no more write on a given subject, or at a given time, than I could fly. I cannot even choose my own subject. A thought suggests itself, a state of pleasing restlessness follows until the work is achieved; and in the dark, in the hours of half-waking and half-sleeping, the verses seem to arrange themselves spontaneously. Sometimes, in the morning I am unable to recollect the whole; but the *disjecta membra*, after a time, pick themselves up together like the skeleton in the Fantoccini show. Sometimes I have secured the visitors at the moment, by calling for a light and writing materials, and once the greater part of the most perfect Poem I ever wrote (Alix de Choiseul) was jotted down in the dark, on an Indian journey, when it was impossible to procure a candle. Personally, I have ever found that my happiest productions are those which require least correction. Rhyme has never occasioned me any difficulty: many of the Son-

nets in this volume have fewer rhymes than the canon allows, *e.g.*, Polite Education, Things Exclusiveness, Adversity, Prayer, have only two rhymes. The Porphyry Vase, Washington, three rhymes. Man's Ministers, Past Friendship, Nightingales, Prophecy, The Newdegate, The Virgin Mary, four rhymes.

(Note 27^{a} to Sonnet 234.—Page 261.)

I wrote the following song when the fear of invasion was pressing heavily on the minds of most men :

THE BOW AND THE RIFLE.

What was once the bow
In our stout forefathers hand,
The dread of each foreign foe,
That must the rifle grow,
Through the length and breadth of the land.
Let the merchant march from his room,
The clerk from his three legged stool,
The weaver leave his loom,
The urchin learn at school,
To march in the steady rank,
The bugle calls to tell,
To wheel from either flank,
And from cover of tree or bank,
To use his rifle well.

Then let the invader come,
If he think our cities to sack,
With the pomp of trump and drum—
When he hears our rifles crack,
How *shall he ever* get back ?

II

For it is no longer good
To trust our island-home
Alone to her walls of wood,
The peril of storm and flood,
Or her belt of ocean foam.
We must watch for the tiger spring,
When his silently-gathered host
By night our foe shall fling
On our unsuspecting coast ;
Then, when the alarum bells
From steeple to steeple peal,
And the beacons o'er hills and dells
The tidings in flame reveal,
Each ready son of our isle
His " Queen of weapons" shall seize,
And shall march forth with a smile,
No matter how many a mile,
To shatter our enemies.

Then let the invader come, &c.

III

Each Volunteer shall know,
  As he draws a steady bead,
On his rifle, levelled low,
He holds the life of a foe
  In his hand at the hour of need—
And what if himself he fall ?
  Can a man do better than die,
To save from the servile thrall
  Of a foreign tyranny,
His fatherland, and the life
  Of the mother who gave him birth ;
His sweetheart, or gentle wife,
  His children who make his mirth,
As they prattle and lisp his name,
  And climb his knees for a kiss,
When he rests his weary frame
At eve by the ruddy flame,
  And the day's task ends in bliss ?

Then let the invader come, &c.

IV

Full twenty thousand men,
  In our sober grey and green,
Sons of the measure and pen,
From city, and hill, and glen,
  We filed before the Queen ;
While the Nation stood silent by,
  With thoughts too deep for cheers ;
For it saw through our pageantry
  The safety of future years.
Our passions were not fanned
  By 'conquest's crimson wing ;'
'T was not ambition planned
  Our unbought gathering.
We covet no people's soil ;
  We threaten no king on his throne ;
But from the aggressor's spoil,
At whatever peril or toil,
  We have sworn to defend our own.

Then, let the invader come, &c.

V

Our fancies never roam
  From the watch-words of the free ;
Our altars, our hearths, and home,
Be it cottage, or palace dome,
  And "Duty" and "Liberty."

But we have vowed a vow,
That what was once the bow,
The rifle shall be now
In the hands of high and low.
Our millions from coast to coast
Shall use the rifle well,
And each British freeman boast
The aim, with the heart, of Tell.
When the bugle rings out clear,
That the foe is on English ground,
In front rank and in rear,
Shall the yeoman and the peer
Be shoulder to shoulder found.

Then, let the invader come, &c.

VI

Our thews are as the thews
Of our sires in days gone by,
Our rifles shall be as the yews
Of the merry old greenwood crews,
And our hearts like theirs beat high.
Then, let the aggressor come;
But ere the seas be cros't,
Let him lay by trump and drum,
And wisely reckon the sum
Of what his raid shall cost;
How many a head lie low;
And who shall the bearer be,
Of the dread tale of their woe,
To the widows across the sea?
For when we are turned to bay,
As was said in the days of yore,
Shall we and our children say,
That this England never lay
At the foot of the conqueror.

Then, let the invader come, &c.

(Note 28 to Sonnet 238.—Page 265.)

The moderns cannot rival the Titanic works of the ancients, on account of the cost; for we *pay* for labour that was formerly enforced. We may be sure that such buildings as the Pyramids of Egypt were never raised by a *free* people. The Mahmoodieh Canal which runs from Alexandria to the Nile, at Atfeh, was dug by Mahomet Ali in an incredibly short space of time; but the number of lives that it cost will never be told or numbered. I myself saw a specimen of the fashion after which such works are carried through, when travelling in Nubia. We found whole villages deserted; not an inhabitant was left along the banks of the Nile. The mystery was explained by seeing the wretched Fellahs drawn at the spear point by a raggamuffin cavalry towards Edfu, whereat the Pasha was constructing a canal. Never shall I forget the scene I then witnes-

ed; the miserable people, men, women and children, grubbing along the line of canal, like a train of black ants; overseers with whips goading them on, and apparently no provision made for their dwelling or sustenance. The history of the Pyramids flashed across my mind, and it was not without a proud satisfaction that I contrasted with them the less ambitious but more honest buildings of modern days.

The palaces of Madrid and Toledo were built with the money arising from the licences and customs-duties on the importation of Negroes into Spanish America. "Many of the noted buildings on the Earth," writes Helps "are "of most questionable origin; but these two palaces must be allowed to enjoy "a remarkable pre-eminence as monuments of folly and oppression. Other "buildings have been erected solely at the cost of the suffering subjects of great "despots: or by prisoners captured in war. But the blood-cemented walls of the "Alcaz of Madrid might boast of being raised upon a complication of human "suffering hitherto unparallelled in the annals of mankind. The Indians had "first to be removed by every kind of cruelty and misgovernment from the face "of their native country; and the Africans had to endure bloody war in their "own country before a sufficient number of them could be captured to meet the "increasing demand for negro slaves. Each ducat spent upon these palaces "was, at a moderate computation, freighted with ten human lives."

Whenever the Spaniards, to replenish their repartimentos, or to extract gold, declared war upon the American Indians, their form was "with fire and blood."

(Note 29 to Sonnet 267.—Page 300.)

For my own part, I never could think the song of the nightingale sad: it always seems to me what Mrs. Hemans says of the lark, "triumphant glee." Perhaps poets have chosen to fancy the notes sad from the story of Philomela. It would be a work of supererogation to collect the passages in which her sadness is spoken of. Those in our own language are well known; the following are some among the many in Greek and Latin authors:—

ὕμνει πολυχορδοτατᾶ
γῆρυι παιδολέτωρ
μελοπόιας ἀήδονις μέριμναν.—EURIP.

Populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ.—VIRG.
Flet noctem ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mæstis lati loca quæstibus implet.—VIRG.

αἴλινον αἴλινον
ὀυδ οἶκτρος γόον ὄρνιθος αηδοῦς
ἤσει δύσμερος. SOPH.

ἔαρον νέον ἱσταμένοιο
δενδρῶν ἐν πεταλοῖσι καθηξομένη πυκιναῖσι
ἥτε θᾶμα τρωπῶσα χεέι πολυχεέα φώνην.—HOM.

Cf. *Æschylus*, Agamemnon l. 1143—8: *Callimachus*: Bath of Pallas. l. 94. *Sophocles*: Ajax 626—30. Trach: 963. *Horace*. O. 4. 12. 5—6.

Mizaldus says that the nightingale pines away and languishes in despair if another bird sing better than him. Sir Philip Sidney in his *Arcadia* says "the nightingales striving one with the other which could in most daintie varietie recount their wrong and sorrow.

I agree rather with Chaucer, who speaks of the "merrie nightingale;" with Wordsworth, Keats, and Coleridge, who have beautifully carried out what I conceive to be the more healthy idea.

(Note 30 to Sonnet 269.—Page 302.)

Dioclesian, Maximian, and Charles V. D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, relates a similar story of Zamor, a Polish monarch. So Herischeandra, an Indian king, after divesting himself of all his possessions in favour of the sage Visamitra, became voluntarily the slave of a Chandala, one of the very lowest castes. The eccentric Christina ever regretted her voluntary abdication of the Swedish throne. Celestine V. resigned the papal chair, but it is questionable if he was not tricked out of it. William of Bavaria retired to the life of a hermit in 1596. In 1668, John Casimir, King of Poland, quitted his throne for an abbey. In 1724 Philip V. resigned his crown in favour of his son Don Louis, and retired to Saint Ildefenso, with a solemn vow never to resume his crown. In 1730, the ambitious Victor Amadæus resigned the kingdom of Sardinia. His subsequent conduct, however, showed that he bitterly repented his act.

The sincerity of Dioclesian is beyond question; his entire happiness after his abdication may admit of some doubt. He probably never desired to leave the beautiful retreat he had chosen at Solona (now Spalatro in Dalmatia), and his answer to the "restless old man" Maximian, when solicited to reassume the reins of government, has been preserved by the younger Victor, and will be found in Gibbon. Eumenius says of him, "At enim divinum, illum virum, qui imperium et participavit et posuit, consilii et facti sui non pœnitet: nec amisisse se putat quod sponte transcripsit. Felix beatusque vere quem vestra, tantorum principium, colunt obsequia privatum." And Eutropius: "Solus omnium, post conditum Romanum imperium, qui ex tanto fastigio sponte ad privatæ vitæ statum civilitatemque remearet."

Royalty and taste, love of arts and nature, could surely not have chosen a more beautiful site, or adorned it more charmingly, than that selected by Dioclesian as the seat of his retirement. Cowley thus writes of him:

"Methinks, I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made:
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.

"If I, my friends" (said he) "should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much, that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis, that you should carry me away:
And trust me not, my friends, if every day,
I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever, after the most happy sight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought myself, almost a god."

(Note 31 to Sonnet 272.—Page 305.)

Perhaps the tradition that the Western world had been seen from Peak Teneriffe before the time of Columbus, is not so baseless as is generally supposed. I recently extracted the following account from a London journal:

"An extraordinary instance of terrestrial refraction was lately witnessed by a party of Portuguese philosophers in effecting the ascension of the Peak of Teneriffe. On their reaching about sunrise the top of the volcano, which has the shape of an enormous pyramid, and an altitude of 2000 metres above the level of the sea, they were astonished to perceive at the horizon masses of mountains which could not but belong to some vast continent. The archipelago of the Canary Islands was at their feet, as it were, and it was therefore impossible to mistake the appearance at the horizon for these; and one of the tourists, who had been in North America, at length recognised the Alleghany mountains, which were at least 2500 miles from the spot. This spectacle was due to a singular effect of mirage, or terrestrial refraction, produced by the moist W.S.W. wind which blew at the time. As the utmost extent of vision which can be obtained from the top of the Peak of Teneriffe is not more than 150 miles, the distance supplied by refraction was in this case not less than 2350 miles. The Alleghanies extend for 1200 miles from the frontiers of the State of Georgia to the mouth of the St. Lawrence."

The following interesting Article from the columns of the *Times*, on the recent celebration of the Sex-centenary festival of Merton College, may not unaptly close this Volume.

"There are few corporations in this country, and not many in Europe, which can trace back their history in unbroken sequence for a period of six hundred years. This circumstance alone would invest the sex centenary Festival of Merton College, Oxford, with a rare and peculiar interest. The oldest of our cathedrals, the greater number of our ruined castles and monasteries, the earliest archives of our Constitution, the most venerable charters of our towns, the fundamental principles of our common law, date, it is true, from a still remoter epoch. But of the institutions to which we ascribe an immemorial antiquity, there is scarcely one in a hundred that is not modern by comparison with this, the first of English Colleges. In the year 1264, when Merton was founded, the House of Commons did not exist; the first writs of summons to cities and boroughs were not issued till the next December, and the first regular parliament was not assembled till 1265. The Court of Common Pleas, indeed, was already established at Westminster; but the two other superior Courts had not yet acquired a fixed abode or a separate jurisdiction. Not one of those Companies which we are wont to reckon among the ancient features of our most ancient city had then received its charter. The age of chivalry still tyrannized over commercial enterprise and intellectual aspirations. France was still ruled by St. Louis, who had not undertaken the last of the Crusades. England was overrun with foreign adventurers, lay and clerical, and racked with civil war, for the battle of Lewes was fought in this very year, and the battle of Evesham in the year following. Oxford, if we are to believe the chronicles, was a place of great resort for students; but the University of Paris, from which Oxford herself borrowed her academical organization, had not been founded more than half a century. The subjects of study were as frivolous and barren as it was

the Policy of Rome to make them, and civil law struggled for the existence against scholastic logic and theological disputations. The monasteries almost monopolized learning and the schools of Oxford were held against all comers by the two new orders of mendicant friars. It was at such a time, so unlike our own that we can barely picture it to our minds, and in such a place—not diversified by picturesque cloisters and quadrangles or embowered in gardens, but encircled with a loopholed wall, crowded with dingy holsterles, and swarming with priests and vagrants—that Winter de Merton made the great experiment which developed into the College system.

The leading and distinctive features of the new foundation were the union of something like monastic discipline with secular studies, the recognition of education rather than ritual duties or a "religious" life as the proper function of the society, and the liberal provisions for its future adaptation to the growing requirements of the age. The inmates of Merton were to live by a common rule under a common head, but they were to take no vows and were to join none of the monastic orders. They were to study theology, but until they had gone through a complete course of instruction in arts, and they were to look forward to employment in the great world. They were maintained by endowments, but the number of scholars was to increase as the value of the endowments increased, and they were empowered not only to make new statutes, but even to change their residence in case of necessity. The effort of mind required to make such innovations, worked out as they are with remarkable foresight in details, can hardly be estimated in the present day. Nor did they fail to produce the results intended. The monks soon began to lose their ascendancy in the University, secular learning began to gain upon theological casuistry, medicine established itself by the side of law, and other founders, following the wise example of Walter de Merton and borrowing the *Regula Mertonensis*, gradually transformed Oxford from a clerical seminary, which it was fast becoming, into a seat of national education. For many a generation, however, Merton held the foremost place among Colleges, and the brilliant catalogue of her reputed members includes some of the most illustrious names of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It may be doubtful whether Duns Scotus and Wycliffe should be numbered among them, though there are strong reasons for believing that both once resided at Merton; but Roger Bacon, Brandwardine, and Occam have always been claimed as *alumni*; and in later times Linacre and Bodley, Hooper and Jewel Savile and Harvey adorned this famous "nurserie of great wits." It is recorded by Anthony Wood that eighteen Archbishops and Bishops issued from Merton within a hundred years of the founder's death. Century succeeded century, the wars of the Roses obliterated the memory of the Barons' War, and the Great Civil War eclipsed by the magnitude of its consequences the more sanguinary Wars of the Roses; but the great idea of Walter de Merton still continued to bear fruit. His liberality and foresight enabled Merton for some time to dispute precedence with Christ Church itself; and nothing but the greater energy of some Colleges less richly endowed at a period little beyond living memory, has prevented her retaining a similar position to the present day.

The relationship thus created between the present and the past—between the friends of Simon de Montfort and the loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, between the luminaries of scholastic philosophy and their more practical successors at Merton, such as the late Lord Elgin or Sir Hamilton Seymour—is like nothing

else in the world. It is no imaginary bond, resting on a shadowy and mythical line of succession, but a genuine descent from the founder downwards, attested by contemporary evidence from the very first, and strengthened in the highest degree by local associations. Some parts of the buildings at Merton date from the thirteenth century. The library, the prototype of all public libraries in this country, and the smaller quadrangle occupied by the Undergraduates were erected in the fourteenth century. The chapel, probably begun soon after the founder's time, was completed before Gothic architecture showed any symptoms of degeneracy. The greater portion of the College property and the best of the College livings were acquired and granted by Walter de Merton himself. An almost perfect, and perhaps unique, series of documents relating to the management of these estate is still preserved in a muniment room believed to be almost coeval with the founder. Other Colleges may have more precious relics of antiquity, but perhaps none retains its original forms so nearly, and Peterhouse, the oldest of Cambridge Colleges, is known to have been constituted on the model of Merton. It is this individual identity, lasting through so many centuries and surviving so many social and political changes, that is the life and soul of an " undying" corporate body. There are those who would ruthlessly sacrifice it, as they would sacrifice everything else that elevates sentiment, on the altar of economy, and leave the educational sustenance of each generation to the operation of supply and demand. This, however, was not a question to be entertained by the Mertonians who met yesterday to honour their founder's memory. Whatever may be true of our own times, it is certain that the Muses stood in need of protection in the storms and darkness of the Middle Ages, and that English civilization, humanly speaking, owes more to men like Walter de Merton than even to Adam Smith and his successors."

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